This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

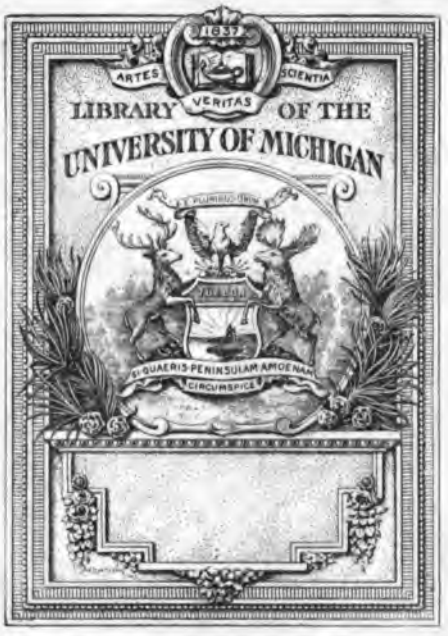
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,598,275

THE WRITER


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME VII

JANUARY–DECEMBER, 1894

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
282 WASHINGTON STREET
1894

[COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY WILLIAM H. HILLS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

INDEX.

(r—review.)

Adams, Oscar Fay, on Holmes, 162
Advertise, Shall Writers, Wady, 106
Affectation in Literature, Chisholm,
Aggregations of Units, Day, 52
Alden, R. M., Rights of Authors, 19
Amateur Press Association, National, Johnson, 185
Appleton E. T., Rejected MSS., 12
Ardis Claverden, Stockton (r), 109
Asiatic Breezes, Optic (r), 172
At Both Ends of the Line, Halifax, 117
Author, Unknown, Cowing, 81
Author's Confession, Darrow, 10, 44
Authors in Ancient Times, Putnam (r), 74; Breakfast, 95; Credit to, 54; Methods, 12, 187 (r); Pay, 79, 127; Rights, Alden, 19
Authorship, First Qualification, White, 25
Baby's Kingdom, Cox (r), 30
Bacon's Cipher Story, Owen (r), 29, 92, 139
Ballads, Old English, Gummere (r), 139
Bartol, C. A., on Holmes, 162
Bates, Arlo, on Holmes, 166
Beautiful Joe, Saunders (r), 59
Because I Love You, Mack (r), 171.
Bell, M. B., Correctness, Snap, and Success, 69
Benton, Joel, on Holmes, 165
Berkshire, Picturesque (r), 121
Birthday, 44
Book-covers as Note-books, West, 140
Book-publishing, Business Side of, 104
Books for Writers, 89
Boyesen, H. H., on Holmes, 161
Brooks, Elbridge S., on Holmes, 164
Brooks, Noah, on Holmes, 163
Brother Against Brother, Optic (r), 157
Brotherton, Alice Williams, Cardwill, 84
Bryant's Word-list, 154
Burke, M. S., Home of M. A. Denison, 3
Burton, Richard, on Holmes, 166
Cable, G. W., on Holmes, 162
Caffyn, M , 80
Calif. or Cal., 43
Camp-fire Musings, Gray (r), 59
Cardwill, M. E., on A. W. Brotherton, 84
Catalogue, A. L. A. (r), 58
Catharine Furze, Rutherford (r), 14
Characters in novels, 106; Names of, Hoke, 177
Chase of St. Castin, Catherwood (r), 171
Child, M. E., Short Story, 129
Childhood, First Three Years of, Perez (r), 75
Childocracy in Literature, Cole, 39
Chisholm, W. B., Affectation in Literature, 4; The Dialect Nuisance, 49
Chopin, Kate Schuyler, 115
Christ, Unknown Life of (r), 109
Clipping with a pin, 189
Clippings, Filing, Western, 145
Closson, O. T., contribution, 186
Cole, Pamela M., Childocracy in Literature, 39
Coles, Stephen L., on R. Ottolengui, 97
Color-printer, Earhart (r), 56
Comma, Use of, Kellogg, 103, 135
Conversation in Novels, Vansant, 9
Correctness, Snap, and Success, Bell, 69
Cowing, E. K., Playwriting, 113; Unknown Author, 81
Cox, H. C., Illustration, 98, 119; Rejection Slips, 71
Critic, Steinle, 148
Cuts, Filing, 60
Dall Caroline H., on Holmes, 165
Darrow, Persis E., Author's Confession, 10
Day, Beth, Aggregations of Units, 52; Manuscript Market, 132
Delectable Duchy (r), 58
Denison, Mary A., Dialect, 2, 55; Editors and Publishers, 55; Home of, Burke, 3
Dennis, A. W., Editorial I, 88
Dennison, W. G., Illustrator, Defence of, 119
Dialect, Chisholm, 49; Denison, 2, 55; Jackson, 27
Dictators, School for, Rhys, 1
Dorr, Julia C. R., on Holmes, 163
Drama, Early, Palmer, 51
Dramatic Composition, Helps to, 28
Dyspepsia, Mental, Herrick, 114
Editors, Are They to Blame? White, 41; Irritated, Kearney, 12 and Publishers, Denison, 55
Eggleston, Edward, on Holmes, 161
English Literature, Oliphant (r), 107
Etching, Birth of the, Vincent, 53
Evangeline's Country, Grant (r), 13
Experimental Novel, Zola (r), 73
Fable for Critics, Lowell (r), 13
Fair, Book of, Bancroft (r), 45, 75, 122, 156, 189; Humors of Hawthorne (r), 12
Fawcett, Edgar, on Holmes, 166
Feel Bad, 106
Fiction, Heredity of, Sheffey-Peters, 147; Introduction to, Simonds (r), 187
Fisher, Sidney G., on Owen Wister, 130
Florida Sketch Book, Torrey (r), 171
Flower of Forgiveness, Steel (r), 158
Flower of France, Ryan (r), 110
Flowers, Wild, Hardinge (r), 122
Foote and Hook, Bon-Mots of, Jerrold (r), 121
Foreign Phrases, 168, 169
Foss, Sam Walter, Poems (r), 170
Francis, M. E., 160
French Grammar, Grandgent (r), 58
Friendship of Nature. Wright (r), 109
Furness, W. H., on Holmes, 162
Garland, Hamlin, on Holmes, 167
German for Americans, Mayer (r), 74; First Course, Heller (r), 139
Ghosts, Literary, Morley, 71
Gibson, A. H., Known to Unknown, 102
Gilman, N. P., on Holmes, 164
Good Style, Holt (r), 109
Graham, A. R., on Holmes, 187
Grant, A. Y., Stories, Why End Happily, 6
Groups, Names for. 52
Haire, E. C., Living by the Pen, 182
Hale, Edward Everett, on Holmes, 169.
Hale, A. M., on M. L. Pool, 180
Halifax, Jean, At Both Ends of the Line, 17
Harraden, Beatrice, 78; Books (r), 58, 92
Hawkins, A. H., 128
Hawthorne, Julian, Humors of the Fair (r), 12
Hayne, William H., on Holmes, 164
Herrick, Bertha F., Mental Dyspepsia, 114
Hills, William H., Typewriting MSS., 82
Hilltop Summer, Keith (r), 172
His Vanished Star, Craddock (r),157
Hobbes, J. O., 78
Hoke, H. M., Character Names in Fiction, 177; Literature for Art's Sake, 23
Holmes, O. W., Death, 78; Jerrold (r), 57; Tribute to, 161—168, 183. 187
Howard, F. M., Keeping Track of MSS., 178
Hygiene, Currier (r), 170
I Am Well. Post (r), 172
I, Editorial, Dennis, 88
Ice Water, Ice Cream, 11
Ideas, Huddle Your, Scarboro, 9
Illustrate, Learning to, 14
Illustration, Inconsistencies of, 118, 170; Cox, 98, 119; Warman, 146
Illustrator, In Defence of, Dennison, 119
In Exile, Foote (r), 58
In the Valley, Frederic, 44
In Varying Moods, Harraden (r), 92
Incubator, Literary, 14
Ink for Writing on Glass, 60
Iota, 80
Jackson, A. M., Dialect, 27
Japanese Interior, Bacon (r), 45
Jenwyl, L., You-Uns, 27
Jerome Banners (r), 171
Johnson, F. C., Amateur Press Association, 185
Journalism, Steps into, Shuman (r), 120
Katherine Lauderdale, Crawford (r), 108
Kearney, K., Irritated Editors, 12
Kellogg, E. L., Use of Comma, 103
King, Charles, on Holmes, 163
King, Grace, on Holmes, 165
Known to Unknown, Gibson, 102
Lamb and Jerrold, Bon-Mots (r), 57
Letters, Pay for, 169; in a Story, 153
Letters of Travel, Brooks (r), 30
Libraries, Private, 48; Public, Fletcher (r), 156

Literary Beginner's Experience, Loes, 24
Literary Swindler's Confession, 152, 153
Literature for Art's Sake, Hoke, 23
Little Miss Faith, LeBaron (r), 157
Living by the Pen, Haire, 182
Loes, J. M., Literary Beginner's Experience, 24
Lourdes, Zola (r), 171
Love in Idleness, Crawford (r), 170
Lover's Lexicon, Greenwood, (r), 45
Lyon-Irons, A. L., contributions, 59, 60
Mabie, Hamilton W., on Holmes, 167
Magazine Articles, Preserving, 123
Magazine File, Wady, 140
Magdalena, 72, 120
Manning, J. W., Why Stories End Happily, 7
Manuscripts, Five Hundred Places to Sell, Reeve (r), 121; Keeping Track of, Howard, 178; Market for, Day, 132; Paper, Saving, 31; Placing, Shore, 150; Rejected, 12, 17, 10, 29; Returning, 169; Rolled, 92; Sending to several points, 11
Marcella, Ward (r), 137
Meaningless, Cult of the, Morgan, 99
Merriman, Henry Seton, 80
Miller, Joaquin, on Holmes, 183
Mitchell, Donald G., on Holmes, 164
Mollie Miller, Merriman (r), 172
Morgan, Forrest, Cult of the Meaningless, 99
Morley, M. M., Literary Ghosts, 71
Mother, Will, and I, Coit (r), 139
Moulton, Louise Chandler, on Holmes, 183
Mucilage, Isham, 158
My Summer in a Mormon Village, Merriman (r), 157
Names in Fiction, Hoke, 177
Necrology, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192
Nervous Exhaustion, Beard (r), 171
New York, King's Handbook (r), 29
Newspaper Annual (r), 156; Directory (r), 107
Newspaper English, Scott, 18; Edited, 107, 120, 135, 154, 156, 187
Nom de Plume, 90
None, with plural verb, 135; for no other, 187
Note-book, Chatelaine, 46
Note-heads for Authors, 46
Novel, Crawford (r), 136; Zola (r), 73
Obliged to have asked, 90
Ottolengui, Rodrigues, Coles, 97
Our Village, Mitford (r), 59
Page, Thomas Nelson, on Holmes, 183
Palmer, C. S., Early Drama, 51
Paper, Big Sheet of, 42; for MSS., Saving, 60, 73
Parables, Three Literary, Wilkie, 50
Paragraphs in MS., 43
Paris Note-book, Vandam (r), 109
Paste, 122
Pearl of India, Ballou (r), 171
Peck, Samuel Minturn, on Holmes, 163
Pencils, Sharpening, 60
Periodicals, Directory of (r), 12; Literary Articles in, 15, 31, etc.
Phonograph, 104
Photographic Mosaics, Wilson (r), 92
Photography, Amateur, Adams (r), 45; Annual of (r), 44, 189; in copying, 189; Cyclopædic, Wilson (r), 139; Indoors and out, Black (r), 44; At Night, Duchochois (r), 45
Pigeon-hole Extension, 75
Playwriting, Cowing, 113. *See also* Drama.
Pool, Maria Louise, Hale, 180
Presswork, Kelley (r), 188
Princess of Thule, Black (r), 13
Printing, Vest-pocket Manual (r), 188
Prizes, 54, 62, 95, 112, 126, 144, 160, 175, 176, 192
Proctor, Edna Dean, on Holmes, 183
Pseudonym, 43
Quotations, Dictionary, Wood (r), 90; Familiar, Bartlett (r), 90
Rachel Stanwood, Morse (r), 13
Reader, MS., Essentials, Webb, 20
Reading, Hint on, 110
Rejection Slips, Cox, 71
Reporting, Court, Thorne (r), 138
Rhetoric, Foundations of, Hill (r), 56
Rhetorical Poor, Plea for, Alden, 38
Rhys, Meredith, School for Dictators, 1
Richard Escott, Cooper (r), 13
Riley, James Whitcomb, Armazindy (r), 170
Roche, James Jeffrey, on Holmes, 164
Rolls, To remove enclosures from, 30
Romance of a Schoolboy, Denison (r), 13
Romantic Professions, James (r), 108
Round the Red Lamp, Doyle (r), 188
Rouse, A., Literary Scrap-book, 5
Sabbath Homes, Adler (r), 30
Sanborn, Frank B., on Holmes, 161
Sarpi, Fra Paoli, Robertson (r), 137
Scarboro, Jed, Huddle Your Ideas, 9
Schuler, H. A., Recent Words, 21
Schuyler, W., Chopin, 115
Scott, W., Newspaper English, 18
Scrap-book, Literary, Rouse, 5
Search for Andrew Field, Tomlinson (r), 138
Sheffey-Peters, M., Heredity of Fiction, 147
Shelley and Vegetarianism, West, 35
Sherlock Holmes, Doyle (r), 108
Ships That Pass in the Night, Harraden (r), 58
Shore, Robert, Placing MSS., 150
Siberian Exiles, Nieritz (r), 75
Sidney, Margaret, on Holmes, 163
Sirs, Only Seventeen, Townsend (r), 172
Slav and Moslem, Brodhead (r), 156
Smith, S. F., on Holmes, 163
Soul from Pudge's Corner, O'Donnell (r), 13
Stage, Studies. Matthews (r), 57
Stanton, Frank L., on Holmes, 163
Steinle, M. A., Critic, 148
Stories, Other, Johnston, 33; Why End Happily, 6
Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich (r), 188
Story of Margrédel, Meldrum (r), 158
Story, Short, Child, 129
Switzerland, McCracken (r), 139
Synonyms, Bechtel (r), 75; Crabb (r), 57
Tablet Covers for MSS., 14, 59
Telegraph Tolls, Saving, 14
Tell Me, Ye Wingèd Winds, 155
Tennyson, Brooke (r), 138
Thompson, Francis, 79
Three Boys on Electrical Boat, Trowbridge (r), 188
Timely articles, 185
Title, changing, 185
To-morrow is, or will be, 72
Torn pages mended, 76
Translations, 55, 169
Trilby, DuMaurier (r), 149, 171
Trowbridge, J. T., on Holmes, 167
True, E. C., on Trilby, 149
Two Bites at a Cherry, Aldrich (r), 14
Two-Legged Wolf, Karazin (r), 157
Typewriter Backing Sheet, 93
Typewriter Letters and Signatures, 70
Typewriting MSS., Rules for, Hills, 82
Umbrella Mender, Harraden (r), 109
U. S. History, Thomas (r), 170
Vansant, W. M., Conversation in Novels, 9
Vincent, W. D., Birth of the Etching, 53
Vocabulary, Enlarging, 15
Wady, C. S., Magazine File, 140; Shall Writers Advertise, 106
War of Independence, Fiske (r), 109
Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, on Holmes, 183
Warman, E. D., Illustration, 146
Warner, Charles Dudley, on Holmes, 161
We, editorial, 186
Webb, E. S., MS. Reader, 20
Wee Lucy-May (r), 172
West, Kenyon, 32; Book-covers as note-books, 140; Shelley and Vegetarianism, 35
Western, W. H., Filing Clippings, 145
White, E. L., Authorship, 25; Are Editors to Blame, 41
White Crown, Ward (r), 157
Widow, Leaves a, 134
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, on Holmes, 167
Wilkie, H. C., Three Literary Parables, 50
Winter, William, Shakespeare's England, etc. (r), 12
Wister, Owen, Fisher on, 130
Wolff, J., Writer's Cramp, 65, 71
Woman Suffrage, Jacobi (r), 122
Woodward, B. W., contribution, 28
Words, Bryant List, 154; Recent, Schuler, 21; Wellesley List, 119
Writer, New, Chance for, 132
Writer's Correspondence, Isham, 151
Writer's Cramp, Wolf, 65, 71
Writer's Handbook (r), 107
Writer's Signature, 155
You-Uns, Jenwyl, 27

Literary Beginner's Experience, Loes, 24
Literary Swindler's Confession, 152, 153
Literature for Art's Sake, Hoke, 23
Little Miss Faith, LeBaron (r), 157
Living by the Pen, Haire, 182
Loes, J. M., Literary Beginner's Experience, 24
Lourdes, Zola (r), 171
Love in Idleness, Crawford (r), 170
Lover's Lexicon, Greenwood, (r), 45
Lyon-Irons, A. L., contributions, 59, 60
Mabie, Hamilton W., on Holmes, 167
Magazine Articles, Preserving, 123
Magazine File, Wady, 140
Magdalena, 72, 120
Manning, J. W., Why Stories End Happily, 7
Manuscripts, Five Hundred Places to Sell, Reeve (r), 121; Keeping Track of, Howard, 178; Market for, Day, 132; Paper, Saving, 31; Placing, Shore, 150; Rejected, 12, 17, 10, 29; Returning, 169; Rolled, 92; Sending to several points, 11
Marcella, Ward (r), 137
Meaningless, Cult of the, Morgan, 99
Merriman, Henry Seton, 80
Miller, Joaquin, on Holmes, 183
Mitchell, Donald G., on Holmes, 164
Mollie Miller, Merriman (r), 172
Morgan, Forrest, Cult of the Meaningless, 99
Morley, M. M., Literary Ghosts, 71
Mother, Will, and I, Coit (r), 139
Moulton, Louise Chandler, on Holmes, 183
Mucilage, Isham, 158
My Summer in a Mormon Village, Merriman (r), 157
Names in Fiction, Hoke, 177
Necrology, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192
Nervous Exhaustion, Beard (r), 171
New York, King's Handbook (r), 29
Newspaper Annual (r), 156; Directory (r), 107
Newspaper English, Scott, 18; Edited, 107, 120, 135, 154, 156, 187
Nom de Plume, 90
None, with plural verb, 135; for no other, 187
Note-book, Chatelaine, 46
Note-heads for Authors, 46
Novel, Crawford (r), 136; Zola (r), 73
Obliged to have asked, 90
Ottolengui, Rodrigues, Coles, 97
Our Village, Mitford (r), 59
Page, Thomas Nelson, on Holmes, 183
Palmer, C. S., Early Drama, 51
Paper, Big Sheet of, 42; for MSS., Saving, 60, 73
Parables, Three Literary, Wilkie, 50
Paragraphs in MS., 43
Paris Note-book, Vandam (r), 109
Paste, 122
Pearl of India, Ballou (r), 171
Peck, Samuel Minturn, on Holmes, 163
Pencils, Sharpening, 60
Periodicals, Directory of (r), 12; Literary Articles in, 15, 31, etc.
Phonograph, 104
Photographic Mosaics, Wilson (r), 92
Photography, Amateur, Adams (r), 45; Annual of (r), 44, 189; in copying, 189; Cyclopædic, Wilson (r), 139; Indoors and out, Black (r), 44; At Night, Duchochois (r), 45
Pigeon-hole Extension, 75
Playwriting, Cowing, 113. *See also* Drama.
Pool, Maria Louise, Hale, 180
Presswork, Kelley (r), 188
Princess of Thule, Black (r), 13
Printing, Vest-pocket Manual (r), 188
Prizes, 54, 62, 95, 112, 126, 144, 160, 175, 176, 192
Proctor, Edna Dean, on Holmes, 183
Pseudonym, 43
Quotations, Dictionary, Wood (r), 90; Familiar, Bartlett (r), 90
Rachel Stanwood, Morse (r), 13
Reader, MS., Essentials, Webb, 20
Reading, Hint on, 110
Rejection Slips, Cox, 71
Reporting, Court, Thorne (r), 138
Rhetoric, Foundations of, Hill (r), 56
Rhetorical Poor, Plea for, Alden, 38
Rhys, Meredith, School for Dictators, 1
Richard Escott, Cooper (r), 13
Riley, James Whitcomb, Armazindy (r), 170
Roche, James Jeffrey, on Holmes, 164
Rolls, To remove enclosures from, 30
Romance of a Schoolboy, Denison (r), 13
Romantic Professions, James (r), 108
Round the Red Lamp, Doyle (r), 188
Rouse, A., Literary Scrap-book, 5
Sabbath Homes, Adler (r), 30
Sanborn, Frank B., on Holmes, 161
Sarpi, Fra Paoli, Robertson (r), 137
Scarboro, Jed, Huddle Your Ideas, 9
Schuler, H. A., Recent Words, 21
Schuyler, W., Chopin, 115
Scott, W., Newspaper English, 18
Scrap-book, Literary, Rouse, 5
Search for Andrew Field, Tomlinson (r), 138
Sheffey-Peters, M., Heredity of Fiction, 147
Shelley and Vegetarianism, West, 35
Sherlock Holmes, Doyle (r), 108
Ships That Pass in the Night, Harraden (r), 58
Shore, Robert, Placing MSS., 150
Siberian Exiles, Nieritz (r), 75
Sidney, Margaret, on Holmes, 163
Sirs, Only Seventeen, Townsend (r), 172
Slav and Moslem, Brodhead (r), 156
Smith, S. F., on Holmes, 163
Soul from Pudge's Corner, O'Donnell (r), 13
Stage, Studies, Matthews (r), 57
Stanton, Frank L., on Holmes, 163
Steinle, M. A., Critic, 148
Stories, Other, Johnston, 33; Why End Happily, 6
Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich (r), 188
Story of Margrédel, Meldrum (r), 158
Story, Short, Child, 129
Switzerland, McCracken (r), 139
Synonyms, Bechtel (r), 75; Crabb (r), 57
Tablet Covers for MSS., 14, 59
Telegraph Tolls, Saving, 14
Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds, 155
Tennyson, Brooke (r), 138
Thompson, Francis, 79
Three Boys on Electrical Boat, Trowbridge (r), 188
Timely articles, 185
Title changing, 185
To-morrow is, or will be, 72
Torn pages mended, 76
Translations, 55, 169
Trilby, DuMaurier (r), 149, 171
Trowbridge, J. T., on Holmes, 167
True, E. C., on Trilby, 149
Two Bites at a Cherry, Aldrich (r), 14
Two-Legged Wolf, Karazin (r), 157
Typewriter Backing Sheet, 93
Typewriter Letters and Signatures, 70
Typewriting MSS., Rules for, Hills, 82
Umbrella Mender, Harraden (r), 109
U. S. History, Thomas (r), 170
Vansant, W. M., Conversation in Novels, 9
Vincent, W. D., Birth of the Etching, 53
Vocabulary, Enlarging, 15
Wady, C. S., Magazine File, 140; Shall Writers Advertise, 106
War of Independence, Fiske (r), 109
Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, on Holmes, 183
Warman, E. D., Illustration, 146
Warner, Charles Dudley, on Holmes, 161
We, editorial, 186
Webb, E. S., MS. Reader, 20
Wee Lucy-May (r), 172
West, Kenyon, 32; Book-covers as note-books, 140; Shelley and Vegetarianism, 35
Western, W. H., Filing Clippings, 145
White, E. L., Authorship, 25; Are Editors to Blame, 41
White Crown, Ward (r), 157
Widow, Leaves a, 134
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, on Holmes, 167
Wilkie, H. C., Three Literary Parables, 50
Winter, William, Shakespeare's England, etc. (r), 12
Wister, Owen, Fisher on, 130
Wolff, J., Writer's Cramp, 65, 71
Woman Suffrage, Jacobi (r), 122
Woodward, B. W., contribution, 28
Words, Bryant List, 154; Recent, Schuler, 21; Wellesley List, 119
Writer, New, Chance for, 132
Writer's Correspondence, Isham, 151
Writer's Cramp, Wolf, 65, 71
Writer's Handbook (r), 107
Writer's Signature, 155
You-Uns, Jenwyl, 27

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1894. No. 1.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

A SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS. *Meredith Rhys.* 1
SATURATED WITH DIALECT. *Mary A. Denison.* . . . 2
THE HOME OF MRS. MARY A. DENISON. *Margaret Sullivan Burke.* 3
AFFECTATION IN LITERATURE. *William B. Chisholm.* 4
A LITERARY SCRAP-BOOK. *Adelaide Rouse.* 5
WHY MUST ALL STORIES END HAPPILY?
I. — They Do. *Alice Yates Grant.* 6
II. — They Don't. *Jessie Wilson Manning.* . . . 7
EDITORIAL. 8
Introducing Conversation, 8 — Complete Sets of THE WRITER, 8 — Order in the Sanctum, 9 — The Thirteen Superstition in Literature. 9
HUDDLE YOUR IDEAS. *Jed Scarboro.* 9
HOW NOVELISTS INTRODUCE CONVERSATION. *Wilbur M. Vansant.* 9
AN AUTHOR'S CONFESSION. *Persis E. Darrow.* . . . 10
QUERIES. 10
THE SCRAP BASKET. 11
BOOK REVIEWS. 12
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 14
Tablet Covers for Manuscripts, 14 — A Literary Incubator, 14 — Learning to Illustrate, 14 — Saving Telegraph Tolls, 14 — Enlarging One's Vocabulary. 15
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 15
NEWS AND NOTES. 16

A SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS.

Why won't some one start a school for dictators — not political dictators, of course, but the commercial article; the men who employ stenographers?

Such a school would fill a real, long-felt want, and there might then be less contrast between the confused, disjointed production that many a capable stenographer "takes down" and the smooth, correct business document that he "transcribes" from his notes. The idea is hereby presented to any business college in the country that will adopt it, and a few hints for the prospectus are thrown in, as follows: —

"At this school persons intending to employ stenographers are given a thorough training in commercial dictation. All the instructors are expert amanuenses, and will rigidly correct the errors of students.

"In practising dictation no pupil will be allowed to speak in a whisper. All words must be spoken loud enough to be heard three feet away, since few stenographers are smart enough to take down what they do not hear. On the other hand, the habit of bawling is discouraged. To dictate in a loud, didactic style may impress a casual visitor with your importance, but, as a rule, dictating to the gallery is held to be bad taste.

"Smoking is allowed while dictating, but the cigar must be removed from the lips when the dictator is actually speaking.

"Special attention is given to correcting the *er-er* habit in dictators. No dictator will be graduated from this school who uses *er* more than once in every five words. It is expected that some will do better than this.

"Speed in dictation is carefully cultivated, and no person dictating less than twenty-five words a minute will receive the certificate of the school. The more speed, the less haste is necessary to get through with a large mail; and the danger of putting the stenographer to sleep by too-slow dictation is a point that should not be overlooked.

"For practice, actual business letters are given to pupils to answer. It is expected that these letters shall be read before answers to them are dictated. The habit of dictating a reply to a letter while reading it is discouraged, as not being conducive to a polished style and a methodical arrangement of the matter.

"Courses in elementary grammar and the rudiments of the English language are given,

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

and all the pupils are expected to acquire enough of these branches so that they will use a verb in the plural with a plural subject, and *vice versa*.

"Special attention and individual instruction given to pupils who show a tendency to confuse 'shall' and 'will.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Meredith Rhys.*

SATURATED WITH DIALECT.

"Will you uns please pass me the bread?"

I looked up in unfeigned astonishment. Was that Aunt Martha De Land, with her command of classical English, her dignity, and gravity — was it really possible?

"For pity's sake, Aunt Martha!" I broke out, "what does it mean?"

"It simply means pass the bread," was the smiling rejoinder. "Why, what did I say that you look so horrified?"

"What I have not heard for over thirty years, and that when I was on Uncle Jasper's plantation down in Louisiana," I made reply.

"That was befoh de wah," said my classical aunt.

I looked at her half stupidly, I was so much amazed.

"My dear, you must not mind it" she went on to say. "I have been reading dialect stories. You know it should be, and doubtless is, the aim of our first-class magazines to teach their great world of readers the best enunciation (excuse the size of the word) of the English language, but I am steeped in slang from my brain to my finger-tips, perhaps I should say in dialect, only it is so hard to choose between them, I mean the dialects. One gets confused between Tennessee, Louisiana, and Texas, they are all so different, you know.

"One of our best, perhaps in some respects *the* best, magazines has in its last number no less than three dialect stories, and good ones, too. Well, it's all right, of course. I do like to puzzle them out, though sometimes I long in the narration for the sweet, simple English of Irving, the straightforward, robust style of Scott. Let me see if I can remember a sentence in one of the stories that haunts me. O, yes; it was written in a description of the search of a young girl through a deserted house. Here it is: —

"'Suddenly it [the gloom] was penetrated by a milky white glimmer, a glimmer duplicated at equidistant points, each fading as its successor sprang into brilliance.'

"And here is another: —

"'She shielded the feeble flicker with her hand, her white-hooded head gleamed as with an aureole as the divergent rays rested on the opaque mists.'

"There! there's grandeur of description and illustration for you!

'Well, my son, you are late," my critical aunt went on, as a stalwart young man entered.

"Yas, mother. I b'lieve I'm feelin' po'ly this mornin'," he made answer.

"What, George! you've been reading dialect stories, too!" she said, laughing.

He opened his bright eyes wider.

'How in the world did you know?" he asked.

"By your dialect, my son, which is purely Tennesseean," she answered.

"Well, you're right. I sat up till twelve reading one of those dialect yarns. I like 'em, too, only it's a dismal fact that I feel like letting go all the niceties of grammar and rhetoric for a week afterward. How utterly refreshing it must be to get out of the common routine, and say 'naw' for no, and 'gyard' for good, and 'critter' for creature, and 'gell' for girl, or 'giurl,' and 'hyar' for here, and to call things just as they suggest themselves to the untrained mind! What a delightfully lazy existence — phonetically speaking — those fellows must

have! There's lots of alliteration, too. Do you remember in one story the 'tiny, tawney, tinted owl,' the 'stare of stolid surprise,' and 'the cry that set the silence to shuddering'? All in two short sentences, and plenty more in the long ones. It shows that the writer studies for effects; if not, what is she writing for, I should like to know?

"Hyar, M'ria!" he called to the wide-eyed maid, "a cup of cawfy 'n' a small sample o' that salmon settin' on the salva, shinin' so ——"

"Silly boy!" exclaimed his mother, as the laugh went 'round, and he came to a stop for want of a final word.

"I know it; but remember, my dearest 'maw,' I am saturated with dialect."

Mary A. Denison.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE HOME OF MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Mrs. Denison, the author of "That Husband of Mine," is a woman of multi-genius and many attractions. She is a sweet, gentle woman of middle age, with a face glorified into positive beauty by its expresion alone, although it is far from lacking the natural elements of beauty, with the softest complexion, and a fluffy cloud of natural curls, very lightly sprinkled with gray. In mental gifts she is even above the average. She is not only one of our best novelists, having written more stories than twice the years of her life, — stories always pure and exalted in tone, books that can be introduced at the fireside, — but she is, also, the author of some of the leading juvenile work. She was the "backbone" at one time of the *Youth's Companion*, having done more, perhaps, than any other of its many brilliant contributors to build it up during its early struggles, so that to the public her name became synonymous with that of the paper, in fact.

Mrs. Denison is an artist, also, of no mean ability, though she has little time to devote to artistic work. She is musical, too, and varies her story writing with songs, both written and composed by herself. She is a practical musician, also, knowing the violin as well as the piano; and as her younger sister, Mrs. Lizzie Eaton, plays on almost every instrument extant, an evening visit to the sisters is like attending a musicale.

In fact, Mrs. Denison belongs to a talented family, all through; with five stalwart brothers, besides the little music-loving sister, every one of them full of talent in some shape.

Dr. Charles Andrews, of St. Paul, Minn., the rector of the largest and most cultivated congregation of that progressive Western city, is one of the finest theologians and orators in the pulpit; and another brother, James Andrews, of Baltimore, is also a natural orator, though, being a business man, his gift for public speaking has been unused, except on rare occasions.

Two brothers are artists, Dr. Robert Andrews, of Cambridge, who is also a scientific scholar and lecturer; and Joseph Andrews, of Newton, Mass., who makes the most clever pen-and-ink sketches, with the touch of the fairies in his fingers, as well as the strength of manhood, though he is not an artist by profession, finding other work more remunerative.

This vein of talent in literature, music, and art seems to be carried through the following generation, also. Miss Angie Andrews, of Cambridge, although still in her 'teens, is already a contributor to *St. Nicholas;* and Miss Estelle Andrews, of Newton, is a brilliant pianist, and has received many compliments from the best critics, though only an amateur as yet. Another niece of Mrs. Denison, Miss Mamie Andrews, of Baltimore, is also full of

musical talent; while her sister Annie has done some really fine work in art.

Mrs. Denison's husband was gifted also, and if he had not been so wedded to his work of philanthropy, Rev. Charles Denison might have rivalled his distinguished cousin, George Denison Prentice. But he laid both fortune and genius on the altar of our common humanity, and now his crown in heaven is rich in stars, which is better far than earthly fame.

Margaret Sullivan Burke.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AFFECTATION IN LITERATURE.

There is a world of literary life and thought in this country into which the ordinary reader has not penetrated, and in considering some of the emanations therefrom it is not clear to my mind that the "ordinary reader" is, as a loser, very much to be pitied. I refer to the class of our littérateurs pure and simple — those who have separated themselves from the sympathies of ordinary life, and who not only eschew politics, and theology, and the ordinary social questions, but surround themselves with as much unreality in every way as possible.

The idea with these transcendental persons is to cultivate a literary life, independent of all surrounding conditions except those which arise from their association with each other or from the common studies in old-world literature in which all of this type are supposed to be proficient. Authors of this class are the sworn foes of the realism of magazine literature in the present day, and cannot understand why the reading public should care more for the periodical expressions of men distinguished in practical or professional life than for their own ostensibly deeper and more enduring themes. They look upon these doctors of divinity, famous generals, men high in the political world, and the like, as ephemeral and accidental, and upon themselves, I suppose, as the eternal verities. When they meet with discouragements and detect lack of popular appreciation they console themselves with the feeling that they cannot write down to the level of the American people, and they rail against the "commercialism" and dull realism of the present as the barrier to true literary progress.

The fact is that the American people are practical-minded and give a practical character even to their ideal pursuits. It is impossible to revive literature in our day in the sense in which it existed when a leisurely and privileged class alone were entrusted with its preservation. The age demands that literature shall give its reason for existence — that it shall stand ready to act as the handmaid of other arts and not attempt to dominate them.

To show the discrowned and subordinate state of mere literature, let us imagine Byron come back to earth with his whims and crotchets and somewhat noisy sadness. The paragraphers of to-day would have no mercy upon him. Yet Byron never penetrated into the domain of the mystical or hypercritical as deeply as some of our modern literary tribe delight to do. He was as easily comprehended as a spelling book — that is, if one understood the true meaning of the social as well as political revolution of which Byron stood forth the most conspicuous literary illustrator.

I believe that some of our most distinguished, and in a sense successful, literary folk are throwing their lives away for want of skill to read the signs of the times and see just what the world really wants. For one thing, the mass of readers do not want a literary tracery, so delicate that in following its complexities they shall lose sight of the main threads.

"Ah!" you say, "but we are not writing for the herd, — the perishable mass, — but for immortality."

Immortality always seemed to me, for one, to be a very indefinite sort of thing. Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott seemed to have as fair an outlook for immortality as any literary men of their day and generation — and neither of these were mere dreamers or weavers of mystic and impalpable conceits. They were both breezy, modern men in their treatment of every subject — either in verse or in prose. But both of these "immortals" have been practically discrowned for a generation or more. The taste of the world has steadily fixed itself more upon present things, and this change of taste has colored and directed literature and art no less than other branches of æsthetic progress. It may be impossible to drive our romantic poets and other literary folk to a full realization of this change in popular demand. There are writers among us all of whose models are antique or mediæval. They write in a tongue unknown to the mass of the readers of popular magazines. To say nothing of their allusions to vaguely-understood and out-of-the-way phases of old-world history, their style itself is not the style of the present day. It is not the style of the men and women who ride on railroads and read daily papers. It is unreal, introversive, reactionary. I admit that there are great names among those included in this class, and some of them may prove imperishable. But I would ask: Why delve and sweat in this renaissance crusade — this reproduction of vanished forms — when our own age demands so much of the true scholar and poet for its proper illustration?

It seems to me that the whole question resolves itself into this: Is literature in its final form fixed by the dainty taste of the antiquary and the classicist, or do the people make the poet, and is their approbation the decisive verdict?

The greatest of all who ever took stylus, quill, or harp in hand was emphatically the poet of the people. The strokes of Shakespeare were throughout bold, and his presentations were such as the veriest rustic could understand. I wonder what some of our dainty men and women singers or romancists would think if they were required to write *down* to the people as Shakespeare did. I am strongly inclined to suspect that such writing is, after all, writing *up*. I know that this view would meet with serious disapprobation in some of the affected circles of our American Athens and among those other poets of our land who aspire to wander among old pillars and plinths and to cull sprigs of ivy from their desolation. But how about the average tastes of the great American people?

ELMIRA, N. Y. *William B. Chisholm.*

A LITERARY SCRAP-BOOK.

A literary scrap-book is of invaluable aid to the literary worker, and materials for it may be gathered from the papers and magazines which pass through one's hands from day to day.

Such a book lies before me as I write. It is worth more to its owner than any book of essays or criticism, for it includes a wide range of subjects, treated by many different authors.

A few specimen titles may be quoted: "The Philosophy of the Short Story," Brander Matthews, in *Lippincott's;* "Virility in Fiction," Maurice Thompson, in the *Independent;* "The Writer's Inspiration," William H. Hills, in the *American;* "The Outlook for the American Poet," J. H. Haggerty, in *America;* "The Psychology of the Modern Novel," Professor George T. Ladd, in the *Critic;* "How Plays Are Written," Steele Mackaye, in THE AUTHOR; and "Short Stories and Short-Story Writing,"

Hezekiah Butterworth, in THE WRITER. This last was from a duplicate copy; THE WRITERS are too valuable to clip.

My scrap-book contains about sixty valuable and critical articles, and I am adding to it all the time.

When the article is printed on both sides of the page, I paste it to the "stubs" with which the scrap-book is provided.

Many of us authors have but a limited space for our *lares* and *penates*, and cannot keep magazines, even though they contain matter which may be of interest to us in the future. In the literary scrap-book many valuable articles may be preserved. *Adelaide Rouse.*

NEW YORK CITY.

WHY MUST ALL STORIES END HAPPILY?

I. — They Do.

The finishing up of a story is the most important feature of it; but the question now presents itself to all writers, whether or not one's idea of what the termination might be, if the characters really lived and existed, should be sacrificed to a happy, cheerful ending.

We all know the sorrow that is brought to a child's heart when the lovely wax doll of the story is carried off by the dog and the brave rescuer fails to appear in time, or when the jaunty, comical monkey, enshrined in the loving little heart as the symbol of everything amusing and gay, is suddenly kicked and abused by its organ-grinder owner. Children love brightness and sunshine, and they should have it; but how about the grown-up story-readers, who confess to this same childishness about having the tale "turn out well"?

The writer, — dear me, has he anything to say after all? He feels that he has, although he admits that his feeble wail is drowned in the sea of shouts that arise from the hungry public clamoring for cheerfulness. Still, his art demands that he depict nature; and to marry the hero to the heroine in the end, when it has been his task through something like 4,000 or 5,000 words to prove their utter uncongeniality, is nothing short of a crime to him. If it were actual life, he knows a divorce would follow in three months; but because the characters are Punch and Judy figures in his hand, to be pulled and jerked in all directions at his will, must he feel compelled to cater to a love of happy endings, when every fibre in his body protests against such injustice?

The Public has its claims, the Writer has his, but have not the creatures of fiction their rights also?

Miss Mary Wilkins, in "Jane Field," gave us an ending that was not only artistic and dramatic, but natural and practically life-like. What if it did leave us with a sad wistfulness that the poor, narrow, suffering woman might have come rightfully into a portion, at least, of the wealth that she had dishonestly taken possession of? That has nothing to do with it. The termination, as Miss Wilkins has given it, is *life*. The whole strength of the story lies in that — any other ending would have detracted from the power of the story, and made it weak.

Still, we recognize in the little love episode, with its happy finale, the writer's amiable desire not to leave us with too much sadness. To some this undoubtedly redeemed the story from utter blackness; but to the writer-reader it was so small a part it might easily be erased and never be missed.

But Miss Wilkins has won a name and fame; she can afford to coddle and humor her inclinations, which, whether fortunately or unfortunately, the great majority of writers cannot do.

When we become Miss Wilkinses, we may not only dictate to our ideas, but also to our editors. In the mean time, we must consult, to a certain extent, popular taste.

The "happy-ending" constituents argue that there is enough misery and unhappiness in the world without writing about it. People read, they claim, for diversion. All this may be; but while the natural-ending element by no means encourages or advises, and, indeed, condemns, unnecessary depression or chronic melancholia, and while it is willing to make all reasonable concessions, it insists, at the same time, that the representation of life sometimes demands an unhappy termination; that art is nature, and that nature is often sadness.

Alice Yates Grant.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

II. — They Don't.

May it be permitted to a layman to inquire why the great majority of the writers of short stories in our leading magazines consider a tragic culmination to be indispensable to their productions?

Doubtless it is proof of our modern development of taste that both writer and reader are satisfied with the old system of story telling, which was but to portray the troublous course of true love, with a wedding at the close, and the sanguine inference that the lovers "lived in peace forever after." But why, in the reaction from centuries of such tales, short and long, should the pendulum swing to the extremest opposite? Must such a surfeit of final blisses beget the necessity of endless terminations of pathetic type?

It is comparatively seldom now that the magazine reader gets one cheering reflection, one hopeful impression, one inspiring picture from that galaxy of modern tales emanating from our brightest authors.

At this rate, the touch of disparagement or satire, the pall of resignation or despair will soon become the insignia of membership in this too sophisticated coterie of letters.

Now the average reader who leads an average life sees quite enough of unrewarded labor, of thwarted ambitions, of weary disappointments, and endless combinations of fruitless patience, unmerited punishments, and unconsummated loves — without having it all reflected upon him from the very agents to which he looks for amelioration of life's bitterness. If not to light literature, then where shall he turn for a soothing or inspiring suggestion of brighter destiny? To be sure, the story-teller's art is supposed to be the mirror of real life, — but why not reflect the high lights as well as the shuddering glooms? Besides, the most prosaic art may idealize somewhat.

We all know the story of the two actors who had a contest to see which one could imitate a pig in the most natural and life-like manner. One, in the judgment of all concerned, was far more successful than the other, when the defeated candidate opened his capacious coat and proved it to be a veritable pig whose too prosaic squealing had lost him the contest.

"When I was young my strain was sad," says "Grace Greenwood," "but now I'm old my strain is glad," she adds, — and this is the natural evolution of the human taste. In youth, with the disenchantments of experience practically unknown, we revel in the "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." When youth is past, who wants to be eternally reminded that our illusions, aspirations, and all the rest are smoking on the altar-fires behind us?

For heaven's sake, gentlemen, give us something brighter! Let it be absurd, fantastic — what you will! even to plebeian cheerfulness, and we will take the tonic draught with gratitude.

Simple human nature, defeated of its instinct of worship and its hunger for perfect loves, does not desire the wet handkerchief of sympathetic experience held eternally to its eyes. Avaunt, with your harrowing heartaches, your processions of perplexities and disappointments, your hopeless catastrophies, and tragic culminations of all sorts and shades! Get hence, every raven's wing that makes darker by a thought the already black dome under which this old world of ours, blind with agony, reels on to unknown futures! Picture life a little sweeter than it is. Squeal more ably than Mr. Pig himself could do.

Jessie Wilson Manning.

CHARITON, Ia.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington Street (Rooms 9 and 10),
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1894. NO. 1.

Mr. Vansant's helpful article in this number of THE WRITER is in the same line as the article entitled "The Variations of 'Said'" by Arthur C. Grissom, which was published in THE WRITER for February, 1891. Mr. Grissom's article included an alphabetical table of between 400 and 500 words which may be used in place of "said," and it still remains the most exhaustive treatment of the subject ever published.

***

Short, practical articles on any topic connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Literary people are invited especially to send in suggestions for the "Helpful Hints" department, and items of information about any literary work on which they may be engaged. The chief object of THE WRITER is to be a magazine of mutual help for authors, and its pages are always open for anything practical which may tend in this direction. Bits of personal experience, suggestions regarding methods, and ideas for making literary work easier or more profitable are especially desired. Articles must be short, because the magazine is small.

***

The sixth bound volume of THE WRITER, with full index and title-page, will be ready for delivery about January 25. It will contain more than 230 pages, and will be neatly bound in cloth, in style uniform with the preceding volumes. A complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER is something that no writer's library should be without. Nowhere else can be found so many practical, helpful articles and suggestions regarding the best and most profitable methods of literary work. It will not be possible always to secure a complete bound set of THE WRITER, for the supply of some of the volumes is so small that already the price of single volumes has been advanced, and the supply is sure to be exhausted at no distant day. Those who would like complete sets of the magazine, therefore, will do well to send in their orders now. The purchase of a set will be a good investment, for complete sets of the magazine are sure to increase in value as the years go by.

***

The price of Vol. VI. of THE WRITER, for 1892–93, will be $1.50. The price of a complete bound set of the six volumes of the magazine will be for the present Nine Dollars, or, with a subscription for THE WRITER for 1894 added, Ten Dollars. No better present could be given to any literary worker. The prices of volumes of THE WRITER ordered singly are: Vol. I. (1887), $2.00; Vol. II. (1889), $1.50; Vol. III. (1889), $2.00; Vol. IV. (1890), $1.50; Vol. V. (1891), $1.50; Vol. VI. (1891–92), $1.50. Those who desire to complete their sets should send their orders now, before it is too late.

***

A few complete sets of THE AUTHOR — which was merged with THE WRITER at the

beginning of 1892 — may still be had. They comprise the three bound volumes for 1889, 1890, and 1891, which will be sold separately for Two Dollars each, or together for Five Dollars. These volumes of THE AUTHOR contain a fund of information about authors and literary work to be obtained nowhere else, and, like the volumes of THE WRITER, they are sure to be enhanced in value as time goes on. The number of complete sets available is comparatively small.

***

What better investment can any writer make than to spend fifteen dollars for a complete set of the bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR, together with a subscription for THE WRITER for 1894, — either for himself or as a useful present to a literary friend?

***

"There is little excuse for a man's correspondence or other literary accumulations to lie carelessly around the house or library when a letter file with index can be purchased for less than twenty-five cents," says the *American Stationer* — and the *American Stationer* is right. The literary man, especially, cannot afford not to take advantage of the inexpensive helps to order and classification which he can get at small expense. Pigeon-holes, a box of envelopes for filing purposes, desk drawers suitably sub-divided, scrap books, and a simple indexed letter file for correspondence are within the reach of every one, and they are all invaluable helps to literary men. Editors, particularly, need such conveniences for the orderly performance of their daily work. It is chiefly because editors are so unsystematic that writers have reason for complaint.

***

Certainly no magazine editor ought to encourage the "thirteen" superstition by always sending back all his rejected manuscripts on the thirteenth day of the month.

W. H. H.

HUDDLE YOUR IDEAS.

Nobody cares what first aroused you to your theme. No one cares whether you were at your baize-covered desk or sawing wood when your topic, like a stiff gale, rushed into your mental sails, and made them belly with fresh ideas. Few readers will seek to know where you were stationed when the coy subject came buzzing into your mind, and formed itself into a conviction, and how you impaled it with your trenchant pen before it could vanish into forgetfulness.

Plant your ideas thick, but not two in a hill. Don't imagine that they should be set through your article like sentinels — with considerable space between. Close up the ranks; your ideas won't suffocate. The average reader has the capacity to scoop them up where they are thickly settled, without milestones explaining their distance and locality.

Huddle your thoughts into short, pithy paragraphs. Don't smother them with verbiage, until they dwindle into faint shadows, flitting through a forest of big words.

This is merely the faint outline of an ideal conception, which is as unapproachable as the horizon, and which mocks me with its impossible beauty; but it is a standard at which all who write for the press should aim.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Jed Scarboro.*

HOW NOVELISTS INTRODUCE CONVERSATION.

She "began," "asked," "said," "remarked," "suggested," "answered," "explained," "murmured," "admitted," "interposed," "sighed," "babbled," and "fluttered."

The reader may be curious to know in what occupation the female represented by the pronoun was engaged, that such a collection of diverse verbs should be necessary to explain her actions. These, however, are merely some of the words used by William Dean Howells for the purpose of introducing conversation in one of his recent works.

As is well known, the dialogue in a novel adds greatly to its charm; and if it is well written, it will hold the reader's attention even better than an exciting description.

The verb employed must be, as a rule, in the past tense, and the most convenient and expressive one is "said"; but the constant repetition of this word becomes monotonous; although many authors of reputation are seemingly not

afraid to use it, and sprinkle their pages liberally with "saids." The careless reader becomes so used to its appearance that often the repetition is not noticed. The next time you pick up a story, just count the number of times the word occurs, and you will probably be surprised at its frequency.

To avoid tautology, a number of other words prove of great value to the writer, and his "Unabridged" is compelled to yield up appropriate terms in which to introduce the speech of his characters.

Charles Dickens made the conventional "said" do useful service. For example, on one page of "Pickwick" we find this word employed seventeen times—seven times in successive remarks.

Among other words used by the great novelist are the following: "Inquired," "replied," "exclaimed," "echoed," "urged," "whispered," "observed," "nodded," "cried," "resumed," "continued," "responded," "rejoined," "suggested," "remonstrated," "ejaculated," "soliloquized," "growled," "screamed," and "roared."

Very often no explanatory words are necessary to show which person is speaking, and the dialogue continues in this way, until at last it is necessary to jog the memory by introducing a name.

The number of words which it is possible to employ for the purpose is almost unlimited; but it is not well to show too much ingenuity in capturing outlandish expressions. A simple and direct style is much more readable, although at times there may be a little tautology.

The following conversational aids are frequently used: "Returned," "pursued," "retorted," "repeated," "insisted," "went on," "announced," "sobbed," "declared," "corrected," "interposed," "demanded," "ventured," "put in," "pronounced," "questioned," "muttered," "lisped," and "snapped."

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *Wilbur M. Vansant.*

AN AUTHOR'S CONFESSION.

I had just been reading a little poem to a fond aunt of mine, a dear, simple old lady. I was a trifle proud of these particular verses, it must be confessed, and my good aunt was very proud.

"Now, I call that real pretty," said she, smiling at me over her gold-bowed spectacles. "It's as good as that piece I read last Sunday in the"—but never mind about the name; I will be merciful and spare the tender feelings of the paper in question, albeit its editor never spared mine—"Why don't you get it printed?"

Dear, simple soul! How could she know why I did n't? that was too much for even me, grown worldly wise.

I did not tell her that I had already sent it to nine editors, and that whatever the reason was why I had n't got it printed, it was certainly not because I had n't tried. No, I could n't tell her that; it would have terribly shaken her faith in me, and without the slightest reason, as my brother and sister rhymers can sadly testify.

And what did I say?

Well, if you must know, I answered with a studied carelessness that would have been amusing to you, initiated reader, if you had been there:—

"Oh! I don't know but I shall sometime."

Persis E. Darrow.

WENTWORTH, N. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

How long should be allowed by publishers' etiquette before an article submitted for publication is acknowledged or returned? Is it quite fair for an editor to keep an article for a long time (say, a year), and then return it "with regrets," etc., etc.? H. A. W.

[The best magazines usually either accept or decline a manuscript within a month from the time of its receipt. A delay of two months in reaching a decision is not uncommon. If a writer has heard nothing from a mauuscript two months after he submitted it, it will do no harm for him to make inquiries regarding it. It is not right, of course, for an editor to keep a manuscript a year before accepting or returning it. Sometimes, however, such things are done, either through carelessness, unbusinesslike methods, or even absolute inability on the part of the editor to keep up systematically with the

daily work of his position. The large magazines, which receive the most manuscripts, are forced to make provision for handling them systematically, and so give contributors the least trouble. The periodicals that are most likely to delay decisions are the small publications, which cannot afford to pay a salary to a manuscript clerk, and which are cramped generally in their resources. In the case of such periodicals, the task of caring for manuscripts received falls usually upon the editor. Most literary men are unbusinesslike, editors no less so than the rest. The result is that the overworked editor delays decisions and mislays manuscripts in a most exasperating way, and contributors suffer accordingly. All this will be changed when the time comes, if it ever does, when the demand for manuscripts is greater than the supply, and so writers are in a position to dictate terms to editors, instead of having to put up with what they can get, as they must now. — W. H. H.]

When a writer has a book to submit, is it not advisable to write to a number of publishers at once? Writing to each one consecutively might consume a whole year, and still that book would not be placed, or even examined.

M. B. C.

[It might seem at first thought that a writer with a book manuscript to sell could save a great deal of time by writing simultaneously to every publisher for whose use the manuscript should seem suitable, describing it, and asking each publisher addressed if he would like to examine the manuscript with a view to publication. There are practical objections, however, to this plan. In the first place, it is not easy to describe a manuscript so as to give an adequate idea of it, and in many cases the author's description would work him an injustice: the publisher might conclude that he did not care to look at the manuscript, and write to say so, whereas, if the manuscript itself had been submitted to him for examination, he might have been attracted by it, so as to make an offer for its publication. In the second place, it is not easy to deal with more than one publisher simultaneously, unless the author has more than one copy of the manuscript to be submitted. If, for instance, five publishers out of fifty should reply to the author's letter of inquiry that they would be pleased to examine his manuscript, he would have to have five copies of it to send out, or else he would have to send four letters of explanation that might tax his ingenuity. If he had the five copies required, moreover, and should send them out simultaneously, he might — possibly — be embarrassed by having three of the publishers write to him accepting the manuscript — in which case he would have to make himself unpopular with two of them, at least. All things considered, the slower method of approaching one publisher after another with the manuscript itself, instead of with a letter describing it, seems to be the safer and the better one. It takes time to do this, of course, but Rome was n't built in a day, and even Chicago dates clear back to 1831. — W. H. H.]

Is it not possible that even so able a scholar as J. H. Long has made a mistake, when, in his "Slips of Tongue and Pen," he recommends the use of "iced water" and "iced cream," in preference to the more popular terms, "ice water" and "ice cream"? It seems to me that the two words are scarcely in parallel case. The use of the word "iced water" is, no doubt, correct; but is not "ice water" equally so, — meaning, as it does, a kind of water, and established by custom? "Iced cream," however, is to my mind incorrect. The word used in this form should convey the idea of cream set upon ice to cool, or of cream with lumps of ice floating in it; and not, in any sense, the popularly accepted meaning of cream frozen into ice.

E. N. B.

[Strictly speaking, "ice water" is water made by melting ice, while "iced water" is water cooled by ice. As a matter of fact, however, in America at least, "ice water" and "ice cream" are both names too firmly fixed in popular use to be changed by any criticism, and it seems hardly worth while even to attempt to make any distinction between them — although if Americans would use ice water (literally) less, and iced water (literally) more, the American stomach would unquestionably be a great deal better off. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I was interested in an article concerning writers' methods in THE WRITER for October, and pleased to learn that I had long ago discov-

ered for myself some things that others have found valuable. But I have gone a step further than your writer: besides keeping an entry-book account for all the offered-for-publication children of my brain, I have kept on each page an entry of how long manuscripts have been retained before being returned; how much was paid for them if they were accepted; and other small items, of interest to no one but myself, the whole forming a condensed history of the article published. This affords me amusement, sometimes, when years have passed, and prevents me from sending the same article to a publisher twice. H. A. W.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I beg leave to "speak out in meetin'" on the subject of your third editorial in the November number of THE WRITER. There *is* one magazine writer — of no note, as yet, however — who has papered his sanctum with the returned-with-thanks slips of the magazines that failed to recognize his burning genius at first acquaintance. He began the practice about two years ago, and though he has moved his quarters now to a more congenial vicinity, the walls of the old room still bear witness to the herculean efforts he made to get into the magazines then. Moreover, he found the habit a most efficient check to that disease known as the "swellhead," when, at rare intervals, a small check of another sort drifted in from some publisher, and was in imminent danger of increasing the author's hat-band. Having used this preventive-cure, he feels qualified to recommend it, and as the medicine is neither patented nor difficult to procure, he thinks you would do well to suggest its use to the many readers of your magazine who feel, that however brilliant they may be, there are others twice as bright.

Everard T. Appleton.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va.

Why should an editor believe it to be just cause for irritation when an author, in all innocence of heart, informs him that another periodical has accepted the contribution which he declined? Suppose, for instance, a poor creature should do her very best to make a bonnet which she was sure would suit me, having me in mind with every stitch she put in it, and then, with heart beating high with hope, should bring it to me, willing to take my price for it. Suppose that I am so well supplied with bonnets that suit me better in style and finish that I cannot possibly take hers; is that just cause for me to feel piqued when she comes with beaming eyes, expecting me to rejoice with her that some other woman, not so well supplied as I, has taken it? Should I not be glad that her toil has been rewarded, instead of suspecting her of the meanness of trying to retaliate by letting me know that there were people who knew a good article when they saw it, and, therefore, by implication, are not so obtuse as I? Should I not rejoice in her joy? I think so.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Kate Kearney.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

DIRECTORY OF PERIODICALS. Compiled by M. A. Weston and A. L. Nay. 30 pp. Paper, 25 cents. West Peterboro, N. H.: Josiah C. Nay. 1893.

All published lists of periodicals like this are of necessity more or less unsatisfactory, because suspensions, combinations, and changes of address are made so frequently that printed lists cannot be depended upon for any great length of time. This list, for instance, includes *Wide Awake*, the *Weekly Review*, the *Home Maker*, and some others which are no longer published, and there are numerous wrong addresses and other errors in the list. So far as it can be depended upon, the little book is useful, but it should not be trusted too implicitly.

W. H. H.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND. By William Winter. 274 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

WANDERERS. The poems of William Winter. With portrait. 268 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE. By Winter Winter. 387 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

OLD SHRINES AND IVY. By William Winter. 296 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

This dainty new edition of the works of William Winter will be welcome to the many admirers of that talented American critic, poet, and essayist. The well-made 18mo volumes are most attractive to the eye, and the edition is in every way a satisfactory one. In "Shakespeare's England" Mr. Winter writes with sympathy and charming grace of English life and scenery, — describing, as the preface says, "not so much the England of fact as the England created and hallowed by the spirit of her poetry, of which Shakespeare is the soul." The portrait prefixed to "Wanderers" is an interesting one. The poems included in the

daily work of his position. The large magazines, which receive the most manuscripts, are forced to make provision for handling them systematically, and so give contributors the least trouble. The periodicals that are most likely to delay decisions are the small publications, which cannot afford to pay a salary to a manuscript clerk, and which are cramped generally in their resources. In the case of such periodicals, the task of caring for manuscripts received falls usually upon the editor. Most literary men are unbusinesslike, editors no less so than the rest. The result is that the overworked editor delays decisions and mislays manuscripts in a most exasperating way, and contributors suffer accordingly. All this will be changed when the time comes, if it ever does, when the demand for manuscripts is greater than the supply, and so writers are in a position to dictate terms to editors, instead of having to put up with what they can get, as they must now. — W. H. H.]

When a writer has a book to submit, is it not advisable to write to a number of publishers at once? Writing to each one consecutively might consume a whole year, and still that book would not be placed, or even examined.

M. B. C.

[It might seem at first thought that a writer with a book manuscript to sell could save a great deal of time by writing simultaneously to every publisher for whose use the manuscript should seem suitable, describing it, and asking each publisher addressed if he would like to examine the manuscript with a view to publication. There are practical objections, however, to this plan. In the first place, it is not easy to describe a manuscript so as to give an adequate idea of it, and in many cases the author's description would work him an injustice: the publisher might conclude that he did not care to look at the manuscript, and write to say so, whereas, if the manuscript itself had been submitted to him for examination, he might have been attracted by it, so as to make an offer for its publication. In the second place, it is not easy to deal with more than one publisher simultaneously, unless the author has more than one copy of the manuscript to be submitted. If, for instance, five publishers out of fifty should reply to the author's letter of inquiry that they would be pleased to examine his manuscript, he would have to have five copies of it to send out, or else he would have to send four letters of explanation that might tax his ingenuity. If he had the five copies required, moreover, and should send them out simultaneously, he might — possibly — be embarrassed by having three of the publishers write to him accepting the manuscript — in which case he would have to make himself unpopular with two of them, at least. All things considered, the slower method of approaching one publisher after another with the manuscript itself, instead of with a letter describing it, seems to be the safer and the better one. It takes time to do this, of course, but Rome was n't built in a day, and even Chicago dates clear back to 1831. — W. H. H.]

Is it not possible that even so able a scholar as J. H. Long has made a mistake, when, in his "Slips of Tongue and Pen," he recommends the use of "iced water" and "iced cream," in preference to the more popular terms, "ice water" and "ice cream"? It seems to me that the two words are scarcely in parallel case. The use of the word "iced water" is, no doubt, correct; but is not "ice water" equally so, — meaning, as it does, a kind of water, and established by custom? "Iced cream," however, is to my mind incorrect. The word used in this form should convey the idea of cream set upon ice to cool, or of cream with lumps of ice floating in it; and not, in any sense, the popularly accepted meaning of cream frozen into ice.

E. N. B.

[Strictly speaking, "ice water" is water made by melting ice, while "iced water" is water cooled by ice. As a matter of fact, however, in America at least, "ice water" and "ice cream" are both names too firmly fixed in popular use to be changed by any criticism, and it seems hardly worth while even to attempt to make any distinction between them — although if Americans would use ice water (literally) less, and iced water (literally) more, the American stomach would unquestionably be a great deal better off. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I was interested in an article concerning writers' methods in THE WRITER for October, and pleased to learn that I had long ago discov-

prisonment." All these stories are reprinted from periodicals, the first three from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They are well told, and intrinsically interesting. W. H. H.

CATHARINE FURZE. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Catharine Furze is the daughter of an English iron-monger, whose mother has aspirations toward a higher social position. The girl's father fails in business; the mother fails to attain the position she desires; an honest young fellow who loves Catharine fails to win her love in return; the girl who loves him dies after failing to arouse his interest; and Catharine herself dies at the end of the story, the one love of her life having been given hopelessly to a married minister, who loves her hopelessly in return. The novel is differentiated from the average French novel by the artifice of having both the girl and the minister control the unhappy passion, and, as the author says, even get good from it. The characters are generally well drawn, and the story is fairly well told throughout. W. H. H.

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY. With other tales. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 269 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

Mr. Aldrich's stories are always exquisite, and this collection of the latest of them is a delightful one. The book includes "'For Bravery on the Field of Battle,'" "The Chevalier de Resseguier," "Goliath," "My Cousin, the Colonel," "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," and "Her Dying Words." It is a dainty volume, and it will be welcomed by all of Mr. Aldrich's admirers. Already the book has reached its fifth thousand. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MARION DARCHE. A Story Without Comment. By F. Marion Crawford. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

PIETRO GHISLERI. By F. Marion Crawford. 429 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. 478 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1893.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Tablet Covers for Manuscripts. — Writers who use the better class of book tablets, either for correspondence or literary work, will find the covers, after the paper is used, very useful as portfolios for short stories, sketches, poems, etc. Manuscripts, either in their rough or finished state, are apt to get tumbled if placed loose in a drawer; and, of course, no self-respecting author would think of *rolling* even the roughest of his notes. What then? Why, tablet covers, to be sure! Your copy of all kinds should be of about the same size as your note paper. Hunt up a cover, or, better still, keep a supply ready, and lay therein your story. Place a rubber band over each end, and you may almost play football with your manuscript. It will keep for years, unsoiled. F. E. M.

CHICAGO, Ill.

A Literary "Incubator." — One of the pigeon holes above my desk I have named "The Incubator." Its use, as the name implies, is for the development of idea-germs. When one or more "ideas" seem promising, they are transferred, each in separate envelopes, to the "incubator," where notes or clippings are added to each as the subject develops in the mind or by study. I find the "incubator" one of the most useful assistants in my work. F. E. M.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Learning to Illustrate. — "C. B. M.," who inquires in the September WRITER how he can best learn to draw well enough to make simple illustrations for his stories, might derive some benefit from reading the *Art Student* for November, which contains the original of an illustration reproduced full size, and then the same illustration reproduced as it appeared in the magazine for which it was made. A visit to any of the large publishing houses and a view of the many originals of illustrations would be of great benefit to one who wished to illustrate his own articles. L. E. W.

SING SING, N. Y.

Saving Telegraph Tolls. — Telegraphing at press rates nowadays is comparatively cheap, but where messages are sent over long distances, as from Chicago to San Francisco, for example, the telegraph tolls are considerable and the saving of superfluous words is a matter of importance. In news despatches it is customary for correspondents to mark the filing time at the beginning of the message, thus: "Filed 8.30," or whatever hour the message is sent. These words are included in the telegraph company's count of words; signatures are not; accordingly, some regular correspondents indicate the hours of filing by using

different given names in their signatures. For instance, Charles Diehl is manager of the Pacific Associated Press, and he appears under many aliases during the night. At 7 o'clock he is "Paul" Diehl, at 7.30 "Peter," at 8 "John," and so on. The manager of the Associated Press at Chicago, who, of course, has a key, can tell the filing time of any despatch from Diehl by looking at the signature. A story is told, by the way, of a new telegraph editor on the *Chicago Tribune*, who wondered at the number of different Diehls sending despatches from San Francisco, and who swallowed whole the ingenious story that there were thirteen brothers who worked harmoniously together — the most wonderful group of newspaper men in all the world. R. T. S.

San Francisco, Calif.

Enlarging One's Vocabulary. — For the purpose of enlarging my vocabulary, I keep a (sometime) blank-book, divided into twenty-six different parts, thus giving a proportionate amount of space to each letter of the alphabet. When, in my reading or in conversation, I am confronted by a word with which I am not wholly familiar, I immediately jot it down in my "private vocabulary," with list of synonyms, definitions, examples of use, etc. I find this practice very useful as an aid to memory.

E. N. B.

Skaneateles, N. Y.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.

THE ENDING OF BARSTOW'S NOVEL. A Story. Helen Campbell. *Harper's* (35 c.) for January.

ILLUSTRATORS AND ILLUSTRATION. Charles Dudley Warner. *Harper's* (35 c.) for January.

WHITTIER DESULTORIA. Charlotte F. Bates. *Cosmopolitan* (15 c.) for January.

HUMOR: ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. Agnes Repplier. *Cosmopolitan* (15 c.) for January.

EDWIN LASSETER BYNNER. With portrait. Edward Everett Hale. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for January.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. With portrait. Joseph Henry Crooker. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for January.

TEN LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO SOUTHEY. *Atlantic* (35 c.) for January.

LOWELL, BROOKS, AND GRAY IN THEIR LETTERS. *Atlantic* for January.

FOLLOWING DICKENS WITH A CAMERA. H. H. Ragan. *Outing* (25 c.) for January.

ELISÉE RECLUS AND HIS OPINIONS. With portrait. Helen ZIMMERN. *Popular Science Monthly* for January.

TENNYSON AS THE POET OF EVOLUTION. Theodore Watts. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for December 9.

HOW FAUNTLEROY REALLY OCCURRED. Frances Hodgson Burnett. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for December.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. — I. William Dean Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for December.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THOMAS BRAGDON. A Story. John Kendrick Bangs. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for December 16.

JOHN TYNDALL. With portrait. Professor N. S. Shaler. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for December 23.

T. W. HIGGINSON. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 2.

THE IDEAL LIBRARY: OF WHAT SHOULD IT BE CONSTITUTED? Sarah K. Bolton, John Habberton, Mary Lowe Dickinson. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 9.

AN ALASKA NEWSPAPER. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 9.

CELIA THAXTER. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 9.

W. T. STEAD. With portrait. Charles F. French. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 16.

ALPHONSE DAUDET. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* for December 16.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL ("Ik Marvel"). With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* for December 23.

JOHN TYNDALL. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 30.

VICTORIEN SARDOU. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for December 30.

THE FORUM AND ITS EDITOR (Walter H. Page). With portrait. MAIDA, THE REPORTER. A Story. Frank W. Bolande. A MIDNIGHT MISTAKE. A Newspaper Story. Thomas F. Anderson. THE SCIENCE OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM. Robert F. Walsh, etc., etc. *Christmas Journalist* (25 c.).

DEALING WITH EDITORS. Wilder Grahame. *Journalist* (10 c.) for December 30.

THE STORY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES. With portraits of E. L. Wilson, J. Traill Taylor, W. J. Stillman, Charles Ehrmann, W. I. Lincoln Adams, Walter F. Woodbury. *Photographic Times* Christmas number (25 c.).

A CASE OF AUTHORSHIP. A Story. Thomas R. Van Reed. *Californian* (25 c.) for December.

LITERARY COMMERCIALISM. William B. Chisholm. *New Peterson's Magazine* (10 c.) for December.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN. Emily Rawford. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for December.

CHURCH AND PRESS. J. Thackray Bunce. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for December.

REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART. Clarence S. Darrow. *Arena* (50 c.) for December.

GERALD MASSEY: PROPHET AND REFORMER. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (50 c.) for December.

MR. HOWELLS AGAIN. Celia Parker Woolley. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for December.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. Charles Knowles Bolton. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for December.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Samuel Eliot. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for December.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Professor John Tyndall died December 4 at his home in Haslemere, county of Surrey, England, aged seventy-three.

M. F. Sweetser, long a resident of Boston and well known in the book business, has removed with his family to Denver, Colo., where he intends to reside for several years, or until his health is sufficiently recovered to warrant his returning to Boston.

John H. Whitson, who had an interesting article on the Ramona Indian School at Santa Fé, N. M., in the November number of *Worthington's Magazine*, is spending a part of the winter at New Orleans, making a study of the French quarter of the city.

Tom P. Morgan, whose Western stories in the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's*, *Golden Days*, etc., have attracted much attention, is at his home in Rogers, Ark., working away earnestly on humorous paragraphs and sketches to make the public laugh.

Lorettus S. Metcalf, formerly editor of the *Forum*, is now proprietor of the *Florida Citizen*, a daily newspaper published at Jacksonville.

General Lew Wallace consulted more than fifty books in the preparation of his novel, "The Prince of India," and for a time before beginning work he studied astrology in the congressional library at Washington, the necessary books being obtainable in this country only there. He spent five years in research, and six more in writing the novel. His wife was the only person who knew the scheme of the novel, the only one who had access to his manuscript, and the only person with whom he consulted while writing.

With the January number *Current Literature* will go back to its original large form, becoming again an eclectic magazine of ninety-six broad pages monthly. The change is one that will be welcomed by many readers.

Florence Hull, co-editor of *Childhood*, will go upon the staff of *Godey's* in January, as editor of the Home Department, which Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has resigned. Besides her editorial work in *Childhood*, which has brought her into considerable prominence, Florence Hull is known as a contributor to various magazines and journals, writing both stories and essays with equal facility — a facility gained by many years of hard, self-imposed toil, which few excepting French authors ever consider necessary to their profession. But her most ambitious work is in preparation, a complete work, in three volumes, upon race culture, the first volume of which has appeared as a series of papers in *Childhood* during the past year and is to be brought out before long under its title, "Preparation for Parenthood."

The first purely literary work produced in America was a translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," by George Sandys, of Virginia, made in 1774, and published in 1776. The first original work published in New England was a volume of poems by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, daughter of Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, published in 1640.

Papers in the January *Atlantic* of uncommon interest to students of literary history are ten letters, hitherto unpublished, from Coleridge to Southey, and "Down to Tower'd Camelot," a "Talk at a Country House," by Sir Edward Strachey, himself the editor of the Globe edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "Mort d'Arthur," with which the "Talk" is concerned.

The *Critic* for December 2 publishes a remarkably good portrait of Madame Sarah Grand, the author of that popular book, "The Heavenly Twins." Madame Grand's real name is Mrs. McFall.

The Pope Manufacturing Company's Columbia pad calendar has been sent to 6,000 authors and literary people this year, as in previous years. It is a useful article on any writer's desk, and at the same time serves as an excellent advertisement for the firm that sends it out.

The American News Company ordered 200,000 copies of the December *Cosmopolitan* — more than 100 tons of a single magazine.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1894. NO. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE. *Jean Halifax.* 17
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH. *Will Scott.* 18
CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS OF AUTHORS. *R. MacDonald Alden.* 19
ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD MANUSCRIPT READER. *Ella Sturtevant Webb.* 20
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY RECENT ENGLISH WORDS. *H. A. Schuler.* 21
LITERATURE FOR ART'S SAKE. *H. M. Hoke.* 23
ANOTHER BEGINNER'S LITERARY EXPERIENCE. *J. M. Lees.* 24
THE FIRST QUALIFICATION FOR AUTHORSHIP. *Edward L. White.* 25
EDITORIAL. 26
Complete Sets of THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER. . 26
A PLEA FOR DIALECT. *A. M. Jackson.* 27
"YOU-UNS." *Leo Jenwyl.* 27
QUERIES. 28
THE SCRAP BASKET. 28
BOOK REVIEWS. 29
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 30
To Remove Enclosures in Pasteboard Rolls, 30—Old Envelopes for New Manuscripts, 31—To Save Manuscript Paper. 31
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 31
NEWS AND NOTES. 31

AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE.

I read the other day, in THE WRITER, of a man who had coolly papered the walls of his study-room with a varied assortment of his editorial "declined-with-thanks" slips. The idea is certainly original, and in these days a most economical one, for the average writer, at least. Until the long-delayed coming of the author's millennium there will probably be a goodly supply of such wall-paper.

But why so many rejections? It's the old, old question, and it is hard to answer in general; but in particular cases it is possible to find a reply.

"Now, why was not my story of 'On the Boulevard' accepted by the ——, I should like to know?" ponders Miss A. at one end of the line.

At the other end the editor had said regretfully to himself,—as no one else happened to be present,—"Why did this writer send a story of genuinely 'swell' life to us, when she must know that our aim is to make a study of and try to help the poorer class of people? Otherwise, the story is cleverly written, and it is very interesting."

Ah! there was the rub! As "Manette," the maid, would say, the manuscript was not "appropriate."

It is love that "makes the world go round," we know; but if Miss A. had sent her next effort — a charming love story — to its proper destination, instead of to the religious weekly which she *did* try, she would not have had the tale "returned with thanks."

"There is nothing new under the sun," may be the criticism of some reader at this point. "We have heard all this many times before." Very true; but truth will bear repetition. And simple as this statement is, it *is* the fact, nevertheless, that many hundreds of manuscripts find their way, more or less promptly, back to their owners, for the reason of their unsuitability for the periodicals to which they are sent.

"This story was surely comical enough. How the Wilsons laughed when I read it to them!" He had chosen the goal carefully. It was a popular "comic" paper which had returned the manuscript "with regret." But the manuscript in question contained 900 words. That seemed to Mr. B. exceedingly short. Had he studied the "comic" a little more thoroughly, however, he would have discovered the fact that no issue had ever contained an article or a story of more than 300 words.

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

"Too long, by half," sighed the man at the other end of the line. "No time at this office to boil it down, and he probably won't be willing to cut it up. Let it go, Andrews." And it goes — home.

"I read that paper for years. I know just the length and the class of stories it prefers. And why 'Struggle and Strife' comes flying back I fail to understand."

And at the other end of the line the editor had parted with that manuscript with genuine regret. "Just the thing in some respects," he said. "But the way she pitches into the —— s! She has very strong religious prejudices, evidently. She seems to think her hero's faith the *only* one. We'd have all our —— brethren buzzing around our ears if we printed that. She's too sweeping in her statements. But it's a strong story"; and regretfully he sends it homeward.

"If I had time enough to rewrite this first page entirely, this story would be just what we'd like; but I can't do it." So the *Monthly News* returned the manuscript without a word of explanation, — from necessity rather than from choice. And its owner wonders yet where the trouble lay.

Editors of temperance papers will tell you that manuscripts have been sent to them which were almost faultless. But why did that Miss D. let her hero smoke? The *Temperance Times* sends the story home; and Miss D. promptly tries again, elsewhere, and her manuscript is accepted. "They evidently don't know a good story when they see it," she thinks to herself, concerning the *Times*. And she forgets her hero's cigar entirely.

I had quite a list of other reasons, wise and otherwise. But I intend to practice what I preach — as regards long articles for periodicals which desire short manuscripts. So, "*verbum sap.*" There must be *some* reason for a rejection. (I wish to be as coolly, calmly, carefully, conscientiously just to The Editor as I possibly can be. You see!)

If it is not for one of the reasons already given, or for one that you yourself can easily find out, the rejection must be laid to the fact that the supply is greater than the demand, at present, at least. An editor cannot accept more manuscripts than he can use. And if he has a year or two's work provided for already, he may hesitate to keep *all* that comes to him.

So let us forgive him!

Jean Halifax.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

In the vernacular of reporters, information received clandestinely is generally a "tip," fire is the "devouring element," and electricity is the "subtle fluid." Each new book is "epoch-making," and politicians are always "in touch" with somebody or something, and a lecturer invariably "looks down upon a sea of up-turned faces," while everything of a surprising nature comes "like a thunderbolt from a clear sky." At a hanging, the murderer, rather than the sentence, is "executed," and the spectators wait with "bated breath" until the body falls with a "dull thud." "Ladies," who are, of course, "beautiful and accomplished," and who always have "a host of admiring friends," are attired in "stunning" garments, or sometimes are "magnificently gowned"; and it would be only in keeping with the eternal fitness of things for the aforesaid reporters to be boldly "collared," soundly "cuffed," and vigorously "booted." In the village daily a drunken man is always a "drunk," though fat people have not yet become "fats," or sick men "sicks." We read frequently that John Smith "Sundayed" in

town with his parents, but we are always left in doubt as to where John "Mondayed," "Tuesdayed," "last weeked," or "Fourth-of-Julyed."

In newspaper diction things seldom happen; they "transpire." People are never married; they are "joined in the holy bonds of matrimony." There is no such thing as suicide, but people commit "the rash act for which no cause has been assigned"; and death is not death, but merely the "demise" of the "deceased."

Will Scott.

PENFIELD, Penn.

CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

In my dream I saw a mighty concourse of people, of all ages and conditions, pencils and stationery in their hands, and on their faces an expression of heroic determination. As I approached and asked them who they were and whither they were bound, one replied: "We are delegates to the Continental Congress of Authors, called to protest against the violation of our inalienable rights, and to draw up our Declaration of Independence." Then quoth I, "What are the inalienable rights of authors?" and he showed me a parchment whereon a list of them was written. They were too many to be mentioned here; but among them were these: —

"We demand that, when our manuscripts are returned, only the first and last pages shall be crumpled beyond recognition.

"We demand that editors' memoranda on the margin of our manuscripts shall not be made in indelible ink.

"We demand that, when manuscripts are returned after a period of more than fifteen and a half years, the editor shall write on the envelope the words, 'Postmaster, please forward.'

"We demand that, when manuscripts are published without being acknowledged or paid for, the editors shall return us the stamps which were enclosed in case of rejection.

"We demand that, when editors desire to add material to our contributions, they shall give themselves credit for the addition over their own names.

"We demand that, when editors desire to cut out portions of our articles before publication, they shall insert the word 'Mutilated' immediately under the title."

There were other rights enumerated which were perhaps even more inalienable than these, but the last two of those quoted arrested my attention, and I should like to say a word in their behalf. Is it a reasonable demand that, when an author risks his reputation by the publication of a manuscript over his own name, it shall appear without either additions or subtractions save those which may be necessary to correct errors? For my own part, it is the right which I should maintain before that of payment; for if I am not paid, my purse alone will suffer, and not my appearance before the reading public. I believe this view can be defended by two or three incidents within my own experience.

Most trying of all was an experience with an article in a children's magazine. I was prepared to recognize its deficiencies, but was considerably shocked by seeing that a half-column of it was entirely strange to me. The addition bore some slight connection with the rest of the article, but was in a style so entirely different from mine that the contrast would have been laughable if I had not been too vexed to laugh. I was furious, and wrote to the managing editor that if any one in his office desired to make his fortune by the work of his pen, he would proceed much better by writing over his own name than by inserting his efforts in the middle of my articles. The reply was mild and courteous, and reminded me how little I knew of the trials of a managing editor. There was a certain picture, it appeared, which fitted on the page with my article so neatly and satisfactorily that the

editorial authorities could not bear to dispense with it. As it was but remotely connected with my manuscript, the defect was remedied by the insertion of the extra half-column as a connecting link. I understood this perfectly, of course, but could not avoid the reflection that to have one's articles illustrated in such a roundabout way has its disadvantages. I am willing to write for a picture, or to have a picture made for my manuscript; but further than this I would not go.

Turning to the matter of mutilations in manuscripts, which is, of course, more common and at the same time more excusable, I have not yet recovered from the effects of a story which a well-known magazine published — in part. It happened that the forms were crowded at the last moment, and some one was evidently sent to dismember my poor little story, cutting out slices here and there with an indifference to sense so complete as to be positively dazzling. One paragraph had described a bit of landscape with a church in it, toward which the hero was supposed to be walking; this was cut out, and the next sentence began, "When he reached the church," etc, although there had appeared in print not the slightest intimation of the existence of a church in the vicinity. Other passages were equally satisfactory. In this case the editor, let it be granted, had the grace to apologize for the abuse; but I wanted to tell him that, though I was glad enough to have the money he sent me, I would cheerfully have returned it with a trifle to boot, if my name could only have been removed from the chopped-up story which I have no wish to own.

Time would fail me to tell in detail of an editor who published a poem based on an old legend, but omitted the verses containing the legend; or of another who confined his corrections to punctuation, and inserted commas at pretty regular intervals, apparently with a regard for typographical symmetry rather than for the sense of the article he published. Doubtless all who have written for publication could bring their little "tales of woe" and lay them beside mine. Have our inalienable rights not been interfered with, even granting all sorts of privileges and immunities to our good friends the editors?

But there is another side; and I believe that the fault is partly that of the authors. May not the ruthless hand of the mutilator be encouraged by the fact that so many of us fill our work with sentences and paragraphs which can be omitted without loss to the reader or to any one else? With this in mind, I have worded one of my New Year resolutions thus: "I will so write my manuscripts that no editor can scratch anything out of them without realizing that he has done actual damage to the article in his hands." *R. MacDonald Alden.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD MANUSCRIPT READER.

The high standard and literary excellence of any periodical depends largely upon the qualities possessed by its manuscript Readers — those arbiters of literary fate whom we mentally, and sometimes verbally, accuse of taking fiendish pleasure in ruthlessly mangling our choicest manuscripts, or in returning them to us unread.

The long-suffering editor has a great deal of blame laid at his door that by rights belongs to the Readers in his employ.

That there are Readers and Readers goes without saying.

There are those who seem to think that it adds dignity to their position to hold a manuscript for several months, only to return it to the writer at last with some curt and uncalled-for criticism. A case in point comes to mind where an illustrated poem was returned to its author with the statement that the poem itself was nothing but doggerel, and the illustration

fit only for the columns of an advertising page. Criticism is a splendid cudgel for the aspiring author who really has talent, but people who cannot write need to be dealt with more tenderly than those who can, and it costs little to be kind and courteous.

Then there are Readers who allow personal friendship or animosity to govern their judgment. If the chief is a trifle careless, the friend's manuscript is apt to go in, with all its glaring defects, while the stranger writhes under the touch of a prejudiced blue pencil, and sees his finest points blunted and twisted into every conceivable shape by the manuscript Reader or the proof-reader. A noted writer says: "There is no defence against the proof-reader in his wild thirst for original spelling and novel effects."

A good manuscript Reader never permits his judgment to be influenced except by the intrinsic merit of the manuscript in hand. He must have a broad knowledge of many subjects, and especially those which pertain to different phases of human life; he must be able to discern the fine touches in all manuscripts that he handles. He should be always able to recognize excellence in style, polish, and good literary form at a glance, and he should base his decisions always from a wholly disinterested standpoint. Such are the essentials of the Reader *par excellence.*

CLEVELAND, O. *Ella Sturtevant Webb.*

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY RECENT ENGLISH WORDS.

A few years ago I had the honor to contribute to THE WRITER a list of words which I had gathered in the course of my daily readings, and which, not being found in what was then the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, I advised the readers of THE WRITER to look up in the new International, then just issued. Having meanwhile kept up the custom of noting such new words and new meanings as happen to draw my attention, I now present another collection of words that are new in so far as the International does not contain them. How many of them are included in the Century Dictionary, or in the Standard Dictionary now being published by Funk & Wagnalls, or in any other modern English lexicon besides the International, I must leave the reader to determine for himself.

The whole number of words I have gathered is two hundred and forty. Wishing, however, to present only a definite number of good words, I begin a process of pruning by striking out barbarisms and slang terms, which, though some of them are used by otherwise good writers, do not appear sufficiently respectable to stand in a general vocabulary of the language. The number of these castaways is seventeen, and they are: Bigbug, borous, bullish, burglarize, corn-juice, daisy, don't-care-ative-ness, go-ahead-iveness, happify, healthery, left-hander, poker (delirium tremens), right-hander, specs, stick-to-it-ive-ness, suicide (verb), teacheral.

I next exclude a longer list of special names applied to patent medicines and proprietary articles of food, drink, and household use. These words, partaking of the nature of proper nouns, and being but samples of scores of similar terms that arise daily and often as quickly disappear, can scarcely be seriously considered by the lexicographer in making up his final list. I have collected thirty of them, as follows: Algosine, anacardine, anakesis, auburnine, bona dea, bovinine, brilliantine, brockaline, castoria, coleo, cottolene, cuticura, diastine, floraplexion, gelbite, germateur, gramila, granula, lycodine, maltase, massanetta, milk-shake, modene, nervaline, nervura, angoline, pearline, pedine, phenyocaffeine, rosaline, sapolio, soapine, sudsena,

wheatena. Some of these words, as anacardine, cuticura, angoline, are correctly formed, while others, as floraplexion, sudsena, wheatena, are undeniable barbarisms.

To complete my pruning, I eliminate a still longer series of words, which are too rare, too recent, too self-explanatory, or else too uncertain in meaning and use to suit the present purpose. Of these I have: Alcophobia, Anti-Snapper, autoharp, balistite, biff, dattir, eikonogen, electricide, electro-thanasia, enchantment (a game), exfratriation, femiculture, ferrosilicon, fluorcalcium, forespanker, gradgrinds, herophone, house-hunting, mealer, metagnostic, metagnosticism, miasma (a color), mimeograph, operator (telegraphist), orimene, para-toluidine, pediatry or pediatrics, pous, prerolandic, scrimpage or scrimpings, Snapper, tardieu, tipple, tournoi, trachoma, triton (a color), typoscribe, typoscript, typoscripture, — thirty-nine.

There now remain a hundred and fifty words of well defined meaning and seemingly well established use, which, in my judgment, the complete English dictionary of to-day should contain and explain. To attempt definitions here would swell this article much beyond its due length; I shall, however, classify these words, as I have previously done, under several convenient heads.

Let me begin with the most fertile field of new terms, that of science and arts. From this I have gathered and retained forty-seven words: Actinomycosis, anti-fat, anti-kamnia, anti-rabic, appendicitis, apple-scab, biochemical, cataphoresis, cataphoric, codonophone, comptometer, ecrasite, electricize, electrocute, electrocution, fluorography, flyer, Graham flour, grammophone, hysophobia, intra-vesical, kelgum, kinetograph, kodak, linotype, lysophobia, madstone, melinite, nickel-in-the-slot machine, nona, obromine, orguinette, orthochromatic, pambutano, paratoloid, phenological, photoceramics, plastomenite, saccharification, sloyd-work, spiroplethe, staff (as used in building the "White City"), telautograph, Texas fever, tuberculine, typogravure, unfreezable. Some of these words will be recognized as already familiar; others stand greatly in need of definition for the benefit of the general reader.

From the domain of science we pass on to that of religion and philosophy. This yields us only sixteen terms, as follows: American Protestant Association, Christian science, Christian scientist, credal, doctrinarily, Economite, Evangelical Association, extracredal, Harmonist, Idealism, mind-reader, mind-reading, Oneida Community, Rappist, United Brethren in Christ, Zoarite. Such of these terms as designate religious denominations are by no means new, but they are not defined in the International, which, as before stated, is my authority in determining the newness of words.

The field of business and social life has contributed twenty-five words to my collection. They are: Bridge-jumper, boomlet, combine (noun), dockman, dudine, fakir (a pedler), fire-guard (a protection against prairie fires), green-goods, Labor Day, life-saver, multi-millionaire, non-union, Pinkerton, quadro-centennial, shut-down, smashup, speakeasy, sooner (in Oklahoma, a settler who entered before the appointed time), squaw man, test case, tie-up, tough (noun), train-jumper, train-wrecker, wind-up.

Of new terms relating to sports and games I have admitted only eight: Base-ballist, caroussel, craps, mamooz, pigs-in-clover, pool-selling, tiddledy-winks, tricycler. This field is very productive of new words, but many of these are too slangy and short-lived for the lexicographer's notice.

In the department of home politics I have collected thirty-one new terms and new meanings, most or all of which the reader will recognize as already familiar and not in need of definition. The list is as follows: Afro-American, anti-machine, anti-monopoly, Anti-Poverty Society, anti-ring, Anti-Silverite, anti-trust, apportion, apportionment, Bellamyte, boodler, Councilmanic, Farmers' Alliance, Fusionist, hold-over (adjective), Labor Party, Nationalism, Nationalist, People's Party, placeholder, Populist, reapportion, reapportionment, returning board, Silverite, single tax, Stalwart, Tammanyite, tariff-monger, Union Labor Party, United Labor Party. The last two terms and Stalwart must be marked as already obsolescent or historical.

Foreign politics give us the following seven words, most of which are taken from foreign

languages: Anti-Shemitic, berat, buffer state, Dreibund, Riffian, Rigsdag, Skuptschina.

The remaining sixteen words I shall put under the heading "miscellaneous." They are: Awink (poetical), blazer, boardwalk, census (verb), concededly, consultory, dignifiedly, dotlet, executional, fin-de-siècle, grid-iron (verb), happening (noun), house-moving, stormcoat, stupporn, tactful.

No doubt this list of a hundred and fifty recent words might easily be increased, even doubled, by one who would make it his special purpose to hunt up new terms in the periodical and book literature of our day. No doubt, also, the classification here adopted might be improved upon. However, what is here presented is sufficient to show that our language, as the living speech of a hundred millions of active, thinking people, is daily adopting new words and adapting old words to new ideas, and that the dictionary, like the newspaper, is daily growing old.

H. A. Schuler.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

LITERATURE FOR ART'S SAKE.

In an article upon George Michel, the painter of Montmartre, in the *Century* for November, 1893, Virginia Vaughan says: "To a more deliberate intellectual artist each new work is an event, the record of a step which brings him nearer to his goal, of which he never loses sight."

This, it seems to me, would make a good motto for all writers who earnestly desire self-improvement and the uplifting of our national literature. America has not yet attained a high place in letters. Possibly she is still too young to be admitted to the elderly company of the East, but a close observer may find other causes for this than tenderness of age. How many of our writers are working for art's sake? It needs little more than a glance at current American literature to detect the absence of the "high seriousness" which makes classics. Do our writers set up a goal — a lofty standard of excellence — and make each new effort a serious step toward its attainment? Do we not rather have in view the ephemeral fitness of an article or a story for the pages of certain well-paying publications? There are few Grays these times to labor three years on "An Elegy," and there are few poems written which are not their own epitaphs. Oliver Wendell Holmes is, indeed, "The Last Leaf" of a literary summer when an American literature almost bloomed.

The competition of business has invaded letters. The magazines vie with each other in announcing attractive lists of contributors for ensuing volumes; and the newspapers have captured illustrious names and advertise "Our new $10,000 story." Columns of literary notes are published, exciting literary aspirants with stories of the amounts which have been paid for popular tales and enumerating the editions into which they have run. But when have we seen it heralded that a story or a poem has appeared that will entitle America to a place in literature, and that bears the certain evidence of unselfish love for art and of being a distinct stride toward a goal?

In this spirit of mercantilism, we are in too great haste to print. We seem not to look beyond the glory of print and a remunerative strip of paper. Shall some future critic have just occasion to write that our characteristic impatience was what prevented the making of a national literature? It *does* require Job-like patience, sublime self-denial, and courage to labor upon one article, or story, or poem, selected, possibly from a wealth of ideas, as leading most directly to a high goal, while the writings of others are being printed, and talked

about, and paid for, — all for pure love of the art.

In these days of making literature a profession one is compelled to forego the self-satisfaction of doing the best for art's sake. We seem to be forced to write according to the demand. How many are honestly striving to elevate the standard of this supposed demand? Surely there are themes of paramount interest, powerful emotions pulsating American life, which are ready for the effort of the true artist for art's sake, and which, if treated in a true literary manner, — not the affected, traditional sense of literature, but in a broad, progressive, earnest, artistic manner, — would make us a national literature.

There is no reason why the writer who does his work from pure love of his art should be a dreamer. He can toil on in as practical a way as in any other pursuit. The most useful inventions have been made only through years of experiment, and often of sacrifice. A novel, a poem, or a play that will become an American classic cannot be dashed off and hustled into print, any more than a sewing machine or a locomotive can be devised in a day. Shall it be said that in all our broad land there are no disinterested lovers of the most enduring of all arts? Possibly in some luxurious library or some uncarpeted attic there is a "mute, inglorious Milton," and a generous public is waiting for him to burst the bonds of his obscurity. And if his work have the undying quality, the startling discovery will be made that the demand has been adapting itself to the supply, rather than the reverse.

HARRISBURG, Penn. *H. M. Hoke.*

ANOTHER BEGINNER'S LITERARY EXPERIENCE.

My first attempt at writing took the form of a novel. When I had reached the five hundred and sixtieth page I was interrupted in my work, and I did not see the manuscript again for a year. At the end of that time I read it over. It was not at all satisfactory, and with a good deal of disgust for my ornate and elaborate style of the previous year, I rewrote it. A liberal pruning soon reduced the manuscript to one hundred pages, and I found that I had inadvertently cut out all my love-scenes, sacrificed my hero, and left my heroine as a mere figure-head, to give point to the adventures of a picnic party. I then put the manuscript away, and at the end of several months read it once more. It struck me as still being too long, so I further reduced it, and after writing it out three or four times, finally condensed it into twenty pages of manuscript. On the whole I thought it pretty good, and determined to let the reading public have the benefit of it, so naming it "A Picnic Party," I sent it off to a local journal.

In about two months it came back to me with the following note: —

DEAR SIR: —

I beg to return enclosed manuscript. It is in my opinion very cleverly written, but too long for the pages of the *Oracle*. Could you not try your hand on short society bits for us? I think "A Picnic Party" might find acceptance with the *Post* or *Sunny Hours*. Yours, etc.,

EDITOR OF THE *Oracle*.

I never received any letter that gave me more pleasure. The "very cleverly written" was incense to my soul. I immediately acted on the suggestion made, despatched "A Picnic Party" to the *Post*, and devoted my time to writing society bits, "mere pot-boilers," I told myself. I composed a great many of them, but the editor of the *Oracle* never said that the pot-boilers were cleverly written, although I endeavored to please him with humorous and satirical sketches in the character of a small boy, an old maid, a farmer, a man-about-town, and a philosopher. I can't say how many stamps the society bits cost me, or how long it was before

one of them was accepted. In the mean while "A Picnic Party" came back again, with another very polite note stating that the "Editor of the *Post* regretted that he could not negotiate for 'A Picnic Party,' as the *Post* was not at present paying for outside contributions."

I next tried *Sunny Hours*. This magazine also returned the manuscript. On the back of it was scribbled in blue pencil: —

Sketch fairly well written, but punctuation bad. — EDITOR *Sunny Hours*.

This necessitated a fresh copy, which having been carefully made, with all the improvements in punctuation that I could think of, I sent it to one of the large magazines. In due time it came back to me as before with "Too late for this season," written on a piece of note-paper. Believing that time was made for slaves, and that in all likelihood another summer would have arrived before the manuscript was returned, I posted the article again. It reached me a little sooner than usual, with a printed refusal, with the words, "Non-acceptance does not necessarily imply lack of merit," underlined in red pencil.

I don't like printed refusals, but the underlined words were a little balm to me, although riper experience inclines me to doubt if they were so marked for my special benefit.

At the next editorial door I approached I was informed that they "had enough sketches of the kind to last for three years."

I began to realize that the literary market must be glutted, but feeling it a pity that "a cleverly written article" should be lost to the world, I sent it out three or four times more, its many travels obliging me to take several fresh copies, and leaving me heartily tired of the thing. At last I decided to be generous, and wrote to the editor of the *Post*, reminding him of his first letter, and said he could have "A Picnic Party" without paying for it if he wished. He accepted my offer, and two months later I was in print. Truth compels me to add that the magazine that had the temerity to print my maiden effort collapsed shortly afterwards, although I am naturally disinclined to believe that my innocent little sketch was entirely responsible for the fact, especially as shortly afterward a humorous paper used one of my "society bits."

I had written a great many articles for a certain paper before I dared to suggest that "what was worth printing was worth paying for," but to show that these demands, when reasonably made, are responded to by editors that have souls, I wish to say that my editor replied at once to my hint. In answer to my letter he sent me, by return mail, a nice, new, crisp one-dollar bill — full payment for an article that had taken me a week to write.

I felt snubbed.

A dozen rejected manuscripts couldn't have humbled me as that dollar did, but it was certainly not the fault of the editor. What possible concern could it be to him, that a pen in the halting hand of a novice took an entire week for writing what should have been done in a couple of hours?

J. M. Loes.

PORT HOPE, ONT.

THE FIRST QUALIFICATION FOR AUTHORSHIP.

If I were asked, "What is the first qualification for success in authorship?" I should say promptly, "Common sense." A writer may have genius, literary talent, education, industry, and all the other literary virtues, but if he does not have common sense along with the rest, he is sure to be more or less a failure. Common sense alone will not win success in authorship; but it is the first and most important requisite.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Edward L. White.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington Street (Rooms 9 and 10),
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1894. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on any topic connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Literary people are invited especially to send in suggestions for the "Helpful Hints" department, and items of information about any literary work on which they may be engaged. The chief object of THE WRITER is to be a magazine of mutual help for authors, and its pages are always open for anything practical which may tend in this direction. Bits of personal experience, suggestions regarding methods, and ideas for making literary work easier or more profitable are especially desired. Articles must be short, because the magazine is small.

***

The sixth bound volume of THE WRITER, with full index and title-page, is now ready for delivery. It contains more than 230 pages, and is neatly bound in cloth, in style uniform with the preceding volumes. A complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER is something that no writer's library should be without. Nowhere else can be found so many practical, helpful articles and suggestions regarding the best and most profitable methods of literary work. It will not be possible always to secure a complete bound set of THE WRITER, for the supply of some of the volumes is so small that already the price of single volumes has been advanced, and the supply is sure to be exhausted at no distant day. Those who would like complete sets of the magazine, therefore, will do well to send in their orders now. The purchase of a set will be a good investment, for complete sets of the magazine are sure to increase in value as the years go by.

***

The price of Vol. VI. of THE WRITER, for 1892–93, is $1.50. The price of a complete bound set of the six volumes of the magazine will be for the present Nine Dollars, or, with a subscription for THE WRITER for 1894 added, Ten Dollars. No better present could be given to any literary worker. The prices of volumes of THE WRITER ordered singly are: Vol. I. (1887), $2.00; Vol. II. (1888), $1.50; Vol. III. (1889), $2.00; Vol. IV. (1890), $1.50; Vol. V. (1891), $1.50; Vol. VI. (1891–92), $1.50. Those who desire to complete their sets should send their orders now, before it is too late.

***

A few complete sets of THE AUTHOR — which was merged with THE WRITER at the beginning of 1892 — may still be had. They comprise the three bound volumes for 1889, 1890, and 1891, which will be sold separately for Two Dollars each, or together for Five Dollars. These volumes of THE AUTHOR contain a fund of information about authors and literary work to be obtained nowhere else, and, like the volumes of THE WRITER, they are sure to be enhanced in value as time goes on. The number of complete sets available is comparatively small.

***

What better investment can any writer make than to spend fifteen dollars for a complete set

of the bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR, together with a subscription for THE WRITER for 1894, — either for himself or as a useful present to a literary friend?

W. H. H.

A PLEA FOR DIALECT.

Having read Mrs. Denison's article in the January WRITER, and being also "saturated with dialect," I beg leave to say a few words from another point of view.

Why, may I ask, should one become so steeped in dialect that one feels like "letting go all the niceties of grammar and rhetoric," niceties inherent and acquired, any more than one would feel constrained to let go the eighth commandment after reading the adventures of a thief? How can it be in any sense refreshing to "get out of the common routine, and say 'naw' for no"? Would n't it be as refreshing and suggest just as "delightfully lazy" an existence to forego one's bath for a month, because of a certain hero, who proved that a man might be a "man for a' that"?

The dialect story is vastly instructive and entertaining, whether it suggests new words and phrases that are apt and striking, or impales in cold type the mistakes which long familiarity has led us to condone. Said one intelligent young person who had had but meagre educational advantages, "I always mispronounced 'creek,' and never knew I was wrong until I saw it spelled 'crick' in a dialect story." There is a fascination in "chasing verbal monstrosities to their lair"; and what a subtle charm has a peculiar pronounciation upon lips polite! The conversation of my little Southern cousin, who habitually and unconsciously slurs her r's, is a perpetual delight.

In the assembly room of the Woman's Building last summer, the Countess of Aberdeen, in a clear, thrilling voice, spoke so earnestly, so winningly, in the interests of "my gells," that one at least in that vast audience conceived a lasting admiration for the great lady who was so sweetly human.

That dialect is a power when deftly used no one can deny. Whole pages of description will not give so deep an insight into a human heart, or conjure up so vivid a picture of stolidity, brutality, or ignorance, of self-sacrifice, simple faith, or divine tenderness, as will the terse, rugged sentences, ungrammatical, unrhetorical, though they be: —

> "Homely phrases, but each letter
> Full of hope, and yet of heartbreak;
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the Here and the Hereafter."

Surely our literature is deep enough and broad enough to admit the dialect story on an equality with the "sweet, simple English of Irving, and the straightforward, robust style of Scott."

A. M. Jackson.

McALEVY'S FORT, Penn.

"YOU-UNS."

Please kindly inform Mary A. Denison, through the pages of THE WRITER, that she is very much mistaken, not to say unjust, in asserting that some one heard "you-uns" uttered "down in Louisiana," unless the expression was used only as a quotation.

I was born "down in Louisiana," spending my early childhood in the southern portion, and the past eighteen years in the northern part, embracing three different parishes, and never have I heard a native Louisianian, either black or white, say "you-uns." A Georgian, who lived in this town several years ago, once admitted that he had heard the phrase used by the illiterate of his state.

Accusing Louisianians of using vernacular peculiar to another state, simply because both are Southern, is as bad as saying that American women are noted for their discordant voices, when I venture to say that no other women in the universe have softer or more melodious voices in conversation than the women of the South; while the difference between the voice of a Southern and a Northern woman is sufficiently marked to enable a Southerner, blindfolded, to select either one you designate as soon as she speaks.

We Louisianians suffer enough from melted snow and ice coming down upon us from the Northern country, without the added injury of a shower of Northern ink, following the lead of such parasites as Cable and one or two others.

I could name, smirching what the overflow cannot wipe out. *Leo Fenwyl.*

TALLULAH, La.

QUERIES.

I wish to have a book for small children published. It treats principally of animals, written in the form of a story.

(1.) Where would you advise me to have such a book published?

(2.) What would you think to be the best plan for a beginner in book-writing to follow? Sell the manuscript?

(3.) I should like a few illustrations in it. Do the publishers, or does the writer, attend to this?

(4.) What size paper is it best to use? and how is it best to send the manuscript, folded or rolled?

You find, from these questions, that this is my first attempt at book-writing, though I have had several articles accepted by papers.

T. B. R.

[(1.) No one can give any advice worth having regarding publishers to whom it may be best to submit a given manuscript without first examining the manuscript. In a general way, a list of publishers who have issued works of the same class as that described might be given, but probably more money would be expended for postage in using the list than The Writer's Literary Bureau would charge for examining the manuscript and giving the opinion of an expert as to what publishers would be most likely to want to issue it. It is generally economy for an inexperienced writer to pay the reading fee of The Writer's Literary Bureau, since by so doing he is likely to save in postage more than the cost of the advice he gets.

(2.) A beginner in book writing is fortunate generally, if he can get his book published on any terms, excepting at his own expense, — either by selling the manuscript outright or on a royalty arrangement.

(3.) The publisher of a book generally provides for illustrations, the author, of course, furnishing the requisite material, if desired.

(4.) For a book manuscript it is best to use paper about 8 x 10 inches in size, single sheets, numbered consecutively at the top from title-page to "finis." No manuscript should ever be rolled, under any circumstances. A book manuscript should be sent flat, tied between two pieces of stiff pasteboard cut to the size of the paper, and wrapped in strong brown paper. "T. B. R." will find many helpful suggestions in back numbers of THE WRITER, and in Luce's "Writing for the Press" ($1.00), which the Writer Publishing Company will send, post-paid, on receipt of price. — W. H. H.]

I see that in your November issue you give a rather unfavorable notice of Price's "Technique of the Drama." Will you kindly mention some books written in English which you think would be more helpful to a possible dramatic author? E. H. H.

[The most practical and helpful book for the student of dramatic composition is "The Art of Playwriting," by Alfred Hennequin. The Writer Publishing Company will send a copy, post-paid, on receipt of the publishers' price, $1.00. Price's "Technique of the Drama" is well worth studying, although it has the faults that were pointed out in the review in the November WRITER. In spite of its defects, it contains many useful suggestions for the playwright. A few important practical hints are given also in William H. Crane's article, "Playwriting from the Actor's Point of View," in the *North American Review* for September, which The Writer Publishing Company will send on receipt of fifty cents. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In the prospectus of a literary paper recently sent to me, it is stated that the periodical in question "is edited with a single eye to the encouragement of good literature." If a "full pair" of eyes cannot be employed in this work, would it not be as well to speak of "an eye single" to the good cause? *Brinton W. Woodward.*

LAWRENCE, Kan.

It may be of interest to the readers of THE WRITER to know that the walls of the office of the Department of Promotion and Publicity, in the Administration Building at the Columbian Exposition, were papered with the different journals of the world. Quite artistic was the result, too, the illustrated papers being grouped

together, and a frieze and a dado being arranged, with foreign languages and English mixed in most-admired disorder. A. M. G.

OAK PARK, Ill.

Using editorial "declined-with-thanks" slips as study wall paper is a good scheme, but I will tell you what I am going to do: I am saving all of such slips, and when editors are bowing in the dust before me, begging the honor of obtaining my copy, I will write my best work on the backs of those now dispiriting communications. I expect to have enough for the purpose by that time. C. D. J.

Louisiana.

BOOK REVIEWS.

KING'S HANDBOOK OF NEW YORK CITY. An Outline History of the American Metropolis. Edited by Moses King. Second Edition. 1,008 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Boston: Moses King. 1893.

Just to look at the pictures in "King's Handbook of New York City" is almost as good as a visit to New York. There are more than 1,000 of them in the book, and they are all half-tone reproductions of excellent photographs, taken expressly for this work. They give an absolutely faithful idea of New York City as it is to-day, even to picturing accurately the throngs of people as they move about the streets; for as the photographs are instantaneous, most of them are full of life. Without going to New York, then, by the aid of Mr. King's admirable book, one can get to know the metropolis almost as well as the average New Yorker does — even better, in some respects, for the text gives accurate information about the city in general, and about every object of interest in it, that even well-informed New Yorkers generally do not possess. The text of the book is as good as the pictures, and that is saying a great deal. It has been written by many individuals, chief among whom was M. F. Sweetser, and their manuscript has undergone revision at the hands of several thousand people, each an authority on the portion submitted to him. Accuracy has thus been assured, and the volume has been brought absolutely up to date in all respects. Finally, to make the book complete, there is an index of twenty-four pages, containing 20,000 references, so that every item of information in the work is made instantly accessible. Altogether this handbook justifies the claim made in the preface to the second edition, that it is "the handsomest, the most thorough, the largest, the most costly, and the most profusely illustrated book of its class ever issued for any city in the world." Its success has been extraordinary. The first edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted in ten months. This second edition is practically a new book, nearly every text page having been rewritten and reset, and about 300 new engravings having been inserted. Every editor and writer in the country needs to have a copy of the book for reference. It contains everything about New York that any one could want to know. W. H. H.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1894. 112 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick's Sons. 1894.

An annual publication which is watched for with interest every year by lovers of flowers and horticulture is "Vick's Floral Guide," the 1894 number of which has just appeared. The new book is an improvement on the issues of previous years. The cover design is an attractive one, with a gold background, on which is printed in colors a fine bunch of Vick's new white branching aster, which when cut resembles the chrysanthemum so closely that only experts can tell the difference. It comes into flower six weeks before the chrysanthemum, and can easily be grown out of doors, and the seeds cost only twenty-five cents a packet. On the back of the cover is a picture of the new double anemone, another attractive novelty. The "Guide," as usual, is full of information about seeds and flower-growing. Its price, by the way, is deducted from the cost of the first order for seeds received from the purchaser. To editors the publishers make special offers of prizes of $125, $75, $50, $25, $15, and $10 for the best double-column advertisement of from four to eight inches, and of $50, $25, $15, and $10 for the best single-column advertisement of from five to nine inches submitted in print in some regular publication before March 10, 1894. W. H. H.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY. Discovered and deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D. 198 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Detroit: Howard Publishing Company. 1893.

Dr. Owen asserts, and says that he has proved, that Bacon was the author, not only of the plays credited to Shakespeare, but those also of George Peele, Christopher Marlowe, and Robert Greene, and of the works of Burton and Spenser. Not only is this so, Dr. Owen says, but in all these works Bacon included, by means of a cipher, secret histories, including the story of his own life, a translation of a considerable part of Homer's "Iliad," and a general history of England. According to this cipher writing, Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage; he tells how Essex, his dearest friend, was murdered at the command of the queen, and how Elizabeth was strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil, and relates other startling occurrences not set down in ordinary history. Dr. Owen avers that, having discovered the existence of the cipher, he followed Bacon's direc-

tions, and, dissecting a folio Shakespeare and other works, placed the pages on a great wheel to facilitate the work of thousands of shiftings from passage to passage and from page to page. As a result, he has written out, and is to publish, several parts of Bacon's secret work, the first book being that now before the public. After all this work has been completed, the key to the cipher and the story of its discovery by Dr. Owen are to be given in a final volume. Until that is done, the ordinary reader will be in doubt, probably, whether Dr. Owen is a romancer, a lunatic, or an immortal discoverer. There is nothing in the book already published that could not have been written by any ordinary penny-a-liner. It does not seem reasonable that a man having the transcendent ability required to write all the works which Dr. Owen says Bacon did write, in addition to those that he is known to have written, should have taken the trouble to set down in a most difficult cipher such a dull and wordy work as the first section of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story." Dr. Owen declares that from first to last he has not added or subtracted a word in putting on paper Bacon's story as it came to him in the cipher, so that, if he tells the truth, Bacon must be blamed for the lack of literary merit in the recital. Until the decipherer shows the public the process of deciphering, however, so that people may judge for themselves whether the work is his or Bacon's, it is only right and merciful that Sir Francis should be given all the benefit of the doubt. W. H. H.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL. By Phillips Brooks. Edited by M. F. B. 386 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1893.

These letters of travel of the late Bishop Brooks show the great preacher in a new light. They have been selected from his correspondence with members of his family, and relate to two journeys, of more than a year in duration, taken in 1865–66 and in 1882–83, respectively, — the former when he was rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, the latter when he was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, — and to shorter summer trips, generally of about three months in duration. As the preface says, "these letters of travel give an important chapter of his life that was always of the greatest delight to him, and in which are represented many of his most striking personal characteristics. . . . The letters retain the familiar character which belonged to them as being intended for the members of his own family, and they are thus enabled to convey not only an interesting story of travel, but also something of that personal charm, and ready wit, and genial appreciation which those who were nearest to him loved so well. In all these letters his nature will be seen in its sunniest and most playful mood." The publishers have issued the volume in a most attractive form. It is sure to be a source of delight to every reader and it is throughout a model in the art of familiar letter-writing. W. H. H.

BABY'S KINGDOM. Wherein may be chronicled as memories for grown-up days the mother's story of the progress of the baby. Designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox. Full gilt cloth. $3.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893.

"Baby's Kingdom" is a very handsome and attractive book to start with, and when it is properly filled out, it is sure to be the most interesting book in any mother's library. The idea of a specially prepared book in which a mother may keep a record of the events of a baby's life is a very happy one, and such a book, well-kept, is sure both to give pleasure to the parents of the baby whose history is recalled and to the baby also in after years. "Baby's Kingdom" is well planned, and in every way admirably adapted to its purpose. Suitable blanks are provided for recording the date of birth, gifts, the baby's weight at birth and at the end of each month for the first year, the christening, the baby's name, the baby's picture, the baby's first tooth, first words, first birthday, first step, first Christmas, Christmas gifts, etc., while there are plenty of blank leaves for a complete record of important happenings. The designing in the book is artistic, and the illustrative quotations are appropriate and interesting. Altogether, "Baby's Kingdom" is a model book of its kind, and any mother will be fortunate who becomes possessor of a copy.

W. H. H.

SABBATH HOMES. Thoughts by Liebman Adler. 338 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia. The Jewish Publication Society of America. 1893.

"Sabbath Homes" contains fifty-four sermons, one for each Sabbath in the year, with two additional for leap years, all culled from German sermons on texts from the Pentateuch published by the late Rabbi Liebman Adler, of Chicago. A sketch of the rabbi and an exceptionally fine frontispiece portrait of him are included in the volume. W. H. H.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Remove Enclosures in Pasteboard Rolls. — Few people seem to understand the best way of removing a picture from a pasteboard mailing tube. If the tube is slit open with a sharp knife, it cannot be used again, and the picture inside is likely to be cut. The best plan is, not to tear or cut the pasteboard, but to insert the thumb and one or two fingers into it so as to touch the contents on all sides; then to give a slight twist *in the direction in which*

the object is rolled, which will loosen it, and enable it to be withdrawn. Any attempt to drag or push it out without such a twist will only tear it and make it hold tighter. Pasteboard rolls are very useful for mailing unmounted photographs or drawings accompanying manuscripts. The manuscripts themselves, however, should never be mailed in them, or rolled in any way. W. H. H.

Boston, Mass.

Old Envelopes for New Manuscripts. — I find envelopes that advertisements come in better than "F. E. M.'s" tablet covers for keeping loose leaves of manuscripts in order.

Louisiana. C. D. J.

To Save Manuscript Paper. — I am delighted with a plan I have just adopted to save manuscript paper. I rewrite so much that I find that economy is necessary. I save all the blank white paper that I can, such as backs of letters, circulars, weather reports, etc., and, cutting them to convenient size, stitch with sewing machine across the top into packages of from ten to fifteen sheets. On these I write my first drafts, and thus avoid the trouble of numbering them as I go, and they are warranted to keep together with any amount of careless handling.

Louisiana. C. D. J.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.

THE RUSSIAN PERIODICAL PRESS. Victor Yarros. *Chautauquan* (25 c.) for February.

WOMEN IN WASHINGTON AS NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS. Cynthia E. Cleveland. *Chautauquan* (25 c.) for February.

FROM LITERATURE TO MUSIC. B. J. Lang. *Atlantic* (35 c.) for February.

THE EDUCATIONAL LAW OF READING AND WRITING. Horace E. Scudder. *Atlantic* (35 c.) for February.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (25 c.) for February.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (10 c.) for January 18.

WOMAN IN JOURNALISM. Mrs. Frank Leslie. *Literary Weekly* (10 c.) for January 18.

PROFESSOR JOWETT. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for January 6.

DAVID STARR JORDAN. With portrait. Professor M. B. Anderson. *Popular Science Monthly* (50 c.) for February.

SMALL PAPERS FOR AMATEURS AND OTHERS. *Printers' Ink* (10 c.) for January 24.

ON CERTAIN TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Walter Blackburn Harte. *Worthington's Magazine* (25 c.) for February.

SOME NOTES ON THE ILLUMINATED BOOKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. William Morris. Illustrated. *Magazine of Art* (35 c.) for February.

HOW GREAT NEWSPAPERS ARE PRINTED. Isabel Ames. Illustrated. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (20 c.) for February.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL. Illustrated. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (20 c.) for February.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Address of Leslie Stephen at the unveiling in the chapter-house, November 26, 1893. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for January 6.

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for January 6.

HENRIK IBSEN. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for January 13.

SUSAN ELSTON WALLACE. Mary H. Krout. *Harper's Bazar* (10 c.) for January 13.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for February.

THE SCIENCE AND THE ART OF DRAMATIC EXPRESSION. Alice Wellington Rollins. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for February.

HAVE YOUNG WRITERS A CHANCE? *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for February.

ROBERT LOWE AS A JOURNALIST. A. Patchett Martin. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for January 20.

THE CRADLE OF THE LAKE POETS. William Connor Sydney. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for January 20.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for January 13.

AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF THE DAYS OF KING JAMES THE FIRST. Reprinted from *Leisure Hour* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for January 13.

F. H. UNDERWOOD. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (10 c.) for January 11.

EDWARD BELLAMY. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (10 c.) for January 4.

MRS. ISABEL A. MALLON ("Bab"). With portrait. *Journalist* (10 c.) for January 20.

HOW NOT TO SUCCEED AS A WRITER. Annie Isabel Willis. *Journalist* (10 c.) for January 20.

MRS. LYDIA HOYT FARMER. Charles Ritch Johnson. *Journalist* (10 c.) for January 20.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The twenty-second short-story prize offer made by the editor of *Short Stories* is of $50, $30, and $20, respectively, for the three "best stories," irrespective of subject, sent in before March 1, 1894.

The name of the *Weekly Journalist* of Boston has been changed to the *Literary Weekly*.

The *Arena* (Boston) hereafter will contain monthly 144 pages instead of 128, making it the largest monthly review published. The February number contains 164 pages.

Dr. Holmes has a poem in memory of Francis Parkman in the February *Atlantic.*

Book sales in Chicago are said to amount to $3,000,000 a year.

Babyhood (New York) is one of the few periodicals that have a distinct and unique field, and that fill it completely in all respects. To mothers it is an indispensable monthly cyclopædia of information about child life, and there is not a number that is not full of practical hints to young mothers. *Babyhood* is scientific, as well as popular, and its useful teachings have undoubtedly improved and saved many children's lives.

Munson's Phonographic News and Teacher — indispensable, by the way, to all students of Munson's system of shorthand — reprints in phonographic characters in its January number the article on "Shorthand as a Help in Literary Work" by Edward L. Martin, first published in the December WRITER.

The *Critic* (New York) has begun its fourteenth year. During 1893 it contained 850 pages of reading matter — 100 pages more than in the preceding year. More than 1,500 books were reviewed. The publication of illustrations was resumed, more than 125 pictures, large and small, being printed during the twelvemonth. A Chicago letter was added, so that weekly correspondence is now published from London, Boston, and Chicago.

Ernest F. Birmingham, of New York City, will begin about February 15 the publication of *The Fourth Estate*, a class journal, to be devoted to the interests of the makers of newspapers.

Kenyon West, whose home is in Rochester, N. Y., is a writer whose literary reputation is constantly extending. He has contributed to the *Independent*, the *Chautauquan*, the *Examiner*, the *Andover Review*, the *Literary World*, the *Century*, the *New England*, and other magazines articles of a critical nature, and to these and others many articles of a more general interest.

Owen Wister, the author of "How Lin McLean Went East," "Em'ly," and other stories, has been spending the late autumn and early winter in Arizona collecting material for a new series of Western tales, which will appear during the year in *Harper's.*

In her article, "A Menace to Literature," in the *North American Review* for February, Margaret Deland says: "It is surely time that authors looked for a moment beyond the pleasant haze of flattery with which personal journalism surrounds them, to see the indignity which is done their art, and the vulgarity which attaches to their characters."

Peterson's Magazine for February has a frontispiece portrait of Mignon Villars, accompanying her story, "The One Event of Monans-Sartoux."

"Afterthoughts of a Story Teller" is the title of a paper by George W. Cable in the *North American Review* for January. In it Mr. Cable takes the reader into his confidence as to the methods he has followed in writing his most popular novels.

Brentano's *Book Chat* has been discontinued, and its subscription list will be filled by the *Literary News.*

Herbert Bashford and Lee Fairchild, the young and gifted Puget Sound poets, are giving readings from their poems with flattering success.

Bertha M. Rickoff, whose able papers in the *Forum* have attracted much attention, is living at present at Anacortes, Washington.

Louise Herrick Wall is a daughter of Christine Terhune Herrick, and a granddaughter of Marion Harland. Her visit to a logging-camp in the deep fir solitudes of Washington was delightfully described in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly.* She lives at Aberdeen, Washington.

Carrie Blake Morgan lives in picturesque Portland, Oregon. Several of her poems have appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* this year. She is a contributor to the *New Peterson*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Californian*, the *Overland*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Leslie's Weekly*, and other publications.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, MARCH, 1894. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

"OTHER STORIES." *K. L. Johnston.* 33
SHELLEY AND VEGETARIANISM. *Kenyon West.* . . . 34
A PLEA FOR THE NEGLECTED RHETORICAL POOR. *R. Macdonald Alden.* 38
THE "DAYS OF CHILDOCRACY" IN LITERATURE. *Pamela McArthur Cole.* 39
ARE EDITORS TO BLAME? *Edward L. White.* . . . 41
EDITORIAL. 42
A Big Sheet of Paper, 42 — Effect of the Hard Times on Writers. 42
QUERIES. 43
THE SCRAP BASKET. 44
THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS. 44
The Birthday Question. 44
BOOK REVIEWS. 44
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 46
Printed Noteheads for Authors, 46 — A Chatelaine Note-book. 46
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 46
NEWS AND NOTES. 47

"OTHER STORIES."

(*The embryo genius from whose diary this episode is taken merely stipulated that his name was n't to be used. He made no condition concerning the other embryo's name, but the present chronicler has a conscience — or believes so.*)

I was spending a most enjoyable evening in my own society when Travers added himself to the company. I made room for his feet also on the table, and said resignedly: —

"If you've got a new idea, Travers, stow it till I've finished this cigar, please."

"Sha'n't," he responded, lighting his own. "Too good to keep." I have heard somewhere of the "pure passionless curiosity of the man of science" — that must have been what prompted me to tell him to go on. One might consider Travers as a psychological study, you know.

"It's a book," he further informed me.

"You waste a good deal of time in unnecessary statements."

"Oh, I don't know: it might have been a poem, or a new magazine. But it's this way. How many books have you seen entitled, say, 'Mary, and Other Stories'?"

"I think about a million," I said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, so have I. That makes two million. You know I've never published any of my short stories in the magazines?"

"Magazines did n't want them?" I queried, with the sympathy born of experience.

"Don't know, I'm sure. The magazines are like Jess Logan and her cloak — they no' got a chance of no' wanting them. They were n't good enough to send." I gazed on him in silent admiration.

"No," he went on; "but I've always wanted to write a story, you know." I knew. I had heard of that story at all sorts of uncanny hours — the times Travers usually grew confidential — for more than six years.

"Yes. Got your inspiration at last?"

"Not in the least," with a sigh. "It's merely a case of wresting victory from defeat, don't you know. I'm not going to try to capture that yarn any longer, but I've got one or two other ideas that I can make good second-class stories of."

"Yes," said his one hearer, quite soberly.

"Second-class for me, I mean, old man," he amended quietly. "You see" — he took his feet off the table, and, leaning forward, looked into the fire — the implication being that it would n't

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

tell him he couldn't write second-class stories. "You see — well, take a simile. If one had a pearl necklace, you know, fine pearls, but with one missing, the — what do you call it, the big one that comes in front — he'd be inclined to sulk. Now, if you laugh, I'll tell all the bores I know what good cigars you keep."

"Nevertheless, you mean to string the other pearls without the big fellow?"

"Yes, publish a collection of short stories, and call it 'Other Stories.' See? And I'd work off a semi-pathetic preface, signed with initials, on the confiding public, explaining."

"That *would* be interesting."

"Thank you. Sort of suggesting that I'd missed the jewel of my artistic life, as a fellow sometimes misses the — what he wants most in other things." I nodded. "Then I'd amble on, 'When the glamour gets off life, and we settle down to enjoy it or endure it, as our luck happens to be, we see grace in the before-unendurable "second best." Youth's haughty "All or Nothing" gives place to a saner and sadder motto, and, when we would offer a gift, we give, as I do now, not what we would, but what we have.' See, old man?"

"Yes; 'to-day my queen of beauty is not here.'"

"Thanks — yes. I'd have to work up to that by something which would leave the inference plain that 'to-day' meant my present threescore years and ten — that my queen of beauty had missed landing in the same generation with me — not saying it in so many words, of course. The whole preface must be a mingling of graceful reserve and pathetic straightforwardness that will catch 'the youngest critic.'"

"Great game, literature," I said, reflectively, after a moment's pause; but Travers and the fire were already busy on that masterpiece of a preface.

(*A week later.*)

Met Travers to-day, and was surprised to see him looking dissatisfied with Fate.

"Preface gone on strike?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Yes, whole thing gone on strike. I've been trying all the week to work out one or other of my stories, and I can't think of a single thing but —"

"Well?"

"But the story I wasn't going to write."

"Why not write that, then? You've been wanting to for six years or more?" It took this idea fully thirty seconds to reach Travers' intelligence. Then he glowed with gratitude.

"Why, of course; thank you, old boy; of course, I can; I never thought of that."

K. L. Johnston.

TORONTO, Ont.

SHELLEY AND VEGETARIANISM.

There is no subject of more vital importance to the man of letters than the care of his physical health. Regular habits of work and rest; proper clothing; the use of such desks and chairs as help him to withstand the natural tendency to stoop; wisdom in diet; systematic exercise; good ventilation, and all such things are to him matters of the greatest moment. I wish to speak especially of one phase of this subject, and that is wisdom in diet. After all is said that can be said in regard to the value of different foods, it will be found that the balance of proof is on the side of a mixed diet for man. The assertion that extreme vegetarianism, "the potato gospel," as Carlyle called it, is detrimental to the welfare of the race receives added emphasis when we begin to look at the historical aspects of the question. And this is especially the case when we study the life-record of the great poet whose centenary occurred recently. I cannot better enforce my plea for care and wisdom in the choice of food than by a reference to Shelley. His life is full of lessons for every poet, novelist, or jour-

nalist who reads the pages of THE WRITER.

The whole character of the celebration of Shelley's birth proved that he has taken an abiding place both in English literature and in the hearts of the English people. One form which that celebration assumed was of an unusual nature. On a Saturday evening many notable men of letters in London sat down to a banquet in the poet's honor. The feast of reason and the flow of soul were the most important elements of this princely festival. It is perhaps possible that the philosophers present fared well in other respects, but the food was wholly of vegetable products, — no meats, no game, no fish found favor with the guests. The speeches were brilliant and enthusiastic, tinged with the most aggressive and democratic thought of the age. The hero of the evening was extolled. His work as a poet received many just and beautiful tributes, and in harmony with the belief of those present, all the poet's excellences were attributed to his aversion to the fleshly morsels that have not been disdained by other poets.

Now, Shelley was undoubtedly one of the greatest lyrical poets of the world. There was a personal charm and magnetism about him which fascinated all who knew him well, and even now, so many years since his mortal part vanished from sight in that treacherous storm on an Italian sea, the mere mention of his name has power. But there were many things about Shelley which at first seem totally at variance with his unselfish, pure, and gracious character. It cannot be denied that he sometimes disregarded the strict truth; that he was subject to delusions; that his views of duty and of personal obligation were sometimes strange and perverted; that he was changeable, inconstant, and erratic; impulsive and visionary, often proposing reforms which had no practical value, and writing poetry as unsubstantial as the rose and violet-tinted clouds. It is true that, after all is said against Shelley that can be said, it will be found that the balance upon which good and evil rest dips far down on the side which contains the qualities which win our admiration and respect. And yet is it not reasonable to assume that the poet's physical condition was the primary cause of many of his most startling idiosyncrasies? He was blessed or cursed (whichever way we look at the matter) with a peculiarly sensitive, nervous temperament; was subject to rapt, excited moods when his mind hovered dangerously on the verge which separates perfect sanity from its opposite; and he suffered constantly from illness and pain. Is it unreasonable to assert that Shelley's physical and intellectual condition, if not directly dependent upon, was largely influenced by his peculiar diet?

It was not until he left Oxford that Shelley became a strict vegetarian, though from his youth he strongly objected to the shedding of the blood of beast or bird for the purpose of obtaining food. His mother, perhaps to harden him, insisted on his fishing in the streams of his native Sussex; but the imaginative and poetic boy, who much preferred a solitary walk under the stars, or a row in his boat accompanied only by books, certainly not fishing lines or hooks, often took the gamekeeper with him on the expeditions planned by his mother. Shelley would sit in his boat and read while the gamekeeper fished for him. The spoil would be given to Mrs. Shelley afterward as the product of her son's industry. Later, in his Oxford vacations, he hunted to some extent, but this was also owing to outward pressure, not to any sanguinary propensities.

We see the good effects of Shelley's mixed diet at Oxford in his, for him, vigorous health. He was not troubled by the nervous excitement which was so conspicuous later, nor was he haunted by those strange hallucinations which perplex his different biographers. But Shelley's favorite food was, at all times, bread. It seemed as if he could live on that alone, without complaint or weariness. Sometimes in walking through the crowded streets of London, he would rush away from his companion's side, dart into a baker's shop, thence emerge with a loaf under his arm, from which he would, as he walked, break off pieces, not only to eat himself, but to offer to his friend. If the offer were declined, he was both perplexed and surprised.

"Do you know," he said one day to Hogg, "such a one does not like bread."

In Shelley's pockets would usually be found

the fragments of a loaf, and Hogg tells how a circle upon the carpet, clearly defined by an ample verge of crumbs, often marked the place where he had long sat at his studies, his face nearly in contact with his book, greedily devouring bread at intervals amidst his profound abstractions.

Shelley ate with great relish a queer mixture of bread and boiling water called "Panada." The bread was steeped in the hot water, then squeezed, and sprinkled with nutmeg and sugar. Tea remained Shelley's favorite to the very end of life. In his famous "Letter to Maria Gisborne," that poem written in a style which Shelley adopted nowhere else, he speaks of tea as

> "The liquor doctors rail at, and which I
> Will quaff in spite of them; and when we die
> We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
> And cry out, 'Heads or tails?' where'er we be."

After Shelley became wholly converted to vegetarianism, he looked back with horror upon his occasional indulgence at Oxford in a glass or two of negus. "I ought to have been shot for it," he says. At Newton's charming vegetable dinners, even the water had to be distilled before it could be drunk; but when Shelley dined in his own house, we fear that Harriet Westbrook was scarcely a careful enough housekeeper to attend to this important matter of distillation.

Dowden says that when the physiology of the poets has been studied we shall perhaps know why Wordsworth and Shelley were water-drinkers; why Keats loved an exquisite claret; why Southey soothed himself to sleep with a tumbler of domestic currant rum; why Byron in his later days craved the more fiery and fiercer stimulants.

Soon after Shelley's marriage he became a vegetarian. Occasional lapses into his former habits are recorded. He never was under oath to abstain entirely from meats, but, on the whole, his life was modelled according to the simpler principles which were with him instinctive. "You do not know," wrote Harriet to Miss Hitchener, "that we have foresworn meat and adopted the Pythagorean system. We are delighted with it and think it the best thing in the world." But the new converts were neither narrow nor intolerant. When a certain friend came soon afterward to talk with Bysshe and Harriet about virtue, they did not scruple to set before her at dinner "a murdered fowl."

But alas, alas! for the housekeeping of poor Harriet Shelley! It is really surprising that Shelley waited till 1814 before he wrote a poem about his sad and silent home, his desolated hearth. Even a poet must eat, and should he believe that he must eat only vegetables or cereals, there is all the more reason that they shall be prepared so that he may become healthy, even if he cannot become wealthy or wise. It taxed Hogg's patience to dine with the Shelleys, and long years afterward the memory of those dinners remained with him like a nightmare. They would, indeed, make concessions to his coarser taste and place before him meats or fish, but oh, how atrociously cooked they were! If it were proposed to Shelley that he should order dinner, he stood aghast in speechless trance; when recovered from the outrage to his feelings, "Ask Harriet," he would cry, with a desponding, supplicating mien. The good Harriet herself was no proficient in the culinary art. "Whatever you please," was her ordinary answer.

"'Whatever you please' did not produce a dainty menu. . . . A leg of coarse mutton boiled to rags with half-raw turnips. . . . I dropped a hint about a pudding," continues Hogg, "but Bysshe said dogmatically: 'A pudding is a prejudice.'" When supper time arrived the only resource these three unfortunate people had against total starvation was the baker's shop.

"We will have some muffins and crumpets for tea," the famished Harriet would say.

"They will butter them," Bysshe would exclaim, in a voice thrilling with horror. In that case comfort was sought in a supply of penny buns.

"Get a shilling's worth of penny buns, Bysshe," said Harriet.

"He would rush out with incredible alacrity, like a wind god," says Hogg, "and return in an instant with the bag of buns, open at the top, in his hand."

That Shelley lost so little time in obeying his wife's orders proves that the poet, who, when

under the dominion of the ideal, lived upon political justice and alluring theories, and asserted that a pudding was a prejudice, had yet, under the pressure of hunger, to acknowledge the terrible power of the material. There are other interesting cases where Shelley's dominant idealism was forgotten under the pressure of a quite natural and excusable hunger. When he aroused Mrs. Southey's ire by despising the tea cakes her husband was enjoying with so much relish, Shelley did not really know how good they were. After he himself had devoured plate after plate of these same cakes he had to return home and tell Harriet with a burst of enthusiasm that they must have tea cakes in their menage forever. Could Mrs. Southey have foreseen how this act of Shelley's was to render famous her housewifely skill, she might have been less angry with the poor, blundering poet.

Once Shelley so far forgot Pythagoras as to partake largely of eggs and bacon at a country inn, after a long tramp over the hills. At first he refused to taste the dish ordered by his companion, but the delectable aroma penetrated his senses and he began with a small portion held on the end of his fork. He found it good, and so he attacked the plate, then called in the waiter and ordered more. He repeated this till the despondent waiter had to inform him that there remained no more bacon in the house. Thereupon the poet left in haste, informing Harriet on his return home that they must have eggs and bacon henceforth forever.

In 1813 Shelley published that eloquent plea on behalf of "Vegetarianism, — A Vindication of Natural Diet."

It is just to remember that Shelley was very impractical. He totally disregarded times and seasons, for he took no thought of dinner-hours, would eat only when he was hungry, and then, as Trelawny says, would eat much as the birds do, if he saw something edible lying about. Shelley's individual case cannot, therefore, be cited as an argument either for or against vegetarianism. His case proves only that when he yielded to natural impulses and indulged in a liberal mixed diet, his health certainly improved. He wrote to Godwin that his physical condition was such that he could not hope for a long life. He spoke of his nervousness, of his being at the age of nineteen affected by any slight fatigue, and so he said he must husband his powers. But he really seemed to have very little wisdom in his care of his personal welfare. A few years afterward he wrote to Leigh Hunt that he suffered as much as ever from the pain in his side; "but do not mention this," he said, "for the advocate of a new system of diet is held bound to be invulnerable by disease."

It would be, of course, absurd to attribute the sensitiveness of Shelley's imagination to the fact that he was a vegetarian and a water-drinker. But a careful study of his biography will show that his natural sensitiveness was much intensified by his disregard of the simplest laws of hygiene; that he was the freest from strange delusions and thrilling fancies when his friends took him in hand and reminded him of the claims of his physical nature. When he started out on that famous excursion to explore the source of the Thames, Shelley was weak and pale, but after he had been for some time on the water Charles Clairemont wrote to his sister that there was a remarkable change in the manner and in the appearance of the poet. "He has now the ruddy, healthy complexion of the autumn upon his countenance, and he is twice as fat as he used to be." Peacock attributed the change to the fact that he became Shelley's physician for the time and prescribed a salutary change in his diet. "He had been living chiefly on tea and bread and butter, drinking occasionally a sort of spurious lemonade, made of some powder in a box, which, as he was reading at the time 'The Tale of a Tub,' he called the powder of pimperlimpimp." Shelley seemed quite willing to take what Peacock told him to — three mutton chops, well peppered. Other good things followed in the wake of these honest, well-disposed chops, and he began to be quite a different man.

We see the fine result of Shelley's restored health and of the manifold impressions derived from the beautiful scenery he witnessed during this wonderful journey in that great poem "Alastor." Here Shelley, for the first time, showed the hand of the master.

In the last year of his life Shelley appeared to Trelawny to be strong and vigorous. But

Trelawny, as well as Hogg, bore witness to the fact that the poet forgot his physical claims in his devotion to books, in his zeal, his enthusiasm.

"I called on him one morning at ten," says Trelawny. "He was in his study with a folio open, resting on the broad mantelpiece. He had promised to go with me, but now he begged to be let off. I then rode to Leghorn, and returned in the evening to dine with the Shelleys. I went into the poet's room and found him in exactly the same position in which I had left him in the morning, but looking pale and exhausted.

"'Well,' I said, 'have you found it?'

"Shutting the book, he replied with a deep sigh, 'No, I have lost it, — I have lost a day.'

"'Cheer up, my lad, and come to dinner,' said I.

"Putting his long fingers through his masses of hair, he answered faintly, 'You go; I have dined, — late eating does n't do for me.'

"'What is this?' I asked, as I was going out of the room, pointing to one of his bookshelves with a plate upon it.

"'That,' — coloring, — 'why, that must be my dinner. It's very foolish. I thought that I had eaten it.'"

It is, therefore, not surprising that with such habitual carelessness, taken in connection with his peculiar temperament and frail constitution, the poet should have been afflicted during those last days at Casa Magni with especially frightful visions when asleep, and strange fancies of impending doom, even in his waking hours.

It is said that Tennyson once tried to follow in the footsteps of Shelley, but his enthusiasm for the potato gospel quickly passed away. For ten weeks, he said, he tried Edward Fitzgerald's "table of Pythagoras, but felt so chilled on the half-spiritual height to which he had been exalted that he was glad to get down and taste flesh again." *Kenyon West.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A PLEA FOR THE NEGLECTED RHETORICAL POOR.

Great men and great issues always receive their share of attention, and do not need to have their rights upheld by others; while small matters may have to go begging for want of a friend to point out their neglected condition. This is true not only in social and moral life, but also in grammatical and rhetorical regions. Nouns and verbs, plots and characterization, are always sure of polite consideration; but small parts of speech, and the small assistants of speech, are not so likely to be respected. Hence I would utter a plea for the more commonly neglected rhetorical poor.

The first class of these is that of conjunctions. Writers do not realize what a work these small creatures could do if they were only encouraged. Emerson usually forgot their existence, and the holes in his essays which ought to have been filled by them must always be encountered. More commonly the wrong ones are called upon, and have to fill posts the duties of which they cannot perform. How often a dark paragraph would be illuminated if the "buts," and "ands," and "fors" might exchange places! When the careful reader comes to a "but," he takes a mental jump to the other side of the road which he has been travelling, and if, when he has reached it, he finds that he is on the opposite side from the train of thought, he is likely not only to be disgusted, but frequently to miss the train altogether.

Of a still lower social order, and far more flagrantly neglected, is the race of punctuation marks. Here the poor printers have to make sure that there are no blank spaces, but frequently the selection of officiating marks is left

to them, and when it is not, the result may be no better. No one who reads many letters or manuscripts fails to observe that the average penman has one or (when unusually extravagant) two mysterious hieroglyphics at his command, which are brought out whenever a punctuation mark is called for, and warranted to defy investigation as to which particular point they represent. It is the intellectual connection of these neglected creatures which makes them of importance; and it is hard to see how a writer can have proper commas and semi-colons in his brains, if they do not demand to be represented on paper. Just as a good reader will take a mental jump at sight of a "but," so he will assume the proper attitude when commanded by a punctuation mark. A comma tells him to keep moving, but if he finds no adjoining phrase whither he can move, the sensation is the same as when one tries in the dark to step up to an extra stair which is not there.

Nearly allied to these families of the neglected poor are the Paragraphs, and (in technical works) the paragraph numbers and headings. One cannot help thinking that these matters also are left largely to the compositor or proof-reader, when he considers the dismembered ideas, mutilated arguments, and cruelly separated families of sentences which lie pitifully scattered on the pages of literature. These things are not unimportant; these neglected poor, like all neglected poor, throw curses after those who pass them by. Every one knows what an effect Dickens could produce by the sudden use of a capital letter, and how De Maupassant's paragraphing sometimes tells more than his words. Every student, at least, knows how he is forced to go through text-books and make for himself abstracts of their contents, because the authors seem blissfully ignorant of the fact that their ideas have lawful and orderly connection with one another.

The moral whereof is this: All ye who write, think on the poor, whom ye have always with you in dictionary and grammar, ready to give help in return for consideration, and to bring rhetorical blessings to their friends.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *R. Macdonald Alden.*

THE "DAYS OF CHILDOCRACY" IN LITERATURE.

In one of those pleasant New England stories by Miss Sedgwick, whose village sketches delighted readers of a past generation, the crisis for which lovers of the romantic are looking is assisted by the comments and criticisms of a little girl. Alice is what it is now fashionable to call in French, *un enfant terrible*, — better known in New England vernacular as "a hateful child." The author says: "F. was evidently becoming annoyed with the little girl's sallies, — I dare not say impertinences, — and who dares to check a child in these days of childocracy?"

Presumably a word of the author's own coining, and open to criticism as not formed according to the acknowledged rules of word building, perhaps never used again, "childocracy" is yet the expressive name of a form of authority well known as far back as the days of Themistocles.

The lament over the follies of children and the errors of parents is nothing new, — lovers of the old times (always the "good" old times) did, and do, and will grieve over the want of judgment and the decay of discipline; but these are questions for educators, — the writer may look with interest on the "days of childocracy" in literature.

In ancient writings, children make but small appearance. Virgil gives them no place in the Elysian Fields, but the first sounds that reached the ear of Eneas in his visit to the under-world were the wail of little children, and next — suggestive order — arose the cries of those condemned here to an unjust death.

Occasionally those "human buds of promise" are mentioned in letters or epitaph in loving words, — but it was reserved for Christianity to give them a place and a character.

In modern days, till recently, the "grown-ups" had literature generally to themselves; but now children, from the baby, ignorant of letters, to those standing

"Where the brook and river meet,"

all have their own books, their history, their poetry, their magazines, their novels. The stiff little mortals of the juvenile books of an earlier generation have gone, passed on to the "Land of the Hereafter," following their grown-up friends in hoop-skirts and wigs, and in the nursery literature of to-day we have many of the genuine children of modern time, the slangy, the fun-loving, the careless, and the thoughtful; and although the former type, "too good for this world," does now and then appear, it is not, of necessity, destined to an early grave.

But the precocious child of to-day's stories usually appears in the guise of a preternaturally sharp business character, all whose ventures prosper, and who, by the mysterious exercise of some talent hitherto unsuspected by unobservant relatives, lifts mortgages from the homestead, and surprises care-worn relatives and perplexed guardians with bank books and government bonds.

Many children's books are written too obviously with a purpose. A writer on education recommends that a desire for the comfort and welfare of the children of a family should underlie all the arrangements made by the adults. Only those guests should be invited whose manners would furnish worthy example, whose conversation would be instructive. No books unsuitable to the young should be brought into the house, whatever may be the temptation to the elders, — yet, though this thought should be the moving spring of action, the children themselves should never be allowed to suspect that they were of so much importance. The first object of thought, the mainspring by which all the domestic machinery is moved, is to be perfectly ignorant of the moving influence! Apparently the writer is not familiar with "little men and women," at least it is evident that, though she may not over-rate their importance, she at least undervalues their intelligence.

But, however it may be in life, whether they are, or are not, the first object of thought, it is often in books not written for them, but where they take a subordinate place, that the most interesting children are found. To mention a few among many: who more interesting among Sir Charles Danvers' friends than little Molly, who sympathized so tenderly with the disappointed uncle's aching heart? — she had felt just so herself — "it was the little green pears." Who would willingly part with Mary Fenwick's little friends? How the light of the story goes out with Gill's short life!

What delightful children appear in Howells' stories. In his "Indian Summer" is either Imogen or her rival as charming as Effie? I suspect many a reader is better pleased with the autumnal romance as securing to Effie the father she would so gladly have chosen, than as giving back the old lover to her mother.

But no hand is more skilful in depicting children than that of Hawthorne. Witness the tender touches of little Annie's ramble, of the gentle boy, the living flowers of Tanglewood, listening to those old tales that have charmed the Earth since the days of her own babyhood. The children of his books are genuine flesh and blood, full of childhood's pranks and capers, yet not devoid of that insight which belongs of right to those who had not

"Forgot the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

What an idea he suggests of the grim lives of the adults when he shows us the little Bostonians disporting themselves in the street, "playing at scourging Quakers, scalping Indians, or in freaks of imitative witchcraft." Enthusiastic admirers of the olden time have questioned the probability of such amusements, but we are told in the sober pages of history that when the heresies of Mistress Hutchinson had shaken all the colony, the children entered with a zeal worthy of their elders into the contest, and squabbled with their comrades over the questions of works and faith. Small wonder if in play they imitated the most impressive scenes of the time.

Poor Miss Pyncheon's voracious customer, Ned Higgins, who made his own small person a menagerie of gingerbread animals, is a child of prose, a sharp urchin of the street. But none excels the portraiture of little Pearl, sweet as the rose, changeable as the wind, now loving and consoling, now probing with her baby-touch the darkest and deepest mysteries of her mother's heart, charming, but weird and uncanny, as befitted one who "owed her existence to a broken law."

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

ARE EDITORS TO BLAME?

"He didn't read my manuscript at all!" exclaims the author, whose "valued contribution" has been declined with thanks so promptly that the contributor feels more deeply aggrieved than if the editor had kept the manuscript for months.

"Well, why should he?" a more experienced contributor might ask. "Of course, it is generally understood that he can use unsolicited manuscripts if they are good, and is willing to have them sent to him for examination; but did he ever ask you to send him anything, or promise to read everything that he might receive? Some periodicals, the *Forum*, for example, are made up almost altogether of contributions ordered from specialists by the editor on subjects selected by him, and seldom print unsolicited contributions of any kind. Why should the editor of the *Forum*, then, be expected to read a given manuscript sent to him without solicitation, when a mere glance at the title of it shows him that he does not want it, or, in case the title is attractive, if perusal of the first page gives evidence that the treatment of the subject is inadequate?"

The salaries of manuscript readers are an important item in the expenses of every large publishing-house or periodical. The *Century*, for example, receives nearly 10,000 manuscripts every year, and the cost, as well as the labor of caring for them, is inevitably large. The limitations of the magazine are such that only a very few of these manuscripts can be used in any case. Is it reasonable, then, to say that the editor of the *Century* or his assistants should read religiously through every one of these 10,000 manuscripts to make absolutely sure that no obscure gem is overlooked or that no injustice to the author may be done? Is it not manifest that the editor is called upon only to give such examination to unsolicited manuscripts as may be consistent with his own interests, and that if he should try to do more than that, out of regard for the feelings of his contributors, his own interests would seriously suffer?

It is a mistaken idea that an editor has any responsibility toward the unsolicited contributor, beyond that of caring for his manuscript while it is in his possession and of returning it, in case the necessary stamps are sent with it, as soon as he has decided that it is unsuitable for his purpose.

Some editors may encourage young genius, and most editors do give to their contributors much gratuitous assistance and advice, but no writer has a right to expect any editor to do anything of the kind. As for patiently reading all the manuscripts that are submitted to him, if any editor should do it, he would have no time left in which to do his proper work.

In a word, when an editor is overstocked, or sees at a glance that an article submitted is not likely to be what he wants, it is simply unreasonable for the author of it to expect that he should read it through.

Edward L. White.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington Street (Rooms 9 and 10),
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1894. NO. 3.

Short, practical articles on any topic connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Literary people are invited especially to send in suggestions for the "Helpful Hints" department, and items of information about any literary work on which they may be engaged. The chief object of THE WRITER is to be a magazine of mutual help for authors, and its pages are always open for anything practical which may tend in this direction. Bits of personal experience, suggestions regarding methods, and ideas for making literary work easier or more profitable are especially desired. Articles must be short, because the magazine is small.

***

A sheet of paper seventy-two inches wide and nearly eight miles long was manufactured recently. Those who have a taste for mathematics might amuse themselves by figuring out how long it would take a newspaper writer to cover such a sheet of paper in the course of his daily work, assuming that he does the ordinary active newspaper worker's average stint of a column — say, thirty "takes" of 5 x 8 manuscript paper — a day.

***

The immediate effect of the "hard times" on the business of authorship is seen in the unwillingness of editors to buy more manuscripts than are actually necessary, and, in many cases, in a tendency to reduce rates of payment for the manuscripts that are bought. Another effect, which is not so manifest to writers now, will be brought to their attention later on, and with much more pleasant results. The "hard times," in a word, are compelling periodical publishers now to economize in many cases by using the accumulation of manuscripts that they have on hand, and are driving some of the weaker publications to the wall. Although authors may suffer now, however, later on they will profit from the present stringency. The stock of accumulated manuscripts cannot last for any great length of time, and when it is gone editors will buy more liberally than before, both for immediate and for future needs. Moreover, the suspension of the weaker publications will strengthen those that are left, and will generally clear the atmosphere. In the mean time authors are to be congratulated that their business is not more unpleasantly affected by dull times in business circles, and especially that, while the smaller periodicals are economizing, there are so many publications of the first class that are apparently buying as many manuscripts and paying as high prices for them, as usual, to all appearances not being troubled in any way by the general business depression that exists.

***

As for the book trade, it is practically useless just now to offer an ordinary book manuscript to publishers. Hardly any new books are being issued at the present time, and those that are coming out are chiefly books that were contracted for before the hard times came on. The present state of affairs in the book trade can-

not last very long, however, and when the dull times are past every one will be better off on account of them, as in the case of writers for periodicals, and for substantially the same reasons. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Some writers declare that it is proper to use the sign ¶ at the opening of every paragraph in a manuscript; others, that an indentation is all that is required. Which method is most used by writers in general? T. R. H.

[In typewritten copy, and in manuscript legibly written with the pen, an indentation of a half-inch or an inch is all that is required at the beginning of each paragraph. If the copy is not legibly written, or if the indentation is not as deep as half an inch, the paragraph mark (¶) is required in addition. Many writers use the paragraph mark in every case, and some go further still, and use both a ¶ at the end of one paragraph and another at the beginning of the paragraph that follows. In writing a series of short notes, — like the "News and Notes" of THE WRITER, for instance, — this custom is quite general. The advantage of it is that it makes the copy plainer for the printer; and every one who has dealt much with printers knows that it is impossible to make manuscript too plain. — W. H. H.]

How should I address a letter to the French Academy? A. T. F.

[A letter to the French Academy may be addressed: "M. Camille Doucet, Perpetual Secretary of the Académie Française, Paris, France."— W. H. H.]

I observe that THE WRITER uses the abbreviation "Calif." for California. Is not the "Cal." used by the post-office department better? There is no danger of its being mistaken for the "Colo." of Colorado, or for the abbreviation of any of the other State names. R. J. B.

["Calif." is better than "Cal." as an abbreviation for California, because "Cal.," while it cannot ordinarily be mistaken for "Colo.," may be mistaken for "Col.," which is a common abbreviation for Colorado. "Calif." and "Colo." are unmistakable abbreviations, and the post-office department, as well as everybody else, will do well to use both of them. — W. H. H.]

On page 59 of Luce's "Writing for the Press" I find this sentence, under the heading, "Errors of Arrangement": "Carrera died *on the same day that President Lincoln was shot,* and was buried with great pomp." The italicised words are said to be misplaced. Would the correct placing be: "On the same day that President Lincoln was shot, Carrera died, and was buried with great pomp"? Would it sound better to say Carrera was buried with great pomp the day he died, or to use a comma after shot, in the first sentence, leaving the sense natural, *i. e.*, that while Carrera died on that particular day, he was buried later? It certainly cannot be that Carrera died and was buried with great pomp on the same day that President Lincoln was shot. Every young writer should own a copy of "Writing for the Press." G. W. S.

[The sentence might be written: "Carrera died the day President Lincoln was shot, and was buried with great pomp." It would be better to divide the statement into two sentences — one telling of the death, the other of the burial. — W. H. H.]

I should like to know the opinion of THE WRITER and of Arthur Fosdick, whose article in the December number has prompted this question, if it is necessary, in adopting a pseudonym, to reveal the true name to a publisher or an editor. I do not mean in the case of anonymous communications, but when it is desired to cover the real, by an assumed, name. L. H. F.

[The editor of THE WRITER and Mr. Fosdick are agreed that when a writer adopts a pseudonym he will generally do well to put his real name and address also upon his manuscript. He may stipulate that only the pseudonym shall appear in print, but for certain purposes of business correspondence, including the sending of the possibly non-essential, but still convenient, check, it is well that the editor should know the real name and address of his contributor. Sometimes an author may desire to conceal his identity even from editors and publishers. In that case, he may accomplish his object most conveniently and effectively by

dealing through a responsible agency like The Writer's Literary Bureau. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I should like to inquire whether any one who has read Harold Frederic's delightful romance, "In the Valley," felt hurried at its close, or, rather, felt that the author had been hurried, and at a loss as to the disposition of his characters at the end of the story? I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment in the closing pages. Did Mr. Frederic really hurry it through at the last, or was it my fancy?

M. E. P.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

"An Author's Confession," in the January WRITER, amused me greatly, because, if I did not know better, I might take it for my own, so exactly does it correspond with an experience of mine — little poem, dear little auntie, and all. Even that expression, "Now, I call that real pretty," is an exact duplicate of my aunt's comment. Can Persis Darrow have been under the piazza when I read it to her, some five or six years ago? And the "Why don't you get it printed?" and the reason why, too! Dear me! How many have heard that question asked!

M. E. P.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

The Birthday Question. — If it is true (and I think no one disputes it), as was lately said in THE WRITER, that "a person can have but one birthday," *i. e.*, the day on which he enters this world, what is the propriety of saying that the day he is seventy is his seventy-first birthday? The day which is annually celebrated by loving friends, or solemnly remembered by the friendless solitary, is an anniversary, and if the day he is a year old is his first, so, counting on, the day he is seventy is his seventieth anniversary. The statement that Miss Yonge received an album from her admiring readers on her seventieth birthday means that the gift was sent on her seventieth birthday anniversary. It is an elliptical phrase, — like many others in daily use, — no more a misunderstanding or mistake than the phrases, "the year 1894," "seven o'clock," and others.

C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHY INDOORS AND OUT. A book for amateurs. By Alexander Black. 240 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

The opening chapters of Mr. Black's book, telling in popular style of the early history of photography, are as interesting as a novel. The author has the faculty of making pictures with the pen as well as with the camera, and his story of Porta's invention of the camera obscura, the first pictures of silver, the work of Schulze, Scheele, Wedgewood, Talbot, Niépce, Daguerre, and other pathfinders, down to the public announcement of the production of the daguerreotype in August, 1839, and of the wonderful improvements made in photography since that day, cannot fail to fascinate any reader, it is told in such an entertaining way. Beyond that, the book is a practical treatise on modern photography, full of useful hints and suggestions for making artistic pictures, explaining the chemistry of photography enough so that the amateur may know what he is doing with his pans and his solutions, and closing with tables of weights and measures and various formulas, together with an explanation of certain photographic terms. Mr. Black is an expert amateur photographer, having been formerly president of the department of photography in the Brooklyn institute, and his training as an art critic enables him to give many useful suggestions about making photographs that shall be artistic as well as permanent. A number of half-tone illustrations scattered through the book both teach and warn by conspicuous example.

W. H. H.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES ALMANAC FOR 1894. Edited by W. I. Lincoln Adams. 396 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: The Scovill & Adams Co. 1894.

Nobody who has been long interested in photography needs to be told what "The American Annual of Photography" is. It is one of the first books that every amateur is sure to get interested in, and the annual issue of which he is sure to await expectantly. It is a summary, in short, of the advance made in the art of photography during the year, being made up chiefly of short articles by many different contributors, telling what they have learned by experiment and by experience, and

giving innumerable hints and "dodges" for effective photographic work. For instance, in the 1894 issue are articles on "Doubles — How to Make Them," "Chalk-plate Engraving for Photographers," "Photographing Snow Scenes," "Vignetting for Landscapes," "On a Certain Dark-room," "Electric Light for the Dark-room," "A Thorough Print-washer," "Picture Frames and Mats," "Photographs of the Window Side of Rooms," "Amateur Home Portraiture," and scores of other contributions on topics equally interesting to all who use the camera. Following these are more than eighty-closely printed pages of standard formulas and useful recipes. In addition, there are long lists of camera clubs, new books on photography published during the year, and other matters of record and reference, while the book is illustrated with from twenty-five to thirty pictures, all of the most artistic kind.

W. H. H.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY. A practical guide for the beginner. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. Second edition. 90 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York. The Baker & Taylor Co. 1893.

Mr. Adams is the editor of the *Photographic Times*, "The American Annual of Photography," "The Photographic Instructor," etc., and he is wholly competent to write as an expert on photographic subjects. His "Amateur Photography" is a book for beginners in the science of picture-taking, and its special merit consists in the clearness with which his directions regarding the various processes are given.

W. H. H.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT NIGHT. By P. C. Duchochois. 108 pp. Paper, $1.00. New York: The Scovill & Adams Company. 1893.

Photography by artificial light has been made so easy and there is so much pleasure in it that a book devoted expressly to the subject will be generally welcomed. Mr. Duchochois thoroughly understands what he is talking about, and his book contains almost everything that is known about flashlight photography up to the present time, but study is required on the part of the non-expert reader in many cases to get at the full meaning of what he says. The author himself recognizes this fact, saying at the beginning of the final chapter: "This book has not been written for those who do not know the rudiments of the art." Those who are sufficiently well-informed to follow him intelligently, however, will find in the volume many useful hints. W. H. H.

A JAPANESE INTERIOR. By Alice Mabel Bacon. 272 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1893.

Miss Bacon's first book, "Japanese Girls and Women," was so entertaining that this new volume, made up from her letters home during a fifteen-months' residence in Japan, beginning in 1888, will find an audience already prejudiced strongly in its favor. The author went to Japan to become a teacher in a Tokio school for girls of noble families, and during her stay there lived in a house half Japanese and half foreign, associating intimately with the most refined and cultivated of Japanese women, and having every opportunity to see and study Japanese home life. The letters from which she has made up the present book are a daily chronicle of events, sights, and impressions, and picture life among the Japanese from a point of view which the ordinary foreign visitor cannot reach. "A Japanese Interior" and "Japanese Girls and Women" together give the best idea that it is possible to obtain of modern home life in Japan. W. H. H.

THE LOVER'S LEXICON. By Frederick Greenwood. 333 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

"The Lover's Lexicon" is described by its author as "a handbook for novelists, playwrights, philosophers, and minor poets; but especially for the enamoured." Its plan involves a series of essays on words connected with the affections, beginning with "abhorrence" and ending with "wife." The essays are short, usually from one to three pages in length. "The enamoured," however, are much more likely to be interested in each other than in Mr. Greenwood's work. W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts IV., V., VI., VII., and VIII. Each, 40 pages; paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1894.

The high standard set by both author and publishers in the first parts of the sumptuous Bancroft "Book of the Fair" is fully maintained as the succeeding parts are issued. The unusual quality of the work is evident at a glance to any one who glances through the broad and handsome pages. The artistic excellence of the illustrations, the attractiveness of the heavy plate paper, the good taste shown in the printing of the work, and the literary skill with which it has been written combine to make the book in all respects worthy of its subject, — the greatest exposition that the world has ever seen.

Part IV. continues the description and illustration of the government and administration departments, and begins the interesting chapter on the manufactures of the United States, as they were exemplified in the great manufactures' building. All the important exhibits are adequately described, and scores of the finest half-tone illustrations, equal in all respects to the photographs from which they were reproduced, show the contents of the building and the great structure itself, both inside and out.

In Part V. the chapter on American manufactures is concluded, and the chapter on fox-

eign manufactures is begun. The pictures of exhibits are exceptionally fine.

Part VI. concludes the description and illustration of the foreign manufactures exhibits, and begins Chapter X., devoted to the department of liberal arts. The liberality with which the work is illustrated is shown by the fact that there are three full-page pictures and 112 smaller pictures in the forty pages of this number.

In Part VII. the chapter on liberal arts is finished, and the woman's department is taken up. The pictures of laces shown in this part are wonderfully clear and delicate, and the progress made by women in the arts and sciences is illustrated in detail.

Part VIII. opens with a further account of the wonders that were gathered together in the woman's building, and begins a lavishly illustrated account of the exhibits in machinery hall.

The "Book of the Fair" will be completed in twenty-five parts, and will comprise in all 1,000 imperial folio pages. It is a pleasure to learn that financially, as well as otherwise, the work is an assured success, more than 100,000 subscriptions having already been sent in to the publishers. W. H. H.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Printed Noteheads for Authors. — I find it useful to have printed noteheads for my business correspondence. They do not cost much, and they are convenient in dealing with editors and publishers. They are very simple — just plain half-sheets of note paper with my name and address printed in light-faced Gothic type in the upper left-hand corner, in some such style as this: —

JOHN JAMES JONES,
JONESVILLE, ALABAMA.
34 JONES STREET.

It is in bad taste, I think, to have anything like "Special Writer" or "Literary Journalist" printed with the address, but it is convenient to have the address printed, because it saves writing, and print is more legible than penmanship. L. O. S.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

A Chatelaine Note-book. — Among the "devices" with which THE WRITER is teeming, I find none that meets my needs in one very essential respect. Being of the feminine persuasion, I lack that one great convenience which stamps the superiority of the reporter of the genus male — pockets. A man can carry his pencils in a vest pocket — yea, even a fountain pen will retain its uprightness, and, therefore, its ink, in his care. But we women who have tried it know to our cost, literally, the results of putting such a pen into our pockets, while cloaks render its position in a "holder" pinned to the dress waist an uncomfortable one. Then a man can have note-books galore; for is he not furnished with indefinite opportunities for carrying them, in pockets in front and pockets behind, pockets to the right and the left, pockets below, and pockets above. If one fails him, there are others at his call. But a woman — if she has a pocket, it is likely to be un-get-at-able; and if she is not dressed with a reasonable regard to the prevailing style, no paper will send her on its missions. What is she to do, unless she burdens her hands with said materials? and then, on a rainy day, for instance, how can she carry an umbrella? No, we need a note-book that can be hung on a chatelaine hook, that will carry note-papers for all our needs, and pencils or pens, as well, and, moreover, one that can be used as a tablet for writing, and, though laid aside when not in service, can be brought into instant and convenient use at need. I see it "in my mind's eye," this much-to-be-desired combination. If some one does not hurry to invent it for me, I hereby give notice that I shall do it for myself, for the present state of affairs is too inconvenient for women journalists. A. M. G.

OAK PARK, Ill.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, with postage added. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

LITERARY MENDICANCY. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN IN A DEMOCRACY. E. L. Godkin. *Forum* (28 c.) for March.

LOWELL IN HIS LETTERS. John W. Chadwick. *Forum* (28 c.) for March.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. With portrait. James Schouler. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (53 c.) for March.

PIONEERS OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. S. A. Link. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

JOHN RUSKIN AT HOME. M. H. Spielmann. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for March.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL. Herbert Spencer. With portraits. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for March.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS BOOK. The Point of View. *Scribner's Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM. Bram Stoker. *North American Review* (53 c) for March.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES. E. C. Hovey. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

LORD BYRON AND THE GREEK PATRIOTS. Rev. Henry Hayman, D. D. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for February.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (25 c) for February.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. Patti Lyle Collins. *St. Nicholas* (25 c.) for February.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA. With portrait. Ellen Gosse. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

CRITICISM AND CULTURE. James Russell Lowell. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS. With fac-simile of the original manuscript. John G. Nicolay. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE RIGHTS OF UNKNOWN AUTHORS. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

REV. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D. With portrait. *Journalist* (13 c.) for February 17.

FREDERICK M. SOMERS. Alfred Balch. *Journalist* (13 c.) for February 17.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. With portrait. Henry Mills Alden. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 3.

THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 3.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS. With portrait. Talcott Williams. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 10.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 17.

JULIAN RALPH. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 24.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. With portrait. Margaret E. Sangster. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 3.

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS AND HIS HOME AT WOOTTON. Mary Wager Fisher. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 17.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for February 10.

GEORGE MACDONALD. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for February 24.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. John Habberton. *New York Ledger* (8 c) for February 17.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL. Professor Huxley. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February 3.

CHINESE POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE. Herbert A. Giles. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February 10.

THE EARLY LIFE OF PEPYS. C. H. Firth. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February 17.

BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC LITERATURE. Paul Leicester Ford. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

PALMER COX AND THE BROWNIES. Fannie Ratti. *St. Nicholas* for January.

AMBROSE BIERCE. With portrait. *Inland Printer* (23 c.) for February.

NEWS AND NOTES.

An interesting public document is a pamphlet on "The Spelling Reform," by Professor Francis A. March, president of the Spelling Reform Association, which has just been issued by the National Bureau of Education. It is a revision and enlargement of the author's pamphlet published by the Bureau of Education in 1881. An appendix gives a long list of amended spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association.

"Droch," the name signed to many of the book reviews in *Life*, is the pseudonym of Robert Bridges, assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. The series of clever literary studies in dialogue form which he has recently contributed to *Life* will be published soon in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Toilettes (New York) for April is already out, most attractively illustrated with spring novelties in fashions, embracing designs by Worth, Felix, and other famous fashion artists.

In the April number of *St. Nicholas* will begin a new serial, entitled "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," by Howard Pyle, which will run for more than a year.

The *Evangelist* relates that, when somebody once asked Dr. Philip Schaff how he was able to accomplish so much literary work, he replied, laughingly: "Oh, that's easy. You must get up early, and sit up late, and keep awake all day."

Alphonse Daudet says: "It often happens that letters from foreign countries are addressed to me at the French Academy, in the supposition that I am one of its members. These letters are almost always returned to the post-office, with the remark, 'Unknown to the French Academy,' written on the envelope. There is no harm in this, since the post-office knows where to send my correspondence. But the formula is droll. I have often given evidence of its authenticity."

Mrs. Humphry Ward has returned to London to superintend the publication of her new book, which is to appear early in March.

The death of R. M. Ballantyne will come as a shock to all boys, young and old, for whom he has been writing stories since 1848, when he was but twenty-three years of age, though he had already been residing for six years in the Hudson Bay country.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the traveller, has just started upon another journey, although she is now sixty years old. She is at present crossing the United States on her way to Vancouver, whence she is to sail for Japan. Whether she goes farther will depend upon her health. She owns a pretty cottage in Scotland, and there she spent last summer and autumn in thoroughly mastering the technique of photography in preparation for her journey. She will now be able to illustrate her own books.

The Godey Publishing Co., of New York, made an assignment February 8 for the benefit of its creditors. The assignee, Benjamin S. Harmon, announces that a syndicate is being formed for the purpose of purchasing the plant and good will of *Godey's Magazine*, and the publication of it with new capital and improved facilities. In the mean time the March number is being printed.

In an interesting article on "Photography and Law" in the February number of the *American Amateur Photographer* (New York) it is stated that Judge Wheeler, of New York, decided in January of this year that a newspaper which publishes an infringing copy of a picture of which a photographer holds the legal copyright cannot justify such publication on the ground that it was made for the benefit and by direction of the subject of the picture, who has an equitable ownership in the copyright, unless such direction is first procured in writing, attested by two witnesses. The law stands that if any person after a photograph is copyrighted and without first obtaining the consent of the proprietor in writing, signed before two witnesses, shall publish the picture, he shall forfeit one dollar for every copy of the publication found in his possession.

"Poets in Exile," the leading article in the *Critic* for February 24, is an account of the delightful home-life in Ireland of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Piatt, who have lived for years at Queenstown, as the official representatives of America. Their historian is Miss Katherine Tynan, the novelist.

A biography of J. G. Holland, by Mrs. Thomas F. Plunkett, a life-long friend, is announced by the Scribners.

The publishers of *Demorest's Family Magazine* (New York) offer a prize of $100 for the finest collection of photographic views illustrating a subject of popular interest and suitable for a magazine article. The subjects may be foreign or domestic (preference will be given to the latter), the only stipulation being that the photographs have never been used for publication. The competition will be open until August 1, 1894. Contributions which do not win the prize, but are available for publication, will be accepted and paid for at regular rates.

G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, Germany, is compiling a list of private libraries in America. He already has 500 libraries entered, and asks possessors of private libraries with whom he has not been able to communicate to send him information about the size of their collections, and the specialties to which they devote themselves.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, editor of "What America Owes to Women," who recently sent a white-and-gold copy of the book to Queen Victoria, has received a reply dated "22 February, 1894, Privy Purse office, Buckingham Palace, S. W.," which reads as follows: "Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mrs. Lydia Farmer for her letter, and for the volume which she has sent for Her Majesty's acceptance."

It may not be generally known that Oliver Wendell Holmes was the inventor of the "American Stereoscope." *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (New York) for March prints an interesting letter from him telling how the first stereoscope came to be manufactured, and illustrates the article with an admirable portrait of Dr. Holmes. Particular attention is given in the March number of the magazine to the making of stereoscopic pictures.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1894. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE DIALECT NUISANCE. *William B. Chisholm.* . . . 49
THREE LITERARY PARABLES. *Harriet Cushman Wilkie.* 50
THE EARLY DRAMA. *C. S. Palmer.* 51
NAMES FOR AGGREGATIONS OF UNITS. *Beth Day.* . . . 52
BIRTH OF THE "ETCHING." *Wallace D. Vincent.* . . . 53
EDITORIAL. 54
Credit to Authors as Well as to Periodicals, 54 — Celerity in Composition, 54 — Prize Offers and Changes in the Publishing World. 54
QUERIES. 55
DIALECT AGAIN. *Mary A. Denison.* 55
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS. *Mary A. Denison.* 55
BOOK REVIEWS. 56
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 59
Memorandum Paper, 59 — Tablet Covers for Manuscripts, 59 — Pencils Sharpened at Both Ends, 60 — Filing Cuts and Biographies, 60 — Ink for Writing on Glass, 60 — Saving Manuscript Paper. 60
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 61
NEWS AND NOTES. 62

THE DIALECT NUISANCE.

A recent clever travesty in THE WRITER on the prevailing craze for dialect suggests the thought — probably a most obvious one — that the evil of dialect is not in its use, but in its abuse. The accepted standards of good English are the same all over this country, and American people are too critical, as a rule, not to laugh down and out any lingering remains of country gaucherie of this kind among those who would aspire to be considered well-bred. It may be a toothsome morsel for the dialect writer to picture the New Englander as saying "beyant" for "beyond," or the Southerner as using that vilest of Cracker provincialisms, "we uns," for "we"; but it is a ridiculous slander upon the ordinarily well-educated classes of either section to put such speech into their mouths — just as ridiculous as it would be to put the stilted language of Sir Walter Scott's heroes or heroines into the mouths of the tense, curt, monosyllabic business men of our great cities to-day.

The roll of the "r" in the central North and West, and its inevitable ellipsis in the South, are more orthodox subjects for employment in dialect. But even here the rapid multiplication of the means of communication between the two sections, the instinctive prejudice of the average American against provincialisms or singularities of speech, more frequent intermarriage and association, these, and many other causes, are helping to form for us all a purer and more universal accent and pronunciation.

The use of dialect where it is not essential to the subject is a great mistake and a confession of weakness; but if it is necessary, it should be treated so as to show that the leading object is not to mirror dialect itself, but that it comes in as an accidental, or, at best, an incidental, consideration. And the writer who employs dialect should impose upon himself very severe limits, refraining from swamping the real interest of his subject matter by a persistent caricature. The delicate and evasive peculiarities of speech in this and that section of our common country are worth noting and preserving, but only as subordinate to the plot and general treatment of the subject matter. In picturing old negro life in the South the use of dialect in a guarded way is necessary. But even then care should be taken to pronounce and spell in the ordinary way many words which the average negro always pronounces and spells correctly,

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

and did so pronounce even before he had the present advantages of schools and a general newspaper education. It is impossible to treat the dialect of any people properly, unless you have mingled with them freely and for some duration of time. The speech of the average New Englander is concise, clear-cut, and not especially characteristic; but the writers who have attempted to make dialect out of it have succeeded in many instances in turning it into a hideous jargon. Of course it is a strong temptation to a writer to force dialect into his story if he thinks that it will enable the story to sell; but after a while even the worm turns, and the long-suffering public will not always be outraged by this avalanche of words without fitness—a mangling and debasing of the noblest language on earth, and a determined craze for putting its vilest distortions into the mouths even of its educated and refined people. No polished or cultivated New Englander ever said "beyant" for "beyond"; and if there are people in the South who ever give utterance to that monstrosity, "we uns" or "you uns," they must live away up in the hills or else down in the very tangles of the rice jungles or the pine forests.

Dialect should not be rashly tabooed, but it should be held severely in leash, so to say. It is a good servant, but an odious master.

William B. Chisholm.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

THREE LITERARY PARABLES.

"Now, Barabbas was a — publisher."

A butcher calls at the door and offers a fine sweet ham, neatly cased. The mistress agrees to buy it, saying, however, that it is against her rules to pay for any article until the whole of it is eaten. The butcher, knowing that there are many carts on the road laden with hams just as finely cured as his, ruefully accepts the terms, and, when a price is settled, departs.

After keeping the ham for two years in a dusty, musty cellar, the housekeeper returns it to the butcher, soiled and stale, saying that, after all, her family prefers fresh meat, and she has decided not to cook the ham.

* * * * *

One spring morning a farmer knocks at the kitchen door of a city house, with a basket of fresh-laid eggs for sale. The mistress expresses delight at obtaining them, declaring, however, that it is her invariable custom to pay for articles after they have appeared on her table, and then only such a price as she thinks fit. Expecting an early settlement under those conditions, and being in need of cash for the interest on the mortgage on his farm, the man accepts the lady's terms and departs. Week after week and month after month go by, but no payment is made for the eggs. When he calls at the house to inquire, the maid informs him that her mistress bids her say that the great variety of seasonable articles of food has prevented the use of the eggs, but that she hopes very soon to find a place for them on her menu. In the autumn the farmer is surprised to have the maid hand him the basket, saying that, as the eggs have lost their freshness and are uneatable, her mistress returns them, with thanks for the opportunity for purchasing, and hopes that the farmer will call whenever he is in town and allow an examination of his stock.

* * * * *

The third of these true parables relates to a greengrocer and some crisp blanched lettuce which he is requested to leave for the housekeeper's examination at her leisure. After a time a messenger leaves a package at the greengrocer's shop. On opening it he finds his lettuce, wilted and bruised, and these consolatory

words: "Owing to no lack of merit, but because lettuce is not exactly available for my table, I return these heads, with thanks for the opportunity for examining them."

And here endeth the parables, and the turning of the worm.

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.

SUMMIT, N. J.

THE EARLY DRAMA.

It is probable that few of the many thousands who each year attend the modern theatres think of the time when priests and monks acted parts upon the stage, and many scenes of the plays were founded upon scripture history. Yet, were we to trace the history of our modern drama back to its origin, we should find that the priests were the first actors, and the first plays were representations of scripture scenes.

It was in the middle ages, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, when these plays were first introduced. Pilgrims, coming from the Holy Land, related, on the street corners of the large towns, their experiences, and also recited legends in which Christ and the apostles were the chief actors. These recitals greatly interested the simple people of those times; so much so, in fact, that the priests, who were laboring in the cause of the church, devised from them a means of strengthening their own power and inculcating into the popular mind the true principles of the Christian religion. They took the legends which the pilgrims were reciting, arranged them to suit their purposes, and acted them upon the stage. Such was the origin of the Mystery Plays,—the precursors of the modern drama.

For a few years after the first play was presented the results were all that could have been hoped for by the most sanguine of the priests. Their primitive theatres were filled to overflowing; the plays were received with enthusiasm and delight; and the truths presented seemed to be grasped and appreciated by the audiences. But, as time went on, the priests sought to improve the plays by introducing more unique and popular characters. The people were delighted with the change, and the priests, unable to distinguish between cause and effect, continued to add droll characters, until the audience completely lost sight of the moral part, and occupied themselves only with the dramatic features.

Thus the Mystery Plays degenerated into ludicrous absurdities, in which animals were worshipped, and in which sentiment was expressed which would not tend to elevate the moral tone of any people of any age. The farcical element became paramount; and, in the north of France, that most docile of creatures, the ass, was elevated to a high rank upon the stage. The bishops at last came to see the absurdity of the plays, and banished them from the precincts of the church. This was the first separation of the altar and the stage. The priests withdrew, but their work did not end. People from other ranks assumed the characters of Christ and the apostles, and continued to write and act plays which were founded upon Biblical history. The interest of the people continued to grow. If one play occupied a day, with only short intermissions for meals, it suited them so much the better; and if the ass, now and then, made the air vibrate with a sonorous "hee-haw," so much the more were they pleased.

In France scenes and decorations were first introduced. The stage was divided into three portions, with heaven above, the earth below, and hell beneath the earth. Heaven was decorated with bright flowers and showy carpets, while hell was made to look dark and gloomy and to savor strongly of brimstone. The whole company, including the ass, assembled on the

stage, and each appeared when his cue was called. All the actors appeared in a sportive, rather than a religious, air; and, if their acting was a true index of their feelings, it is apparent that they did not have a very solemn sense of the holiness of the subject which they were trying to represent. Hell did not seem to them a very hot place; and, if the true inwardness of their motive could have been ascertained, it would have been love of show and approbation, rather than a desire to teach the truths of the Bible.

The characters which were represented appear to us in a most ludicrous light. Judas carried under his coat a blackbird and the entrails of an animal, so that when his soul took its flight, it might go in the shape of a blackbird and his entrails might be strewn over the stage, according to history. King David was represented as quarrelling with his wives, and then calling loudly for a glass of beer. In one German play Cain and Abel were examined by the Lord to ascertain their proficiency in the Lord's Prayer. Abel passed a creditable examination, but Cain hardly received a "pass," notwithstanding the fact that his father stood near to prompt and encourage him. Another favorite scene, illustrating the sorrows of hen-pecked husbands, was the scene of the flood and Noah and his family entering the ark. "Noe's Wif" was the principal character, and refused to enter the ark unless she were allowed to bring with her "her gossips every one." The devil, too, played a no small part. His business was to amuse the groundlings. He was rigged up so as to look repulsive and hideous, and in one play was mistaken for a dancing bear.

The Mystery Plays, in the character which I have above described, continued to be acted upon the stage until near the close of the sixteenth century. At that time abstract impersonations, such as Vice, Virtue, and Mercy, gradually took the place of the scriptural characters. The new plays were called Moral Plays, and were designed to teach some ethical precept. They flourished in the reign of the Tudors, and reached their highest perfection in the reign of Henry VII. The devil was still retained, and his part, as in the Mysteries, was to create a laugh.

It was in the reign of Elizabeth, when the people had become too enlightened to be interested in devils and allegorical characters, that the interest in the Moral Plays began to ebb. Human passions then replaced the mythical elements, and the Moral Plays gave way to the modern drama. *C. S. Palmer.*

ELBRIDGE, N. Y.

NAMES FOR AGGREGATIONS OF UNITS.

It is a curious fact, says a newspaper paragraph, that the English language has a different word to designate nearly every kind of beast or bird in groups. It might have added fish and human beings as well; in fact, almost every aggregation of units.

To those who make a study of the oddities of the language, the following list may prove interesting. Nearly all the terms here given are in common use:—

A collection of boats is called a fleet; of fleets, a navy; of rays, a beam; of rubbish, a heap; of books, a library; of papers, a lot.

Of bees, a hive, colony, swarm, or cast; of locusts, a cloud, plague, swarm, or army.

Of herring, a shoal; of cod, a run; of whales, a school; of porpoises, a shoal.

Of partridges, a covey; of pheasants, a nide; of snipe, a whisp; of quail, a bevy; of herons, a sedge; of peacocks, a muster or strut; of doves, a flight; of rooks, a building; of grouse, a brood; of plovers, a stand; of wild-fowl, a

plump; of geese, a gaggle or lag; of wild geese, a flock; of choughs, a clattering; of nightingales, a watch; of swans, a whiteness; of dottrell, a trip; of ducks, a team; of brant, a gang; of pigeons, a company; of larks, an exaltation; of hawks, a cast.

Of serpents, a nest.

Of dogs, a kennel, or pack; of foxes, a skulk; of monkeys, a troop; of wolves, a pack; of lions, a pride; of bears, a sleuth; of buffaloes, a herd; of oxen, a drove; of sheep, a flock; of hogs, a sounder; of swine, a herd; of mules, a drove; of horses, a troop or stud.

Of robbers, a band; of ruffians, a horde; of rowdies, a mob; of troops, a body; of sailors, a crew; of children, a troop; of people, a crowd; of soldiers, a company; of companies, a regiment; of regiments, a corps; of corps, an army; of officials, a board; of lawyers, a bar; of judges, a bench; of delegates or senators, a congress; of engineers, a corps; of barons, a baronage; of beauties, a galaxy; of worshippers, a congregation; of angels, a host.

This list is not exhaustive, and no doubt many can add to it. *Beth Day.*

South Kaukauna, Wis.

BIRTH OF THE "ETCHING."

Once upon a time an author wrote a story of six thousand words, had it neatly typewritten, and sent it to a leading magazine. After twenty-eight days it was returned with thanks and a thumb mark on the first sheet. After renovation, the story went the rounds of the magazines, the high-class weeklies, and the Sunday newspapers.

Then the author concluded that it lacked humor. He inserted some humor, and the story made another return trip. Then he added a little pathos, more excitement, deeper action, and stronger characters; and after each change the story was rejected.

The author could think of no more changes to make. He knew that the story was good — or had been; and, as a last resort, he took it to a friendly editor, who had not received a call from this particular manuscript, and begged him to look over it and tell him what was wrong. The editor took the story, and promised to read it as soon as he had time.

Five years afterward, the editor found the story and the time to read it, and proceeded to ornament it with his blue pencil. When the author examined the manuscript he was astounded to find every paragraph, except the first, crossed out. Now the author had sworn a terrible oath not to add a single word to the story, come what might. He had sworn also to try once more. So he read the sole remaining paragraph, which follows: —

"Farmer Gabriel Sumner stood looking at a black speck which moved slowly up the icy mountain side. The wind was rising, and great clouds of snow scudded along before him, often shutting out of view the moving speck. At such times he leaned forward, straining his eyes to their utmost, and held his breath in suspense."

That was all. What could he do with it? After an hour of intense thought, he remodelled it thus: —

"Farmer Gabriel stood looking.

"Before him, an ice-covered mountain side. On its white slope, a black speck. Occasional gusts of snow-laden wind. Farmer Gabriel stood looking.

"Upward moved the speck. The elements sought to shut the mountain from sight. The farmer leaned forward, with straining eyes and bated breath. Upward moved the speck.

"Farmer Gabriel stood looking."

The "etching" was born.

Wallace D. Vincent.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington Street (Rooms 9 and 10),
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1894. NO. 4.

Short, practical articles on any topic connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Literary people are invited especially to send in suggestions for the "Helpful Hints" department, and items of information about any literary work on which they may be engaged. The chief object of THE WRITER is to be a magazine of mutual help for authors, and its pages are always open for anything practical which may tend in this direction. Bits of personal experience, suggestions regarding methods, and ideas for making literary work easier or more profitable are especially desired. Articles must be short, because the magazine is small.

* * *

Editors of periodicals are popularly supposed to lay more or less stress in buying "contributions" on the value of a well-known name, but in making up the quotation-sheets that they send out to the newspapers some of them do not seem to act in accordance with this theory. For instance, *Harper's Weekly* recently had a quatrain, "Life's Contrasts," signed "T. B. A." — initials which will be quite generally recognized. In the quotation-sheet the quatrain was credited simply "*Harper's Weekly*." The editor of *Life* often omits the names of contributors from the credits on his quotation-sheet, sometimes even when the knowledge of the author's name would increase the reader's interest in the poem. Other editors make the same mistake.

* * *

The proper way, of course, in such cases is always to give credit to the author of the quotation as well as to the periodical from which it has been taken. This is the practice of all careful newspaper editors, and it is only just that this should be the rule. In the long run it will be for the advantage of the periodicals to have proper credit given to the author whose stories or whose poems they have bought. It is strange that their editors do not see this more clearly, and in consequence use more care in making up their regular quotation-sheets.

* * *

An editor recently received two poems, with a letter saying: —

"These are the first efforts I have ever sent to any newspaper. If there is any merit in them, please publish; if not, you know what to do with them. I would like very much to have you publish the poem, 'To Lizzie.' The other I wrote in a very short time — about two hours."

The poem which was written in a very short time — about two hours — consisted of four four-line stanzas. It might have interested the author of it, perhaps, to know that Rev. Dr. Smith says he wrote the national hymn, "America," in something less than thirty minutes.

* * *

One of the advantages which readers of THE WRITER have over other writers is that the magazine gives them prompt information of prize offers made for manuscripts, as well as news of important changes in the publishing world, such as removals of publishers or

magazines, suspensions or consolidations of periodicals, announcements of new periodical publications, failures of publishers, the establishment of new firms, and other similar information, which is of the greatest importance to all writers. In this issue of the magazine, for instance, there are announcements of four prize offers, together with news of many important changes in the magazine and book publishing world. No literary worker can be sure of being up to date who does not read THE WRITER regularly. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Would it do to send the accompanying illustration to a story you have translated along with the manuscript? Could another cut be taken from that?

(2.) In translating a story is it necessary to give the name of the author, or is it sufficient merely to say: "Translated from the German," or the Swedish, or some other language?

S. V.

[(1.) An illustration cut from any magazine or periodical can be reproduced either by photographic process or by re-drawing.

(2.) In crediting a translated story the name of the author should invariably be given. "From the French of Victor Hugo," for example, is a good way of putting it. — W. H. H.]

DIALECT AGAIN.

I confess I am quite taken aback at the small whirlwind I have raised by my article on "Dialect," which was published in the January WRITER, and which I protest was written quite in fun. I thought everybody would see that, as a matter of course, I meant the illiterate, whose use of the dialect is common, just as it is in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, anywhere. I have lived too long in the South to wish or attempt to injure the feelings of any Southern person. Many of the Southerners by whom I have been surrounded for years are among my dearest personal friends.

To say I was surprised at the way my little squib was taken would be expressing myself too mildly by far. I was almost hurt to think I was so little understood.

The next time I "try to be funny," which is, perhaps, not my forte, I will follow the example of the small children in their first attempts at drawing, who label their efforts, "This is a horse," or a cow, as the case may be. I will, in the inimitable language of Artemus Ward, write underneath, "This is a Goak." Far be it from me to disparage the great and glorious word-painters of the world. I like them, and I like dialect — in reason.

And now, dear friends of the pen and pencil, that I have made my explanation, with my politest bow, I hope it will be acceptable to my most courteous critics.

Mary A. Denison.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

I want to speak in commendation of that capital little article, "Both Ends of the Line," which was published in the February WRITER. It is thoughtful, practical, and correct, and ought to be widely read. I also want to say a few words for the publishers I know. They are, with few exceptions, a noble set of men, and uniformly kind and courteous. The editors of the *Youth's Companion* are princes among their kind; so are those of *Harper's Young People*, and, in fact, of all of the Harpers' publications. I have had the honor to take refusals from them as well as acceptances, and in all cases my articles come back as spotless as they left my hands, barring sometimes the accidents of mail usage, and generally accompanied by pleasant words from the editors themselves in their own handwriting.

I think no gentleman will ever return a manuscript with no acknowledgment whatever.

It is certainly sometimes very difficult — and Jean Halifax tells why — to know just what will be acceptable to the different periodicals. The only way to get at a solution is to send the poem or sketch to one editor after another until it finds a market. In that way I seldom fail to

place all my manuscripts at last, so that a return does not trouble me in the least.

"But," says one, "that's what editors are paid for; they ought to be courteous." No, they are not specially paid for being courteous, only for the work they do as Readers, and as writers for the press. No amount of salary will make a gentleman, if the instinct be not born in him.

Having experienced their courtesy both here and abroad, I came to the conclusion long ago that editors were the hardest worked, and in general the most delightful, people in the world.

Mary A. Denison.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE COLOR PRINTER. A treatise on the use of colors in typographic printing. By John F. Earhart. 137 pp. and 90 colored plates. Cloth, $12.50. Cincinnati: Earhart & Richardson. 1892.

The most artistic book on printing that has ever come to the attention of THE WRITER is John F. Earhart's monumental work, "The Color Printer." It is a beautiful volume, 8¼ by 10½ inches in size, containing 137 pages of letterpress and ninety color-plates, printed in from two to twenty colors each. It is handsomely bound in cloth, with edges marbleized and cover stamped in gold and fine colors. Some idea of the patience and technical skill required for the production of such a work is given by the fact that to produce a limited edition of it 625 different forms and 1,625,000 impressions were necessary. The book contains 166 colors, hues, tints, and shades, produced by mixtures of two colors each, with the proportions printed below each color. A great variety of fine color effects is produced by printing colors in lines and solids over gold bronze, printed also in lines and solids. A diagram of complementary colors, accompanied by simple rules for obtaining an endless variety of harmonious color combinations, is one of the most valuable features of the book. Another interesting feature is a miniature landscape printed in ten colors, showing impressions of each block, both separate and as registered into its proper place as the picture grows toward completion. Specimens of embossing done on an ordinary job press are given, together with a description of the very simple method by which the work is done. There are thirty-nine lists of two-color combinations, containing more than 2,000 different combinations, and forty-two lists of three-color combinations, containing more than 1,400 different combinations selected from the colors shown in the book. Each of these combinations is marked as being good, very good, or excellent, making it easy for the printer following the book as a guide in practical work to select the best. In selecting these combinations, the author has been governed solely by the natural laws of harmony and contrast of colors. The book, accordingly, will answer the purpose of all those who desire to use colors intelligently and effectively, producing the best results in the simplest manner, without waste of time or material.

To printers ambitious to do the best of color work, "The Color Printer" will be an invaluable aid, and, as Mr. De Vinne has said, there is not a printing office in the country that uses $100 worth of color in a year that will not save the price of the book through using the exact formulas that are given for making tints. At the same time the book is sure to do much to raise the standard of color printing, and to improve the taste of every one who studies its delicate and artistic color combinations. Simply as a work of art, "The Color Printer" will fascinate any one who looks at it; from first to last it is an exquisite specimen of the perfection of the printer's art. Its preparation has evidently been a labor of love with Mr. Earhart, and he has every reason to feel satisfied with his achievement. The price of the book now is $12.50 a copy, but an early advance in price is probable, for the edition is limited, and is selling very rapidly. It would be strange, indeed, if it were not, for the work is a masterpiece of typographic skill, and is sure to be sought after, not only by printers, but by artists and book collectors everywhere, as well. W. H. H.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF RHETORIC. By Adams Sherman Hill. 371 pp. Cloth, $1.10. New York: Harper & Bros. 1893.

No better idea of the nature and purpose of "The Foundations of Rhetoric" can be given than by a quotation from the preface of the book.

"For practical purposes," says Professor Hill, "there is no better definition of a good style than Swift's — PROPER WORDS IN PROPER PLACES. Differ as good writers may in other respects, they are all distinguished by the judicious choice and the skilful placing of words. They all aim (1) to use no word that is not established as a part of the language in the sense in which they use it, and no word that does not say what they wish it to say so clearly as to be understood at once, and either so strongly as to command attention, or so agreeably as to win attention; (2) to put every word in the place fixed for it by the idiom of the language, and by the principles which govern communication between man and man,— the place which gives the word its exact value in itself and in its relations with other words;

and (3) to use no more words than are necessary to effect the purpose in hand.

"If it be true that these simple principles underlie all good writing, they may properly be called THE FOUNDATIONS OF RHETORIC. To help young writers to master these principles is the object of the following pages. They are especially intended for those who have had some practice in writing, but who have not yet learned to express themselves well.

"The Introduction sets forth as simply, clearly, and compactly as possible the leading facts of English grammar, including definitions of technical terms. The body of the book is in three Parts. Part I., which treats of WORDS, is divided into two books: in Book I., proper and improper expressions, arranged for convenience in classes that correspond to the several parts of speech, are set side by side; in Book II., questions of choice between words equally proper are considered. Part II., which treats of SENTENCES, is divided into two books: in Book I., good and bad sentences, arranged for convenience in chapters that correspond to the five important qualities of style, are set side by side; in Book II., questions of choice between sentences equally proper are considered. Part III. treats of PARAGRAPHS."

The plan of the book, as any one can see at a glance, is admirable. As for its quality, the author has been for years at the head of the department for instruction in English at Harvard college, and thousands of those who have been students under him, — the editor of THE WRITER included, — will be ready to testify that no more competent or interesting teacher of the right use of the English tongue has ever lived. Professor Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric" has long been a standard text-book. This new "Foundations of Rhetoric" is quite as practical, and sensible, and closely-written as the older book, and it is an advance upon that in many ways. It is doubtful, indeed, if any better book than this on the practical use of English has ever been written. The student of it will find some valuable suggestions on every page, and innumerable questions about the matters that puzzle young writers most frequently are answered in it. It is in every way an admirable work. Its value is increased by a thorough index, and by an appendix which gives all the rules of punctuation that any ordinary writer needs to know. W. H. H.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. With copious illustrations and examples drawn from the best writers. By George Crabb, A. M. 638 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1893.

Study of the nice distinctions in meaning in words closely allied is invaluable to any writer who desires to use exactly and effectively the language in which he writes. Crabb's "Synonyms" does something more than put together lists of words of similar meaning; besides doing this, the author discusses the differences in meaning between the different words, and by illustrative examples shows their proper use. The origin of words is taken into account, and reasons are given why, in certain places, it is better to use one word rather than another, almost, but not quite, its equivalent. No writer, however skilful, can fail to get benefit from careful study of this book. W. H. H.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. By Walter Jerrold. With a portrait. 144 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The cellotype portrait prefixed to Mr. Jerrold's little book is an admirable picture of the "Autocrat." The different chapters of the book treat of Dr. Holmes as "The Man," "The Poet," "The Novelist," "The Autocrat and Teacher," and "The Doctor," with full appreciation of his many-sided ability. As a poet, Mr. Jerrold gives to Holmes the position immediately after Longfellow in point of fame, believing at the same time that in point of popularity he is probably to-day the very first among the poets of America. His sketch of Dr. Holmes' life is the most interesting portion of the book. The volume closes with a bibliography of Dr. Holmes' writings up to 1891.

W. H. H.

BON-MOTS OF CHARLES LAMB AND DOUGLAS JERROLD. Edited by Walter Jerrold. With grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. 191 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

A good portrait of Douglas Jerrold and a less satisfactory one of Lamb increase the value of this dainty little volume. As for Mr. Beardsley's drawings, most of them are meant to ornament, rather than to illustrate, as they might more effectively have done. The editor of the little book has prefixed brief sketches of the two wits whose bright sayings are included in it, and he has made an entertaining collection of epigrams and anecdotes, which is issued by the publishers in most attractive form.

W. H. H.

STUDIES OF THE STAGE. By Brander Matthews. With portrait. 214 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

To writers Mr. Matthews' paper on "The Dramatization of Novels" will probably be the most interesting in this little volume of "Studies of the Stage." It is especially valuable because the author of it is a playwright, as well as an essayist, story-teller, and critic, and his suggestions regarding the methods and the difficulties of dramatization are based upon practical experience. Incidentally, many hints about playwriting are given in the essay. The other essays in the book discuss the dramatic outlook in America, the New York Player's Club, "Charles Lamb and the Theatre," M. Francisque Sarcey, M. Jules Lemaître, "Shake-

speare, Molière, and Modern English Comedy," and "The Old Comedies," and the volume closes with "A Plea for Farce." Mr. Matthews is right in thinking, as he says in his prefatory note, that being himself a maker of plays he has considered the art of the dramatist with a fuller understanding of its technic, and with a more intimate sympathy than is possible to those who know the stage only from the far side of the footlights. W. H. H.

CATALOGUE OF "A. L. A." LIBRARY. Five thousand volumes for a popular library, selected by the American Library Association and shown at the World's Columbian exposition. 592 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

The United States Bureau of Education has just published this catalogue of a model library of 5,000 volumes, representing as nearly as possible the 5,000 books that a new library ought to obtain first for its collection. The catalogue, however, does much more than give a desirable list of books. It shows two very complete systems of classification, and, in this respect, is the most instructive volume yet printed on the subject of libraries. It is divided into three parts: Part I., classed catalogue according to the Decimal classification; Part II., classed catalogue according to the Expansive classification; and Part III., Dictionary catalogue. Part I. is preceded by alphabetical lists of biography and fiction. All the books included in the library would cost at retail $12,125.90. W. H. H.

SHORT FRENCH GRAMMAR. By C. H. Grandgent. 150 pp. Cloth, 80 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

FRENCH LESSONS AND EXERCISES. Part I. By C. H. Grandgent. 34 pp. Flexible cloth, 12 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

Mr. Grandgent is now director of modern language instruction in the Boston public schools, having been formerly a tutor in modern languages in Harvard university. This new grammar of his combines the following advantages: (1) brevity without undue conciseness, (2) treatment of the subject from the point of view of the American pupil, (3) a strictly systematic arrangement, and (4) a scientific but easily intelligible study of French pronunciation.

The "Lessons and Exercises" are based on a little text with which they are published in a pamphlet which accompanies the grammar. There will be one or more similar pamphlets, so that the teacher may not be obliged to use the same exercises with successive classes.

W. H. H.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. 235 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

"If every one who wrote books now would be satisfied to dust books already written," the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night" makes her Disagreeable Man say, "what a regenerated world it would become!" It is certain, as the Disagreeable Man says further later on, that "there are too many books as it is; and not enough people to dust them." Still "Ships That Pass in the Night" has found a welcome. It is a story of life among the invalids at an Alpine health resort, and its novelty, both as regards its subject and its method of treatment, sufficiently accounts for its success. The Disagreeable Man is an interesting character, but only a little more so than the invalid heroine of the book, Bernardine Holme. Incidentally he gives her some advice, in talking with her one day, which all writers of books might heed with distinct advantage. One of her life wishes is to write a book herself. "Whatever else you may do," says he, "don't make your characters hold long discussions with each other. In real life people do not talk four pages at a time without stopping. Also, if you bring together two clever men, don't make them talk too cleverly. Clever people do not. It is only the stupid ones who think they must talk cleverly all the time. And don't detain your reader too long: if you must have a sunset, let it be a short one." . . . "If you have the courage to be simple when you come to the point, you will succeed." The author of "Ships That Pass in the Night" lives well up to her literary theories. Her book is straightforward, clear, simple, and direct. It seems a pity, however, that Bernardine should not have seen the Disagreeable Man's pathetic love-letter; and it seems a pity, too, that the book should have so utterly unnecessary an unhappy ending. This edition of the story, by the way, is the authorized American edition. It is an attractive one, but it seems strange to find the Putnams' proof-reader allowing "châlet" to pass for "chalet," and "tack" for "tact."

W. H. H.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY. By "Q." 320 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

"The Delectable Duchy" is a collection of characteristic stories, studies, and sketches by Arthur Quiller-Couch. They are graphic, bright, and interesting, — worthy in all respects of the reputation won by the author of "The Splendid Spur" and "Dead Man's Rock."

W. H. H.

IN EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Hallock Foote. 253 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

Mary Hallock Foote has a genius for story-telling, and since she established her reputation with "The Led-Horse Claim," a few years ago, everything that she has written has increased the number of her friends. The present collection of short stories includes "In Exile," "Friend Barton's Concern," "The Story of the Alcázar," "A Cloud on the Mountain," "The Rapture of Hetty," and "The Watchman." Four of these are tales of Western life, the

scene being laid either in California or Colorado, but "The Story of the Alcázar" and "Friend Barton's Concern" are given a New England setting. All the stories in the book are vigorous, graceful, bright, and entertaining, and the book is sure to have a great success.

W. H. H.

CAMPFIRE MUSINGS. Life and good times in the woods. By William C. Gray, Ph. D Second edition. 304 pp. Cloth, $1.50 Chicago: The Interior Company. 1894.

To every lover of life in the woods every new book on camp life is a source of keen delight. Every such book is sure to be a good one, for no one who loves the woods well enough to write about them can fail to be an entertaining companion, and no book that has the flavor of woods life in it can fail to call up pleasant recollections in the minds of all among its readers who know by experience what woods life is. Just to look at the camp pictures in Dr. Gray's book will send a pleasant thrill through the veins of every old camper-out, and the text of the book throughout has the flavor of the forest. The author's camping experiences have been varied, and he has made the most of them. He has a lively sense of humor, and a spirit of genuine philosophy pervades sketches odorous with the sweet flavor of the fir balsam and the spruce. It is no wonder that a second edition of the book has already been required.

W. H. H.

OUR VILLAGE. By Mary Russell Mitford. 256 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

This reprint of Miss Mitford's delightful village sketches is made attractive by 100 illustrations by Hugh Thompson, and an introduction by Annie Thackeray Ritchie is prefixed. The story of Miss Mitford's life, as it is told by Miss Thackeray, is pathetically interesting. Her literary work was done under all the disadvantages that unceasing domestic difficulties bring, and it is astonishing that under such circumstances she was able to accomplish what she did. Her pictures of English country life included in this volume appeal to every lover of nature, and are written with a grace and delicacy of literary expression that renders them worthy of the attractive dress in which they have been issued by the publishers. W. H. H.

BEAUTIFUL JOE. An autobiography. By Marshall Saunders. With an introduction by Hezekiah Butterworth. 304 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: Charles H. Banes. 1894.

What "Black Beauty" has done to lessen ill-treatment of the horse, "Beautiful Joe" is likely to do to lessen ill-treatment of the dog. It is a story of a real dog, and nearly all its incidents are founded on fact. The manuscript won a prize of $200 in the third competition opened by the American Humane Education Society for the best book illustrating kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in Northern states, Mr. Butterworth being one of the judges of the manuscripts submitted. As a story, "Beautiful Joe" possesses more than ordinary merit, and its influence for good cannot fail to be a most important one. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

ELEVENTH CROP, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 62 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1894.

HAWAIIAN LIFE. By Charles Warren Stoddard. 288 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER LESSONS. By Mrs. M. V. Longley. 48 pp. Paper. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1893.

CALIGRAPH LESSONS. By Mrs. M. V. Longley. 48 pp. Paper. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1893.

THE PEERLESS COOK BOOK. By Mrs. T. J. Kirkpatrick. Illustrated. 320 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Springfield, Ohio: Mast, Crowell, & Kirkpatrick. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Memorandum Paper. — I, too, have adopted the plan described by "C. D. J." in the February WRITER. At first I stitched across one end of the bunch of memorandum paper with the sewing machine, but I found that the needle and close stitches cut the paper. I now use wrapping twine and a chenille needle, making one long stitch on the under side and tying the ends together on the upper side.

Alta L. Lyon-Irons.

GLENWOOD, Iowa.

Tablet Covers for Manuscripts. — I think most writers will find "F. E. H.'s" plan of using tablet covers for keeping loose leaves of manuscripts in order better than large advertising envelopes. Since 1888 I have used

pasteboard cut in strips of convenient size. These strips, which are the full length of the sheet, are placed one on top of the other in a neat pile with a rubber band slipped over each end and one around the centre. This pile of strips has a place in one of the long compartments of my desk. When a manuscript is ready to put by, I measure off ten inches on one of these pieces, place a brass-edged ruler on the mark, and cut through the pasteboard with a knife. In a drawer of my desk is a nursery pin on which are strung several dozen small rubber bands. I place a sheet of pasteboard each side of the manuscript, write the title on the upper one with a lead pencil, and slip a band across each way. If the copy is finished, all I have to do is to enclose it in an envelope or wrap it with manila paper, address it, and attach the stamps. As rubber cannot always be depended upon, I tie the package with linen shoe thread before mailing it.

Alta L. Lyon-Irons.

GLENWOOD, Iowa.

Pencils Sharpened at Both Ends. — I find advantage in using a lead pencil sharpened at both ends. Not only is it convenient to have two points to your pencil, to avoid the necessity of stopping your work to whittle in case the lead may break, but I find that it affords relief in writing to turn the pencil I am using end for end occasionally. Most shorthand writers habitually use pencils sharpened at both ends.

L. O. S.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

Filing Cuts and Biographies. — Now that portraits are such a common feature of newspapers, portrait blocks are bound to accumulate in every newspaper composing-room. Unless some system for taking care of them is adopted, the cuts are likely to get injured, and when one is wanted it frequently cannot be found until after long and persistent search. Perhaps the simplest effective plan for handling cuts and the biographies that go with them is that which is described as follows: In a strong pasteboard box are arranged twenty-six envelopes lettered from A to Z. The flap of each envelope is tucked inside, so that the interior of the envelope is accessible. When a new portrait cut is made, a proof of it is taken, and the slip, numbered "1," for instance, is filed, with the accompanying biographical matter, in the envelope bearing the initial of the subject's name. The cut is numbered "1," with ink, to correspond, and is put on its edge on a shelf, with the number outside, so that it will show. When a cut is wanted, the editor turns to the proper envelope, and the proofslip enclosed shows the number of the block, which is thus instantly available. If the number of cuts in the office is very large, it will be well to subdivide the initial letters on the "first letter and first vowel" system — the five "B" envelopes, for instance, being marked "Ba," "Be," "Bi," "Bo," "Bu." Under this system biographical material relating to "Brown" would be filed in the "Bo" envelope. J. D. H.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

Ink for Writing on Glass. — The writer who does not wear a diamond, and who may sometime want to write a quatrain on a window pane, may prepare an ink that will serve his purpose as follows: Heat over a hot water bath: —

White gum lac	10 parts.
Venice turpentine	5 parts.
Rectified turpentine	15 parts.

When the solution is complete, add five parts of lampblack. Then produce the quatrain.

A. A. H.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saving Manuscript Paper. — C. D. J., and all others who rewrite largely and wish to save manuscript paper, will find the following plan an excellent one: Select the unsealed envelopes that come in nearly every mail, rejecting those that are not gummed. Straighten the flaps and lay the envelopes, addressed side down, in a neat pile, one on top of the other, until there are twelve or fifteen of them. Moisten the gum on the flap of the envelope at the bottom of the heap, press the flap of the next envelope down upon it. Moisten the gum on the second, and press the third down upon that, etc., until all are fastened. Then with a pen or paper knife cut the ends of the envelopes, and open each one. This makes a convenient writing tablet or pad upon which to make the first draft of an article, and there is

a great deal of satisfaction in tearing off the leaves, one after another, as the article is copied. Each envelope makes a sheet nearly as large as commercial note paper, and more may be added at either top or bottom, as they are needed. B. D.

South Kaukauna, Wis.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of The Writer will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention The Writer when they write.]

Wild Flowers of English Speech in America. Edward Eggleston. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

Matthew Arnold. With portrait. Florence Earle Coates. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

Lincoln's Literary Experiments. John G. Nicolay. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

The Head of Sir Walter Scott. T. T. Munger. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

A Gentle Warning to Lecturers. Agnes Repplier. *Forum* (28 c.) for April.

Tennyson's Religion. With portrait. Rev. W. H. Savage. *Arena* (53 c.) for April.

Mr. Ruskin in Relation to Modern Problems. E. T. Cook. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* (48 c.) for April.

Private History of the "Jumping Frog" Story. Mark Twain. *North American Review* (53 c.) for April.

French Caricature of To-day. Arsène Alexandre. *Scribner's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

Mrs. Cecile Viets Jamison. With portrait. Olive Otis. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for April.

Matthew Arnold. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for March.

A Word for Hannah More. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for March.

Is the West in Literary Bondage? George Hamlin Fitch. *Californian* (28 c.) for January.

The Moral Responsibility of the Press. William A. Spalding. *Californian* (28 c.) for January.

The Only Literary Success Worth Having. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

How I Wrote "Looking Backward." With portrait. Edward Bellamy. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for April.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. With portrait. Alice Graham McCollin. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for April.

My Literary Passions. W. D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for April.

George W. Childs. With full-page portrait. *Leisure Hours* (13 c.) for March.

The Librarian Among His Books. (Interview with A. R. Spofford). Julian Hawthorne. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

A Century of the Telegraph in France. W. Lodian. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

The Late Professor Tyndall. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

Points in Library Management. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

Nature in Old English Poetry. Richard Burton. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

Early Latin Poetry. R. Y. Tyrrell. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

Bronson Alcott. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

A Pale Girl's Face. The history of a scoop. A story. Ewan Macpherson. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

Popular Taste in Literature. — The Reporter as a Detective. Editor's Study. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

Some Great Libraries of the United States. S. G. W. Benjamin. *Worthington's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

American English. Richard Burton. *Worthington's Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

The Making of a Metropolitan Newspaper. C. P. Stine. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for January.

The Story of a Lost Letter. Facts about the United States Postal Service. Arthur Field. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for April.

The Art of Illustration. W. Lewis Frazer. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for March.

A Philadelphia Illustrator (Joseph Pennell). *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for March.

Are Intellectual Women Lovable? Junius Henri Browne. *Worthington's Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

The Philosophy of Authorship. Paul Siegvolk. *New York Home Journal* (8 c.) for January 17.

Sir Walter Scott's First Love. Caroline H. Dall. *Nation* (13 c.) for March 8.

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for March 3.

Early Recollections of Tennyson. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for March 10.

Photo-telegraphy. *Photographic Times* (18 c.) for March 30.

William D. McCrackan. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for January 25.

Hamlin Garland. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for March 8.

Walter Blackburn Harte. With portrait. Ernest Newton Bagg. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for March 15.

James Whitcomb Riley. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for March 22.

Joseph Howard, Jr. With portrait. *Journalist* (13 c.) for March 24.

The Making of Great Paris Dailies. With portraits. R. Lodian. *Journalist* (13 c.) for March 24.

My First Book. Reprinted from the *Idler* in *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for March 10.

William Frederick Poole, LL. D. With portrait. H. D. Suddith. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for March 10.

Thomas Hardy. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for March 24.

A. Conan Doyle. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for March 31.

John Kendrick Bangs. Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 17.

JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY ("The *Danbury News* Man"). With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* for March 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

William Frederick Poole, the originator of "Poole's Index," died in Chicago March 1.

George Ticknor Curtis died in New York City March 28.

Miss Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," is engaged to be married. Her betrothed, who is four or five years younger than the bride, is Cron Wright, the son of a well-known South African farmer and member of the Cape Parliament.

The good-will and plant of *Godey's Magazine* have been sold for $5,000 to Harry Wakefield Bates. A corporation is now being organized to take over the title and continue the publication of the magazine.

The publishers of *Storiettes* (New York) offers a bicycle as a prize for the best bicycle story of from 2,000 to 3,000 words, written by a cyclist and sent in before July 4.

The trustees for Dartmouth college have announced the offer for 1894 for the Fletcher prize of $500 for the best essay calculated to counteract the present tendency to a "Fatal Conformity to the World." The following subjects are assigned, with the date at which each essay is to be forwarded: (1.) "In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified?" December 31, 1894; (2.) "Should any restrictions, legal or moral, be placed upon the accumulation of wealth?" December 31, 1896; (3.) "How can education be made a greater safeguard against materialism?" December 31, 1898. These subjects may be treated singly or in course. No essay is to exceed 250 pages of 270 words each. A circular containing further particulars will be forwarded to those who apply to William Jewett Tucker, president of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., mentioning THE WRITER.

The American Peace Society offers three prizes of $100, $50, and $25 for the three best essays on "The Economic Waste of War," written by seniors or juniors in American colleges. Full information is given in the January number of the *Advocate of Peace* (Boston).

The annual announcement of Mrs. Crawshay's literary prizes is as follows: Bryon-Shelley-Keats In Memoriam (endowed) Yearly Prizes, for the Best Essay in English, Written by a Woman of Any Nation. — The prizes for 1894 will be as follows: Shelley's "Mont Blanc" — first prize, £10; second prize, £5. Shelley's "Letter to Maria Gisborne" — first prize, £10; second prize, £5. Byron's "The Prophecy of Dante" — first prize, £5; second prize, £2 10s. Bryon's "The Morgante Maggiore" — first prize, £5; second prize, £2 10s. Byron's "Hints from Horace" — first prize, £5; second prize, £2 10s. Bryon's "The Devil's Drive" — first prize, £5; second prize, £2 10s. Keats' "Sonnets" (20) — one prize, £5. Essays to be sent before June 1, 1894, to Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, Cathedine, Bwlch, Breconshire. Prizes awarded in August, 1894. Essays not to exeed ten pages of twenty-one lines in length. Only one side of the paper to be written on. A narrow margin to be left. Pages to be numbered. The writer's name and address *in full*, to be written on the back of the last page, also Christian name. Pages to be fastened together with a metal clip at the left hand corner at the top. Competitors may send in essays on all the subjects, but cannot be awarded more than one *first* prize. Essays will be returned to those competitors only who enclose a stamped and addressed cover. The subject of each essay to be named *outside* the wrapper and posted *singly*; if this be not done, essays will be destroyed unread. Essays may be typed if desired. Winners of prizes are disqualified from taking prizes in after years.

A new monthly magazine called *Books and Authors*, and devoted to current religious literature, has been started by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The April number contains a sketch of Professor George D. Herron by B. Fay Mills, accompanied by a portrait.

Labouchère's income from *Truth* is eighty thousand dollars a year. It was born about twenty years ago. Inheriting a large fortune from an uncle, Mr. Labouchère was able to spend money on his very clever weekly until it grew strong enough in popular favor to be a source of abounding revenue. It is sometimes a blessing to have a rich uncle.

Babyland and *Our Little Women*, heretofore published by the D. Lothrop Company, will be published hereafter by the Alpha Publishing Company, 212 Boylston street, Boston. The *Pansy* will continue to be published by the D. Lothrop Company, and edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden.

The *Argosy* (New York) which was started as the *Golden Argosy* December 2, 1882, being then an eight-page weekly paper, the size of *Harper's Weekly*, has changed its form now to that of *Munsey's Magazine*, and will hereafter be published monthly.

Rudyard Kipling's new poem, "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas," was copyrighted in this country March 19, by D. Appleton & Co. The *Critic* says: "As single poems and short stories by the more distinguished English writers are regularly set up and copyrighted nowadays in this country, exchange editors and minor publishers must indeed be lynx-eyed to avoid infringements of copyright and all that follows."

Romance (New York) is printing this year a series illustrating the different varieties of the short story. Thus a group of three tales illustrating the story of adventure appears in the April number; a group of three illustrating the realistic story will be published in May; of romantic stories, in June; of sea stories, in July; of mystery stories, in August; and so on.

The title of the novel which Charles Dudley Warner has written for publication in *Harper's Magazine* later in the year is "The Golden House." It is a story of New York society, a sequel to the same author's "A Little Journey in the World," and will be illustrated with characteristic pictures by W. T. Smedley.

With the April number ("Midwinter Fair Number") the editorial and business control of the *Overland Monthly* will be assumed by Rounsevelle Wildman, late United States consul at Singapore, and at Barmen, Germany. Mr. Wildman has been more recently the proprietor of the *Idaho Statesman*, Boise City, and is also known in literature as a contributor of stories and sketches to *Harper's Weekly*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals.

Charles L. Webster & Co. will issue, April 15, Mark Twain's new story, "Tom Sawyer Abroad," by Huck Finn, edited by Mark Twain. It is a continuation of the adventures of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and "Nigger Jim," and will, no doubt, be received with delight by their many admirers.

What is called by the *Cosmopolitan* (New York) the "most interesting literary event of the age" is the publication, in its April number, of a Corsican story by Napoleon. It is from "a manuscript prepared by Napoleon when a boy and confided to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch."

The *Journalist* (New York) celebrated its tenth birthday anniversary March 24. The *Journalist* is indispensable to any one who wants to keep informed of the doings of newspapers and newspaper men throughout the country. Editor Forman is to be congratulated on its success.

The *Photographic Times* (New York) for April 6 will contain an interesting account of an interview with Edison, and a description of his latest invention — the kinetoscope. The article is illustrated by some photographic reproductions of pictures taken by the instrument. The rest of the magazine is made up of matter interesting to every photographer, amateur or professional.

The *Literary Northwest*, of St. Paul, Minn., has been merged into the *Midland Monthly*, of Des Moines, Iowa, of which Johnson Brigham is the editor.

A Society of Illustrators has just been organized in London, its object being to protect the interests and defend the rights of its members — the same work, in short, that the Society of Authors is supposed to do for writers.

The variety of the April *Century* is enhanced by a paper by Dr. Edward Eggleston, entitled "Wild Flowers of English Speech in America," a topic upon which Dr. Eggleston may be considered an expert. To the same number Mrs. Florence Earle Coates contributes a biographical and critical paper on Matthew Arnold, dealing with his literary and religious influence; and a portrait of Mr. Arnold, engraved by Tietze, is published as the frontispiece of the magazine.

Lovell, Coryell, & Co., who have just removed to a new location at the corner of Sixth avenue and West Twentieth street, New York, announce a cheaper popular edition of Mrs. Oliphant's survey of the literary activities of the last sixty years, entitled: "The Victorian Age of English Literature."

The circulation of the *Forum* has increased very largely since the price was reduced to twenty-five cents a copy, or $3 a year. The quality of the magazine is as excellent as ever. The publishers say: "The aim of the *Forum* has been to be worthy of its thoughtful patronage; and it will henceforth be better than ever before."

Both letter-press and pictures in the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for April are of the highest excellence. An admirable article by Cosmo Monkhouse on John Macallan Swan, A. R. A., is one of the most interesting features of the number. The frontispiece is an original etching by David Law.

A life of the late Lucy Larcom is being prepared by Rev. Dulaney Addison, of Beverly, Mass., who asks for the loan of letters in possession of Miss Larcom's friends that may be helpful to him.

Arsène Alexandre, the author of a recent work on French caricature, contributes to *Scribner's* for April a bright account of the work of Forain, Caran d'Ache, Robida, and others who make the humorous and satirical papers of Paris to-day. In the same number Austin Dobson describes the famous book shop of Robert Dodsley and the noted company who were wont to be seen there.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* (New York) for May contains 377 illustrations by 155 well-known artists, including twenty-seven portraits of American artists, reproduced from photographs. This periodical is invaluable to those who wish to study the best examples of the latest methods of book and magazine illustration.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) is published monthly now. The March number contains brief biographies of Nathaniel P. Willis, Andrew Lang, William Winter, and several minor poets.

Edwin L. Shuman, of the *Chicago Journal* staff, has in press a volume entitled "Steps into Journalism," which treats of newspaper work as a more or less exact science, and lays down its laws in an informal way for beginners, local correspondents, and reporters. It attempts to answer, among other things, the burning question of the would-be contributor — why editors reject manuscripts.

Leisure Hours (Philadelphia), which published in its March number the best portrait of George William Childs yet printed, has in its April number a large portrait of Mr. Gladstone that is equally good.

For the first time since her marriage, Mrs. Herbert D. Ward drops her husband's name and writes for the April number of the *Century* a striking story, "The Supply at St. Agatha's," over the familiar name of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Her reason for taking up the old name again, it is said, is because her present story is purely in the line of her earlier efforts.

St. Nicholas for April has a sketch of the life of Mrs. C. V. Jamison, author of that very popular story, "Lady Jane," and its successor, "Toinette's Philip," the concluding chapter of which is published in the same number. The sketch is accompanied by a youthful portrait of Mrs. Jamison, taken from an oil painting.

The system of aërial telegraphy invented by Claude Chappe is described in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April by Walter Lodian in a fully illustrated article, entitled "A Century of the Telegraph in France."

The *Educational Review* (New York) has arranged for a series of striking studies of the spirit and ideals of the chief American universities, the first of which, written by George Santayana, and relating to Harvard College, appears in the April number.

Mrs. Molesworth, the popular writer of children's stories, is a woman of Scotch and English parentage, born in Holland. She is a believer in methodical work, and makes it a rule to sit down at a certain hour and compel herself to write two pages. If, at the expiration of that time, she finds she is not in the mood for writing, she puts her work aside and renews the attempt later.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, MAY, 1894. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

WRITER'S CRAMP: ITS NATURE AND ITS CURE. *Julius Wolff.* 65
CORRECTNESS, SNAP, AND SUCCESS. *Marion Barton Bell.* 69
EDITORIAL. 70
A Cure for Writer's Cramp, 70 — Typewriter Letters and Signatures, 70 — Incomes of Writers in England, 70 — Ambidexterity, 71 — Poetry and Poverty, 71 — An Awkward Phrase. 71
A VISION OF LITERARY GHOSTS. *Margaretta M. Morley.* 71
REJECTION SLIPS. *Harriet Caryl Cox.* 71
QUERIES. 72
THE SCRAP BASKET. 73
BOOK REVIEWS. 73
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 75
Pigeon-hole Extension, 75 — To Mend Torn Pages. . 76
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 76
NEWS AND NOTES. 77

WRITER'S CRAMP: ITS NATURE AND ITS CURE.

In order to understand writer's cramp it is necessary to remember what physiologically is involved in the education of the muscles to perform certain complicated acts. The will does not pick out the muscles which are to be brought into play to hold a pen; it simply directs itself to the result. The combination or coördination of the muscles is determined by the will, but is effected by another agency.

The performance of writing is a very complicated process, requiring for its efficient performance the integrity of a great number of different parts, which the books explain at length, but the naming of the various muscles and nerves is not necessary here. Failure in any one portion of the moving apparatus interferes with the production of the movement that is required, and the kind of failure is determined by the location of the lesion, or, in other words, by the nature of the process, or function, which is lost or disturbed. The pen movements may be guided partially by the eye, but the guidance is defective for the most complicated acts. If the motor nerve be damaged, the muscle is pro tanto palsied. If the sensory nerves be injured, sensation is defective. If the sense of muscular condition be in abeyance, the power to control either the kind or force of contraction is without its guide. Many movements are automatic; we adopt them without education and without effort; others are the result of laborious practice. It would seem that the body is naturally endowed with certain paths or lines of nerve-action, along which all moves easily.

But the process of education in performing writing consists in frequent repetition by an act of the will of certain complicated movements. Repetition makes them easy, until at length they are executed without effort, and almost unconsciously. By education what was once difficult and required effort becomes more and more easy and at last automatic. It cannot be doubted that some changes may and do take place in the nutrition of the parts, through which these lines of nerve-action run, and their education involves structural alteration in the organs. No man writes well who has not keen sight and quick sense of touch, just as no man plays the violin well who has not an acute ear and a delicate power of feeling in his fingers. In all cases of educated movement some "sense" is needed, and it is an important element in the process by which the result is obtained. What happens in writer's cramp and like maladies is a perverted nutrition of the parts, a worn-out activity, or a degeneration, which may arise without over exertion. The

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

disease is known to pass readily from one side of the body to the other.

Coördination of movement is a most complex process, requiring integrity of sensation, as well as of motor nerve and of cerebellum. The real mischief may be some want of limiting and guiding influence ordinarily through sensation from external impressions. Although we speak of this kind as "cramp," there is not an actual condition of cramp. The muscles are not paralyzed, and are equal to all other work, except the particular actions in which they acquired the disability. There is impotence in respect to the particular position and movements involved for writing. There is no disorder of intelligence, no lack of ideas, and the motor apparatus is intact; but the muscles, so long and constantly employed in the prehension of the pen, the poising of the hand and forearm, and in the movement of the pen, become unequal to the task.

Under the head of writer's "cramp" are included various morbid conditions, for it is only in common that they disturb or render impossible the delicate and complicated movements required for writing. It is impossible to classify with any degree of accuracy the several forms in accordance with their genesis, while the symptoms of disturbance of, or interference with, particular vocations, which is common to them, keeps them sufficiently together in practice.

Three divisions are suggested by Benedict — the spastic, the tremulous, and the paralytic form.

It may not be amiss to give quite in detail the symptomatology of the disease as set forth by various authors, for no two persons are afflicted exactly alike, and those who suspect they may be afflicted will thus be able to determine with more accuracy whether the symptoms apply to their own case.

The spasms of the hand, with incoördination, which are manifested in writing appear most frequently within the territory of the median nerve, of the radial nerve, or, finally, of the ulnar nerve. the spasm in the direction of the median nerve may be tonic, in which case the thumb and index finger are curved inward and seize the pen convulsively; at other times the spasm is clonic, and then these two members are forced to perform a movement of propulsion, which often causes the pen to twirl around its own axis, or presses the pen firmly to the paper.

In the beginning of the affection — and it comes like a thief in the night — a disagreeable sensation of tension in the hand is felt only after the patient has been writing for a long time, and hardly attracts attention at first, until the hand becomes more and more fatigued, and, together with the fingers, soon becomes attacked with tremor, which forces the patient to rest frequently while writing. As this difficulty in writing becomes more marked, the formation of the thick and fine strokes becomes interfered with, and the letters become small, poorly formed, and indistinct. When the attempt is made to correct this imperfection by increasing the attention and the efforts to handle the pen, an increase in the spasms and weakness of the arm and hand are the result. This is soon followed by complete spasm of the flexors and extensors, and contraction in certain muscles of the fingers, producing a painful tension, more marked in the extensor muscles of the forearm, but involving even the muscles of the shoulder and thorax. The growth of the disability is slow, but sure.

Fatigue in the much-used muscles, pain in the forearm, in the wrist, and in the hand are experienced. So strong is the sense of fatigue, and it may be pain, that the arm is steadied, and the pen is seized with a firmer grip, and great efforts are made to relieve the fatigued muscles by writing with the whole arm. The writing changes its character and becomes irregular. The muscles of the first three fingers after a time are given to fibrillary trembling. The thumb is especially affected, and is also often the seat of a dull, aching pain.

Finally, writing becomes impossible. The pen is taken up, a strong effort of the will tries to force the muscles to the task, but they obstinately refuse to execute the movements. Supervision of the higher senses over the muscular movement ceases to be exercised. In other words, the mode of writing becomes largely automatic. For a time the patient writes better, when he is not occupied in directing the

formation of every letter, and allows the muscles, as it were, to take care of themselves. Constantly, however, he feels the necessity of mental action, and this action invariably increases the difficulty, until the very moment the attempt is made to write, the pen, actuated by the muscles of the fingers, executes such disorderly movements as to bear no analogy whatever to the words which he attempts to write.

The spasm is much worse if the patient is excited or is particularly anxious to do his best. Besides fibrillary trembling, a condition of tonic spasm seizes the thumb and flexors of the fingers. It is quite natural that the great efforts which the patient makes to relieve the fatigued muscles should affect his nerves, and the oftener he fails, the more nervous he becomes. We may safely assert that very seldom is a sufferer from writer's cramp and similar muscular affections entirely free from nervousness. There are still other groups of cases in which marked paresis or weakness of the flexors of the thumb and fingers exist. I have always noticed that all the symptoms mentioned occur only during, and shortly after, the patient has been engaged in his special act of writing, telegraphing, piano-playing, or similar work, disappearing after a few moments' rest, to appear again on the resumption of the same action. A patient with writer's cramp may perform all other acts with the hand and arm with impunity, except writing. In many cases he can write with a pencil for a short time comparatively well, but as soon as he attempts to use the pen, his muscles do not obey his will. The same applies to all other mechanical occupations.

The telegraph operator is very often able to write or draw without the slightest difficulty, but as soon as he touches the key, he is powerless. I could mention many similar cases.

Now let us consider the theory, for it is only theory, as to the nature of this difficulty. From my point of view I divide all cases of this kind into two classes, local and central.

It is only those of the local cases that I attempt to cure. It is my first duty, consequently, to determine first the nature of the case before me. If it is a central one, I have generally found that not only the special muscles used in writing, telegraphing, etc., are affected, but that the whole arm, very often the whole side of the body, shows a paralytic condition, generally accompanied by a sort of severe tremor or numbness. This, however, is not always so. Now, as to the local cases; generally, as I have said already, both nerves and muscles are affected.

I come now to the most critical point of this distressing disease, to the causes. They are as various, I think, as the effects. From my experience I divide the causes into three classes: (1) weakness of the nerves, (2) weakness of the muscles, and (3) weakness of both nerves and muscles.

The nervous system is so complicated and so finely organized, that it is very difficult to understand why sufferers from these troubles are able to perform their usual duties without difficulty to-day and find themselves helpless to-morrow. It is equally hard to account for the fact that some are much more disposed to contract these troubles than others. In cases of this kind, more or less disturbance of the activity of the nerves is apparent, causing in a great many cases an oversensitiveness. This I will illustrate as follows: Some patients when alone can get along with their work fairly well, but when they are conscious of observation they are more or less disturbed. The same can be said of one afflicted with any impediment of speech, or with stuttering. He will talk with much less difficulty when he is unobserved than when he is closely watched.

The second cause is weakness of the muscles. Particular muscles of the hand and arm may be constantly exercised in daily duties and become very strong, while others, through unintentional neglect, become correspondingly weak and flabby. This uneven condition will eventually produce cramps and trembling of the weak muscles, which later on will be conveyed to the stronger muscles, that should work in harmony with the weak ones.

The third cause is weakness of both nerves and muscles. These cases are by far the more numerous and, unfortunately, the more difficult ones, and require great patience and painstaking effort on my part, as well as on the part of the patients, and are due to an overworked condition of both muscles and nerves. I have

never been able to discover positively, and with perfect satisfaction to myself, which condition is primary and which secondary. Is the low condition of the nerves consequent on that of the muscles, or is the reverse the case?

Naturally, one would suppose that perfect rest would benefit these sufferers, but it seldom does. When rest is found to cure a supposed case of this kind, one can safely say that the patient was never truly affected by real writer's cramp.

The means employed in my method of treatment are very simple, consisting in massage and gymnastic exercises. To repeat what Dr. Douglass Graham says in his book "On Massage," the vaguest generalities exist as to the manner of doing massage, even among the best authors on the subject. It is no matter how precisely and carefully worded the description of it may be, it is not likely to be comprehended, unless one sees, feels, and attempts to do massage himself, and compares his efforts with those of others; for massage, though it may be studied as a science, has, like everything else in medicine and surgery, to be practiced as an art; and the same may be said of this that Dr. John Hilton said of surgery: "There is much that cannot be systematized, that cannot be conveyed from mind to mind in books and articles."

The gymnastics are active and passive motions, consisting in stretching and contracting the arm and fingers. The fundamental methods of my treatment can easily be conceived by every medical man, but it is not the same with the execution. This must be adapted to every special case. First of all, the really affected muscles must be recognized and subjected to treatment by massage and gymnastics in a special manner. To do that requires experience, accurate knowledge of the manifold appearances of the writer's cramp, and a certain natural ability.

A leading factor in the development of my method was my experience as a teacher of penmanship, especially as regards the manner of holding and guiding the pen. Both should for each individual be adapted to the individual formation of the hand and forearm, and not according to a general or normal rule. This is not only the main point, but the basis of my treatment. Writer's cramp cannot be cured according to a general rule, or according to a specified method. No two hands are alike, and while general precepts in writing may be observed, the rules must be modified and adapted to the individual. A method must be found for the hand in question — not the reverse. Each individual hand must be studied, not only by the anatomist as to its form and the formation of all its muscles, not only by the physiologist in reference to the functions and actions of the muscles, but, above all, by the teacher of writing in reference to the special and particular way in which the individual holds his pen and writes, what muscles he prefers to make use of. No two men perform the action of writing in exactly the same manner, and writer's cramp does not affect the very same muscles with equal intensity in all cases. It needs not only a good physician, but a good and experienced teacher of writing to recognize quickly the muscles principally affected, and consequently direct the treatment where it rightly belongs. These muscles have in one sense to be taught writing over again. They must work correctly and coördinate themselves accurately in respect to this occupation alone. I have said before that the patients can perform any other work, except writing, without being seized by cramps. The affected extremity needs no general massage, no general gymnastics, no general tonic treatment, because it is in nowise impaired in its general usefulness; it needs, so to say, restoration of one particular functional ability, and to do this, an adept, or expert conversant with the occupation, and capable of imparting it to others, is, above all, fitted for the task, if he combines his dexterity in that particular occupation with sufficient anatomical and physiological knowledge. Before I begin my treatment, I always examine the patient's mode and style of writing, the way he holds his pen, the position of the arm, hand, and fingers, the movements he makes, the way he has adopted in upward and downward strokes, in vertical, horizontal, or slanting directions. I study his individual method of writing, and notice all the faults in the same.

During the treatment, while the normal functions of the affected muscles are being restored, the patient receives instruction in the correct

position for holding the pen, and in the method of writing, as adapted to his individuality. I have mentioned only penmanship as an example. All other functional disturbances in the occupations of telegraphing, typewriting, piano and violin playing have to be treated exactly in the same manner. I have studied and practiced them all; I can telegraph and I play the piano and violin, I can sew and knit, and am well acquainted with all mechanical manual occupations.

There are more patients afflicted with this complaint in the new world than in the old. America stands preëminent in every kind of work that requires manual dexterity and skill. American workmen, besides, accomplish more in a given time than those of any other country. The high extent to which division of labor has been carried here has a good deal to do with this. The spirit of competition here is greater than anywhere else.

If one lady writes 2,000 envelopes in one day, another one immediately strives to break the record by an additional hundred. This holds good in all departments of technical labor. Untold numbers of people are affected, partially or completely, by this disease, and lose to a greater or less degree their chance for earning a livelihood. These, I maintain, can almost all be cured.

Julius Wolff.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CORRECTNESS, SNAP, AND SUCCESS.

A score and more of years of contributing ought to make it possible for a writer to throw out some hints that might prove useful to new, if not young, writers; and probably they will not feel hurt if the shoes offered fit so well that they can wear them.

Of course, to be an accepted contributor means more than appears upon the surface, and sharp eyes are needed to look beneath the top of the waters of discouragement to find the real reason why papers are so often declined, with or without thanks. Who cares to receive the printed slips that tell that the editor is *grateful* for the *privilege* of reading the rejected manuscript.

Now, what is the reason that it is returned, — that is, allowing that sometimes the hopper is full, or the editorial purse low?

New writers who seize upon some passing fad, some taking item that is of interest, and can work it up to a successful point, often run right up to the top of the ladder that others are still climbing with difficulty. But it is not every one who can write an entertaining letter to a friend, who can write an article that is worth hard cash to a busy editor who has a vast amount of material at his disposal. Natural gifts count for a great deal, but grammar and *punctuation* count for quite as much. How tiresome it is to be jerked back by a semi-colon when a comma (only a breath) is all that needs to find place in the lines; and how very unnecessary new writers think it is to *study* punctuation.

Then the articles often lack *snap;* they are written in a desultory, letterish style, that makes the editor weary. Editors who sit beyond the closed doors of their sanctums are not half so mean as they are thought to be. They know a desirable thing when they see it, and their fingers are so trained by experience that they can tell a good manuscript almost by touch.

But take the opinion of one who knows, if you will, for it is true: a well-written, well-punctuated, snappy article, that does *not* bear the wear and tear of travel, must find a resting place when it arrives at the proper door; for even with plenty on hand, few editors will not push others aside for what pleases their taste and fancy.

Marion Barton Bell.

ORANGE, N. J.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington Street (Rooms 9 and 10),
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. MAY, 1894. NO. 5.

The article in this number of THE WRITER on "Writer's Cramp," by Julius Wolff, a teacher of penmanship at Frankfort-on-the-Main, who is now in New York, will undoubtedly be read with special interest. Mr. Wolff's method of treatment may be described as follows: It consists of a combined employment of gymnastics and massage. The gymnastics are of two kinds: First, active, in which the patient moves the fingers, hands, forearms, and arms in all directions possible, each muscle being made to contract from six to twelve times, with considerable force, and with a pause after each movement, the whole exercise not exceeding thirty minutes, and being repeated two or three times daily; second, passive, in which the same movements are made as in the former, except that each one is arrested by another person in a steady and regular manner. This may be repeated as often as the active exercise. Massage is to be practiced daily for about twenty minutes, beginning at the periphery; percussion of the muscles is considered an essential part of the massage. Combined with this are peculiar lessons in pen-prehension and writing. Mr. Wolff has had great success in the treatment of writer's cramp abroad.

***

No one has ever yet been able to explain why it is that people who own typewriters, and use them for making manuscripts, so frequently think it necessary to write the letters to accompany them with a pen, or to sign the manuscripts with a pen-written, instead of a machine-written, name. Every one knows, of course, that a typewritten signature to a business document or an important letter is not regarded as a signature in a court of law, and so there is a reason why important letters or contracts should be signed with a pen, but for ordinary letters — like one submitting a manuscript to an editor, for instance — a typewritten signature is all right. Just as a manuscript should never be offered pen-written if typewriting is possible, so a letter sent with a manuscript should always be typewritten, if the writer possesses a machine — signature and all. The reason is, of course, that the typewritten letter is more legible than one written with a pen, and in the signature especially legibility is a matter of some consequence. Even people who write a fairly legible hand often write their names so blindly that a skilful proof-reader would be puzzled to make them out. The typewriter overcomes this difficulty. Why not use it, when it is at hand?

***

Writing of the incomes of the professional classes in England, Price Collier in the February number of the *Forum* estimates that there are probably about 250 people in England who are making some kind of a living at writing novels. Of these, about fifty, with this and other work, clear more than $5,000 a year; a dozen make $10,000; and perhaps two or three, $15,000. Essayists and poets, as a rule, make nothing, and the great majority of novelists

make nothing. Journalists of the first rank make $5,000 a year, but, except a very few editors, none reach $10,000. Journalists who are reporters or paragraphists, and do all kinds of work, make from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. It would be interesting to get authentic figures regarding the incomes of literary workers in the United States — but authentic figures of this kind have never been secured as yet. There is a sort of glittering generality, indeed, about the estimates that Mr. Collier gives.

***

The ability to write with either hand at will, or with both hands at once, used to be a very rare accomplishment, but a good many authors have it now. They use the typewriter.

***

It is an odd fact that "poetry" is an anagram for "poverty," with one letter lacking — and that letter is a "V"!

***

"So utterly unnecessary an unhappy ending" (April WRITER. p. 58) was really so uttterly unnecessary an unhappy sentence, that it is not strange that one of the readers of THE WRITER should devote a postal card to objecting to it.

W. H. H.

A VISION OF LITERARY GHOSTS.

He had been writing busily all the evening. At length he came to the last paragraph. After composing an elaborate note to the Editor, he folded his manuscript, sealed and addressed the envelope, and rang for his servant to put it in the post. This done, he "betook himself to his couch."

But the night was warm, and he could not sleep. The air seemed to be filled with voices.

Presently a woman's voice rose higher than the rest and said: "My name is Gladys, yet I am not glad. I am a heroine. My author states that I am beautiful, with a snow-white skin, ebon hair, ruby lips, and emerald eyes. I am appalled at this description, and am afraid to be alone with myself!"

Then a melancholy voice replied: "Thou art not alone, fair Gladys; for I, the heavy villain, am obliged to follow thee over the earth. I grow extremely weary, yet find the pursuit not so humiliating as that solecism which constrains me, in the last chapter, to kill myself in France by eating a poison persimmon — a fruit which is not poisonous, and which does not grow in France. Ah, woe is me!"

Here a third voice cried: "Your shame is great, but scarcely equals mine. I! I use bad grammar on the very first page! I 'laugh' every remark I make, or 'frown,' or 'storm,' or 'rage' it; but never, *never* simply *say* it, as other people do. I am 'garmented' in men's clothes; I smoke furiously, and from time to time exclaim 'By Jove!' and pull my long moustache — yet I am only an animated broomstick, and not a man."

Whereupon a small, childish voice made moan: "But my trouble is greater still; for behold in me a weird monstrosity. I am a child who never said a childish thing!"

"And we!" cried a whole chorus of voices. "Pray listen to us! From beginning to end, *we* have been obliged to prattle about the heroine's virtues, the villain's knavery, and the hero's love. Not a word of interest has ever passed our lips, just because we were created to 'help the plot along.'"

At last the writer slept.

A few days later his manuscript was returned, "with thanks."

Said he: "I wonder why?"

Margaretta M. Morley.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

REJECTION SLIPS.

In looking over a box full of rejection slips, one cannot help being amused at the different wording.

One magazine has a large supply of matter already on hand, etc. — from which the untried author would think that if it were not for the articles already on hand, his humble effort would be taken.

Another says that the article is not exactly suited to the wants of the publication to which it was sent, but doubtless it will find acceptance elsewhere. This in very many cases is likely to be true.

Others briefly say that they have no use for the article, which they now return with regrets.

The astonishing part of it all, however, is the gratitude the editors seem to feel for the "honor" of having been enabled to read the article! To take rejection slips at exactly what they say would be to believe that really your article is quite wonderful, and that the editor is honored and pleased at having been able to read it; furthermore, there is no doubt but that some other editor will find it exactly suited to his needs; for "rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit."

Now, why can't editors use a simple business form that expresses what they mean, and yet which does not imply that the author is a soft-hearted creature who will be crushed by a refusal?

If the author is going into the fight, he must expect to be treated in a business-like way.

If the editor doesn't want his goods, that is enough, let him return them; but don't, I beg, enclose those wearisome slips.

How I blessed the editor who enclosed with my rejected story a bit of paper, on which was written, "Not available."

This was sensible.

Of course, we writers don't like refusals — no one does. But we expect them, and editors can make them less unwelcome if they will only remedy the wording of their rejection slips.

ABINGTON, Mass. *Harriet Caryl Cox.*

QUERIES.

Which is right, "To-morrow is Sunday," or "To-morrow will be Sunday"? A. F. G.

[The editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, who recently answered a similar question, took the ground that, according to the technical rules of grammar, the phrase "to-morrow is" is correct. That which is always true in given conditions, he said, should, when stated within those conditions, be put in the present tense. Moreover, he argued, "to-morrow is" is sanctioned by the best usage, which is the ultimate test of correctness in speech. He cited examples from the standard English version of the Bible, as follows: "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath," Ex. xvi: 23; "To-morrow is the feast of the Lord," Ex. xxxvi: 5; "Behold, to-morrow is the new moon," I. Samuel xx: 5. And so in Shakespeare: "To-morrow is the joyful day," "As You Like It," Act iv., scene 3; "Know to-morrow is the wedding day," "Taming of the Shrew," Act iii., scene 1; "And say, to-morrow is St. Crispin," "Henry V.," Act iv., scene 3; "For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day," "Richard III.," Act v., scene 3.

It is hard, of course, to oppose such authorities as the Bible and Shakespeare, but as a matter of fact they are not infallible, so far as their use of English is concerned, and in the case of "to morrow is" it is doubtful if their usage in the passages quoted coincides with that of the language of the present day. It is the habit of English-speaking people to put future things into the future tense, and even though "to-morrow is" may seem technically correct, the futurity of the idea makes the use of the future tense not only allowable, but natural and desirable. The argument that "to-morrow" exists only with relation to "to-day" applies equally well to "yesterday," but no one would think of saying for that reason, "Yesterday is Friday." "Yesterday was Friday" and "To-morrow will be Sunday" are equally correct for common usage. The grammarian and the purist may stick to "To-morrow is Sunday," if they will. — W. H. H.]

Can THE WRITER, or any reader thereof, tell me the name of the author of a poem entitled "Magdalena"? It is a story of a lady of Seville, in Spain. I have asked for the author's name several times, and of as many publications, in vain; and now I come to THE WRITER for similar information. I shall be grateful to any one for the information desired. N. H.

[The editor of THE WRITER has never seen the poem referred to. Can any reader give "N. H." the information desired? — W. H. H.]

Which is the higher authority, the dictionary or the rhetorics? For example: "To consider." One of its definitions in Webster is "to estimate, think, regard, view; as, I consider him wise, a philosopher." The rhetorics agree in saying that this use of "consider" is incorrect. I could give a number of examples where the two authorities differ. O. T. C.

[The aim of the dictionaries is to give all the meanings of any word in popular use. The aim of the rhetorics is to tell what good usage is, not what popular usage is. Accordingly, in

case of conflict between the dictionary and the rhetorics, the rhetorics must be regarded as the higher authority. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I am more amused than surprised at a suggestion of process offered by "B. D.," of South Kaukauna, Wis., in the April WRITER. He wants to save paper at the cost of ingenuity and time. The day has come when sulphite fibre is king of cotton and linen, both. American paper, whether for manuscript, pencil, or web-perfecting type impression, is cheaper than thought itself! At Kaukauna, every working day in the year, are produced many tons of scribblers' medium, at so low a price per ton that he would not care to weigh his original ideas in the balance. His thrift would have been commendable when paper was at a premium, but that is not the case now, nor will it ever be again, unless the supply of wood shall become exhausted. H. C. L.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Emile Zola. Translated by Belle M. Sherman. 413 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. 1893.

Whatever one may think of Zola's work or Zola's art, his ideas regarding literary principles are interesting — perhaps the more so because they are not always in accordance with the canons of established literature. This book of his is a collection of literary essays, of which "The Experimental Novel" is but one. Others are entitled: "Naturalism on the Stage," "The Influence of Money in Literature," and "The Novel," some of the chapter subdivisions of the last-named paper being: "The Reality," "Personal Expression," "The Critical Formula Applied to the Novel," "Description," and "Morality." Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the essay on "The Novel."

"The greatest praise that could be formerly given to a novelist," says Zola, "was to say that 'he had imagination.' To-day this phrase would be looked upon almost as a criticism. This only goes to show that all the conditions of the novel have changed. Imagination is no longer the predominating quality of the novelist.

"Balzac and Stendhal are the men who lead this evolution; it is dating from their works that imagination no longer counts in the novel. Look at our great contemporaneous writers, Gustave Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet: their talent does not come from what they have imagined, but from the manner in which they show forth nature in its intensity.

"I insist upon this fall of the imagination, because in it I see the characteristic of the modern novel. While the novel was a recreation for the mind, an amusement, from which was asked only animation and vivacity, it is easily understood that the important thing was to show an abundance of invention before anything else. Even when the historical novel and the novel with a purpose appeared, even then it was still imagination which reigned omnipresent, either in calling up vanished times or in the form of arguments, which characters, formed according to the need of the author, expounded. With the naturalistic novel and the novel of observation and analysis, the conditions change at once. The novelist invents, indeed, still: he invents a plan, a drama; only it is a scrap of a drama, the first story he comes across and which daily life furnishes him with always. Then in the arrangement of the work this invention is only of very slight importance. The facts are there only as the logical results of the characters. The great thing is to set up living creatures, playing before the readers the human comedy in the most natural manner possible. All the efforts of the writer tend to hide the imaginary under the real.

"One could write an interesting paper on the subject of how our great novelists of to-day work. They base nearly all their works on profuse notes. When they have studied with scrupulous care the ground over which they are to walk, when they have gotten information from all the possible sources, and when they hold in their hands the manifold data of which they have need, then only do they decide to sit down and write. The plan of the work is brought to them by the data themselves, because the facts always classify themselves logically, this one before that one. Inevitably the work takes shape; the story builds itself up from all the observations gathered together, from all the notes taken, one leading to the other, through the linking of the lives of the characters, and the climax is nothing more than a natural and inevitable consequence. You can easily see, in this work, how little part imagination has in it all. We are very far removed, for example, from George Sand, who, they say, put herself before a mass of white paper, and, starting out with the first idea, went on and on without stopping, composing in a steady stream, relying solely on her imagination, which brought her as many pages as she needed to complete a volume.

"Suppose that one of our naturalistic novelists wishes to write a novel on theatrical life. He sets out with this general idea, without having as yet a single fact or a single character.

His first care is to gather together in his notes all that he knows of this world which he wishes to depict. He has known such and such an actor, he has witnessed such and such a play. Here are data already, the best, for they have ripened within himself. Then he will set about the business, he will get the men who are best informed on the subject to talking, he will collect their expressions, their stories, and their portraits. That is not all; he then turns to written documents, reading up all that he thinks will be of the slightest service to him. Finally, he visits the places, lives a few days in the theatre, so as to gain a perfect knowledge of all its recesses; he passes some evenings in an actress' rooms, steeping himself as much as possible in the surrounding atmosphere. And, once his data are complete, his novel, as I have said, makes itself. The novelist needs but to distribute his facts logically. From what he has learned the plot of his drama, the story of which he has need as a general frame for his facts, will shape itself. The interest no longer lies in the strangeness of the story; on the contrary, the more commonplace and general it is, the more typical it becomes. Make your real characters move in real surroundings. To give your reader a scrap of human life, that is the whole purpose of the naturalistic novel."

"To-day the ruling characteristic of the novelist," Zola goes on to say, "is the sense of reality — to feel nature and to be able to depict her as she really is. . . . A great novelist should have the sense of reality, and also personal expression. . . . In a word, in a study of humanity, I blame all description which is not an account of the environment which determines and completes man. I have sinned enough myself to have the right to recognize the truth."

So much for Zola's literary creed. His moral creed is expressed in another essay. where he says: "To write badly is the only crime which I can admit in literature. . . . A well-made phrase is a good action . . . In my opinion, the unworthy begins where talent ends."

There are many passages in the volume, besides these, that are worthy of quotation. No student of the literary art can fail to be interested in it, no matter how much at variance his own ideas may be with what the author says. As for Zola's own opinion of his work, that is expressed in his introduction, where he says: "Doubts assail me, and I ask myself, Is it possible that these articles will be found to be my best work? For I am overcome with shame when I think of the enormous pile of romantic rhetoric which lies behind me."

W. H. H.

AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLIC IN ANCIENT TIMES. By George Haven Putnam. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

Mr. Putnam's book, as its sub title says, is "a *sketch of literary conditions* and of the relations with the public of literary producers, from the earliest times to the invention of printing." It was originally written, the author says, to form a preliminary chapter, or general introduction, to a history of the origin and development of property in literature, a subject in which he has for some time interested himself. He points out that in the modern sense of the term, no such thing as literary property existed in ancient times, or, in fact, until some considerable period had elapsed after the invention of printing. It was not until publishers began to make arrangements to give compensation to contemporaneous writers for the preparation of original works, or for original editorial work associated with classic texts, and not until, in connection with such arrangements, the publishers succeeded in securing from the state authorities, in the shape of "privileges," a formal recognition of their right to control the literary work then produced, that literary property, in the sense of intellectual property, came into an assured and recognized, though still restricted, existence. Property of this kind did not exist in Athens, in Alexandria, or in classic Rome, although there is evidence that in these cities there gradually came into existence a system, or a practice, under which authors secured some compensation for their labors. The evidences, or indications, of payments to authors are mainly to be traced in scattered references in their own works. It is only when the Augustan age of Roman literature is reached that we find in the works of such writers as Cicero, Martial, Horace, Catullus, and a few others a sufficient number of references upon which to base some theory, at least, of the relations of the authors with their publishers, and also as to the publishing and bookselling methods of the time. Mr. Putnam has sketched in this book these "beginnings of literary property," and has prefixed some preliminary sketches concerning the beginnings of literature in Chaldea, Egypt, India, Persia, China, and Japan. His work is a most interesting and instructive one, and it is to be hoped that the engrossing business cares and the increased necessity for economizing eyesight, to which he refers in his preface, will not prevent him from carrying to completion his proposed sketch of the development of property in literature from the invention of printing down to the present day.

W. H. H.

GERMAN FOR AMERICANS. By Dr. Jacob Mayer. Fourth edition. 219 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: I. Kohler. 1894.

Dr. Mayer's "German for Americans" has reached its fourth edition — perhaps the best evidence of its value as a means for self-instruction in the German language. The plan of the book is excellent. The pronunciation of each German word used is given with the word, warranting correctness in reading. The gram-

matical rules, though simple and comparatively few, cover the whole ground. The collection of phrases and dialogues is arranged with due regard to the peculiarities of the language and the needs of the student at home and abroad. The vocabulary, containing about 5,000 words, classifies nouns according to their gender, in three columns on each page. Throughout, the book is a sensible one. Its method is practical, and the results of using it are likely to be good.

W. H. H.

THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF CHILDHOOD. By Bernard Perez. Edited and translated by Alice M. Christie. 295 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. 1894.

Nothing can be of greater human interest than the study of the mental development of the child. M. Perez's book is the result of his having set himself to follow out in little children the gradual awakening of those faculties which constitute the psychic activity. For such a work, as a lover of children, a trained psychologist, and a writer of pædagogic literature, M. Perez was admirably qualified. His book is not a biographical sketch of a single child. He has made special note of the progress of one or two children who have come more especially within his observation, but his record is a wide and comprehensive one, comparing observations of a large number of children and arranging the results attained. Its scope may best be understood from mention of some of the chapter headings, viz.: "The Faculties of the Infant Before Birth," "The First Impressions of the New-born Child," "Motor Activity at the Beginning of Life — at Six Months — at Fifteen Months," "The First Perceptions," "General and Special Instincts," "The Faculties of Intellectual Acquisition and Retention," "On the Elaboration of Ideas," "On Expression and Language," "The Æsthetic Sense in Little Children," "The Moral Sense." M. Perez looks at the infant from the educator's point of view, and his book is a practical guide to the mother and teacher. It is both scientific and popular at once, and every intelligent parent will find it to be a book of unusual interest.

W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part IX. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1894.

Part IX. of the sumptuous Bancroft "Book of the Fair" continues the lavishly illustrated account of the wonders of Machinery hall, at the Chicago exposition, including pictures of the modern paper-making machine, printing presses, paper-cutters, book-binder's ruling and stitching machines, and one of the fast type-setting machines. In the same part is the beginning of the thirteenth chapter, describing and illustrating the Agricultural building and its exhibits. The value of this work becomes more evident with the publication of each new number.

W. H. H.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. 226 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1893.

The merits of Mr. Bechtel's new handbook of synonyms are its convenience of form, its clearness of arrangement, the broadness of its plan, and its feature of giving the prepositions which are properly used with different words. This last-mentioned feature is an important one. Those who incorrectly use such expressions as "correspond with" for "correspond to," or "different to" or "different than" for "different from," will find their errors pointed out in this book. In forming his lists of synonyms Mr. Bechtel has made them as diversified as possible by including words of somewhat distantly related meaning, thus increasing copiousness of suggestion in the enlarged group of words. The book is a handy one, and, kept within easy reach, it will supply in an instant the word for which a writer might long cudgel his brain in vain.

W. H. H.

THE SIBERIAN EXILE. By Gustav Nieritz. Translated by Mary E. Ireland. 122 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 1894.

Mrs. Ireland has earned an excellent reputation as a translator, nine of her translations having been published and two more being now in press. "The Siberian Exile" is a charming story of Christian home life in Russia and Siberia. It is interesting and well-written, and the translator's work has been admirably done.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

LOVE AFFAIRS OF A WORLDLY MAN. By Maibelle Justice. 311 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 285 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. Neely. 1894.

THE ANARCHIST. By Richard Henry Savage. 399 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

ON A MARGIN. By Julius Chambers. 416 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

A DEAD MAN'S STEP. By Lawrence L. Lynch (E. Murdock Van Deventer). 583 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Pigeon-hole Extension. — Every writer who has used pigeon-holes — and every writer should use pigeon-holes — has found that he didn't have

pigeon-holes enough. I don't mean writers who have pigeon-holes for ornament; I mean writers who *use* pigeon-holes — who take things out of them as often as they put them in — who don't have one particular receptacle marked "Immediate," and always crammed to overflowing, with the undisturbed dust of ages on the miscellany jammed inside. When writers who really *use* pigeon-holes, then, find the supply of available pigeon-holes giving out — as it always does when you use 'em right — they may find it a good scheme to subdivide them by the use of envelopes. Six labelled envelopes, with the flaps tucked in, inside of one labelled pigeon-hole, are almost as good as seven pigeon-holes — and they take up much less room. For instance, a pigeon-hole labelled "Material for Articles Under Way" may have in it envelopes labelled "Suicide as a Fine Art," "The Idiocy of Editors," "Bicycling for Bishops," "The Disadvantages of Putting Arsenic in Nursing Bottles," "Sleeplessness the True Theory of Insomnia," and "How I Wrote My Successful Novel." Notes or newspaper clippings for use in the final writing of any one of these interesting articles may be filed in the proper envelope, where they will be found happily classified, when the day for writing it arrives. W. H. H.

BOSTON, Mass.

To Mend Torn Pages. — If you chance to tear a page of the book you are reading, take some white tissue paper and the white of an egg for mucilage, and you can mend them neatly with very little trouble. The white of the egg will not stain the paper, and the tissue paper is so thin that print can easily be read through it. A. B. L.

MEDFORD, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE FIRST-EDITION MANIA. William Roberts. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Sunday School Times* (8 c.) for April 7.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Charles Dudley Warner. "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

FLAMMARION, THE ASTRONOMER. R. H. Sherard. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

BOOKBINDINGS OF THE PAST. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA. W. J. Stillman. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

THE VALUE OF DIALECT. Professor A. Wauchope. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

THE UNKNOWN LIFE OF CHRIST. Edward Everett Hale. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

THE SMALLEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD Gaston Tissandier. Translated from *La Nature* in *Literary Digest* (13 c.) for April 28.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. *Literary Digest* (13 c.) for April 28.

THE LIMIT OF ATHLETICS FOR BRAIN WORKERS. Maurice Thompson. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for May.

ENGLISH MOTHERS IN FACT AND FICTION. Miss E. F. Andrews. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for May.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN AND HIS TIME. Champion Bissell. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

RUDIMENTARY MISTAKES OF WRITERS. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

WASHINGTON IRVING. With fac-simile of his manuscript. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for May.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS. Illustrated with portraits. Lew Wallace, James Grant Wilson. George W. Cable, Julia Ward Howe, H. H. Boyesen, Gertrude Atherton. *Demorest's* (23 c.) for May.

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF THE NOVEL. D. H. Hill, Jr. *Southern Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

S. R. CROCKETT. With portrait. *Bookman* (20 c.) for April.

REALISM OF TO-DAY. Countess Cowper. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORK. A. E. Bradley. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

THE ART OF READING BOOKS. J. E. C. Welldon. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for May.

MRS. MARGARET DELAND. With portrait. *Literary Monthly* (13 c.) for April 26.

A GLANCE AT LAMPMAN. Arthur J. Stringer. *Canadian Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

MISS NANCY BAILEY (the English indexer). With portrait. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for May.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. — I. Justin Winsor. II. John Fiske. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

POETRY IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

METHODS OF ENGRAVING. — II. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for April.

PHOTOGRAVURE. *Photo-American* (13 c.) for April.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 7.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. With portrait. Henry James. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 14.

HENRY CABOT LODGE. With portrait. Theodore Roosevelt. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 14.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. With illustrations. Nannie Belle Maury. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 21.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 21.

NOTES AND LETTERS. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for April 21.

THE EDITORIAL AND ITS FUNCTIONS IN JOURNALISM. C. L. Wood. *Journalist* (13 c.) for April 21.

EDISON AND THE KINETISCOPE. With illustrations. *Photographic Times* (18 c.) for April 6.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will sail for Europe about May 26.

Miss Agnes Repplier will sail for Europe about May 1, to be absent several months.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has been in Washington this winter, has been visiting in Boston. She will go to London this month, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and the baby Kipling have sailed for England, where they will spend the summer.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale celebrated his seventy-second birthday, April 3, in Washington.

An Irish magazine for Irish readers, written by Irishmen and Irishwomen, and called the *Old Country*, will be begun in Dublin this month, under the editorship of Rev. Frederick Langbridge.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant will be observed November 3, at Great Barrington, Mass.

John Brisben Walker, publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*, has decided to move his plant and publication office from New York to Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where he now resides.

The *University Magazine* (New York) has gone into a receiver's hands. It was started about six years ago.

The comic weekly *Hallo* (New York) has suspended publication. Carl Hauser and Constantine de Grimm, the artist, were the founders of the paper, and De Grimm was the principal pictorial contributor.

The firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, consisting of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") and Fred J. Hall, made an assignment April 18.

Miss Charlotte Yonge, for forty-three years the editor of the *Monthly Packet*, has been retired.

The Minerva Publishing Company, of 25 Vandewater street, New York city, has confessed judgment for $14.983 in favor of Frank T. Morrill on a demand note dated March 24, for a loan. The judgment is signed by T. T. Timayenis as president. The sheriff has received an execution for $136 against the company in favor of Eugene A. Hoffman, and has levied on the safe and a quantity of books. Mr. Morrill says that he owns the plant.

The Engraver and Printer Company, of Boston, has been reorganized, and will continue the publication of the *Engraver and Printer*. Henry Lewis Johnson retains the position of editor, while Albert G. Glover will be the business manager.

The *Arena* (Boston) closes its ninth volume with the May number. The *Arena* has made steady progress since its foundation, and now firmly holds its place as one of the three leading American reviews.

The advertisement writers of Washington have organized the Ad. Writers' Association, its members being G. A. Lewis, E. F. Fane, G. Nordlinger, Carl Fast, G. W. Miller, F. McC. Smith, J. A. Shaffer, C. C. Archibald, J. Price, A. Kaufman, W. G. Kent, William A. Hungerford, I. Gans, and F. H. Pierce. The officers of the association are: President, George A. Lewis; vice-president, William A. Hungerford; secretary, F. H. Pierce; treasurer, Isaac Gans.

William Henry Bishop is now settled in New Haven as an instructor in French and Spanish at Yale. During five years Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, with their two children, "kept house in romantic places,"—in France and Italy principally,—and their experiences are given in the "House Hunter in Europe," recently published in attractive form by Harper & Brothers, which tells how little it costs to keep house in Europe, and what pleasure there is in it.

Public Opinion (Washington) began its ninth year with its number of April 5. *Public Opinion* is an invaluable help to all who want to keep informed regarding the leading topics of the day.

Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has definitely decided that he will not give his memoirs to the public during his lifetime. In a recent conversation Dr. Holmes remarked: "I work at the memoirs an hour or two each day, and am making satisfactory progress. That is, I have about one-half completed of all I shall write."

Flammarion, the French astronomer and author, as seen in his Paris home and amidst his daily tasks, is the subject of an article by R. H. Sherard in *McClure's Magazine* (New York) for May. The article is fully illustrated.

The next annual meeting of the Western Association of Writers is to be held at Spring Fountain Park, Warsaw, Ind., during the last week in June, beginning Monday evening and closing Friday evening. Those who wish more accurate information can obtain it by addressing the secretary, Miss Ida May Davis, Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," will shortly arrive in New York on her way to California. She intends, by advice of her doctor, to spend several months there on a fruit farm. Miss Harraden some time ago lost the use of her right hand through entire failure of the ulnar nerve by overstrain in writing and in 'cello playing. She is too nervous for dictation, and hated a typewriter, and has consequently had to do a large part of her writing with her left hand. Her little book, it is said, was written with the greatest difficulty. She means to write another novel while in California. Miss Harraden is a member of a musical and artistic family, the daughter of a man of scientific attainments, who is her sternest literary critic. She has taken a B. A. degree in classics and mathematics at the London University, and heartily advocates the higher education of women. She is also an enthusiastic supporter of woman's suffrage. Her new book, a collection of short stories, is coming from the Putnam press.

The *Photographic Times* (New York) says that more than seventy-five per cent. of the illustrated books now published are indebted to photography, directly or indirectly, for their illustration.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, in view of the great interest now taken in the history of American families, are issuing in the *Literary Era* a list of the American genealogies which have been printed in book form. The list will be brought up to date, and will be much more complete than any such work heretofore attempted.

A new portrait of Benjamin Franklin has been discovered recently in Paris, a terra-cotta medallion modelled from life, which shows the genial side of Franklin's nature better than any existing portrait. Paul Leicester Ford has written a brief article to accompany a photograph of it in *Scribner's Magazine* for May.

The *Forum's* circulation has jumped from 16,000 to 46,000 per month, as a result of the reduction of the price from fifty cents to twenty-five cents a number. The American News Company's order for the May issue is 25,000 copies. Formerly the news company took 6,000 copies each month.

Dr. Noah Brooks, until recently editor of the *Newark* (N. J.) *Advertiser*, has returned to his birthplace at Castine, Me., where he intends to spend the rest of his days.

J. M. Stoddart, who has had a long connection with *Lippincott's Magazine* as editor and manager, has accepted a position with an international publishing company, and has been obliged to sever his connection with *Lippincott's*. The name of his successor has not yet been announced.

The *Washington Capital* says that Corporal Tanner is to become the editor of *Home and Country*, the soldiers' magazine, published in New York.

Aubrey Beardsley, the artist whose fantastic drawings are just now a "fad" of English bookmakers, is not much more than twenty years old.

The very latest literary novelty in France is a story written by collaboration, and printed in two kinds of type, so that the reader may see at a glance which author he is perusing.

John Oliver Hobbs in private life is Mrs. Craigie. She is twenty-six years old, and although she has spent her life in England and France, she is by birth an American.

Speaking of General Grant's "Memoirs," T. C. Crawford, in *McClure's Magazine* for May,— which, by the way, is a Grant number,— says: "No other book written in this country has ever returned such a large reward. At the time of this writing the Grant family has received from the royalties paid by the publishers of the work more than $440,000, and the sale still goes on. The cheaper edition, which the publishers are now about to bring out, may result in another phenomenal sale, so that it is within the range of possibility that the "Memoirs" may yield in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million of dollars to General Grant's heirs."

"Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Greatest of the Venetians," by Alexander Robertson, is announced by Thomas Whittaker. The author has been a resident of Venice for many years, and has studied closely the subject of his monograph.

Francis Thompson, who is hailed in London as a great poet, was selling matches in the streets not long ago. This was only a temporary experience with poverty, however, for he is a college-bred man, well up in the classics and in medicine. His first book of verse, published last December, has already gone through three editions. At present he is living a retired life at a Capuchin monastery in Wales.

Mr. John Holmes, the brother of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and equally dear with his famous relative to the smaller circle which surrounds him in Cambridge, is suffering from impaired sight; yet, with characteristic courage, he is taking up the study of the piano at his advanced age.

Henry Mills Alden, who is a descendant of John Alden of Mayflower fame, has been editor of *Harper's Magazine* for twenty-seven years.

"Do show us the manuscript of 'Pembroke!' Do let us see 'Pembroke!'" exclaimed two young ladies who were being conducted through Harper & Brothers' composing-room. They were not to be comforted when they learned that the story was wholly typewritten, and, while reverently holding some of the typewritten sheets, declared it was as if they had hoped to take Miss Wilkins' hand, but had only touched her glove.

Caspar W. Whitney has just returned from his pilgrimage to Great Britain, where he spent ten weeks visiting the various sport centres. His impressions, profusely illustrated, will be given in the series of articles now running in *Harper's Weekly*, touching upon the general sporting spirit of England.

Still another Scotch writer has risen into prominence of late years, and one, moreover, who, following in the wake of Stevenson and Barrie, bids fair to rival even them in popularity. For, although "The Raiders" is only the second work of the Rev. S. E. Crockett, of Penicuick, there has been the greatest demand for it even in advance of its publication. On the other side the entire edition was sold out before it was issued, and here in America a second edition has been called for only a week after the publication of the first.

The congress of authors and journalists in Germany has petitioned the reichstag for the cancellation of the copyright treaty concluded in 1892 with the United States. The petitioners advise that no other treaty be made unless it be fully reciprocal.

The last of the important series of papers of literary criticism by James Russell Lowell appears in the *Century* for May, under the title of "Fragments," consisting of three short articles; one on "Life in Literature and Language"; another on the epic of "Kalevala," of a portion of which there is an unpublished translation in verse by Mr. Lowell; and third, a beautiful passage on the differences between style and manner.

The profits of literature, as examplified in the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward, are thus discussed in the *Critic:* "For the American and English markets alone she was paid for 'David Grieve' $80,000. She got from the British colonies—Australia, India, etc.—no mean sum, I fancy, for they are big countries, and their people are great readers of popular literature. Say that she gets $80,000 more for 'Marcella,' and that she got $40,000 for 'Robert Elsmere.' That is $200,000 for three books written during a period of about six years. Not bad pay, when one considers that it is all profit."

The formation is announced in England of a Brontë Society, the object of which is to acquire literary, artistic, and family memorials of the Brontës; photographs of persons and places identified with them and their works in Yorkshire, Ireland, Cornwall, Essex, Brussels, etc.; copies of all books and fugitive articles, illustrating the novels and the districts in which the Brontës resided — all these acquisitions to be placed at Haworth, or some other appropriate locality, for the free inspection of the members of the society, and to be offered for public exhibition. Mme. Emma C. Cortazzo, 330 Dartmouth street, Boston, will be glad to furnish information on this subject, unofficially, to those interested.

The *Sketch* (London) prints an interview with "Iota," a new writer, who has made a success with her novel, "A Yellow Aster." A portrait accompanies the article. "Iota's" real name is Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. She is described as "a tall, fair woman, with Irish eyes smiling out of a clever, earnest face, with just a suspicion of a dainty brogue."

The real name of Henry Seton Merriman, whose novel, "With Edged Tools," is now running anonymously through the *Cornhill Magazine*, is H. S. Scott. Mr. Scott is the author of "The Slave of the Lamp."

In *Harper's Magazine* for May W. D. Howells gives his first impressions of New England. As a young man he made a journey from his home in Columbus, O., to Boston, where he met Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne, and most other literary lights of the New England of thirty years ago. The account of this journey will be given in four papers, the first, which appears in the May *Harper's*, dealing with the journey as far as Portland, and describing a chance meeting with Bayard Taylor.

The frontispiece of *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (New York) for April is an exquisite example of the best modern photographic portrait work.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for May has, besides a full-page etching and other attractive features, a sketch of Emile Wauters, portrait painter, with some interesting examples of his work.

The editor of the English *Public Opinion* since 1884 has been Percy White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin." The success of his first novel has induced Mr. White to write another, which will also be in autobiographical form.

Stanley J. Weyman, whose historical novels have given him a substantial fame in England, is thirty-nine years old, an Oxford graduate, and has had experience as a newspaper man and a lawyer.

Mrs. Terry, of Rome, Italy, the mother of F. Marion Crawford, is said to be the oldest American resident of the Eternal City. She was living there with her first husband, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, when Hawthorne wrote "The Marble Faun," in which Mr. Crawford, his identity lightly veiled, figures conspicuously.

The editor of the *Popular Science Monthly* takes certain imaginative writers to task for their unscientific and absurd statements regarding "the young moon" and "the crescent moon," and advises them to leave it alone, because they so often contrive to get it in the wrong place. In a recent story which has come under his notice he finds two friends described as sitting out one summer evening, looking over the Thames, and the writer goes on to say: "By this time the young moon had arisen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." Such writers are reminded that the young moon goes to bed early, and can never be seen in the process of rising.

Mrs. Jane G. Austin died in Boston, March 30.

Mrs. J. A. Allen, of Kingston, Ont., mother of Grant Allen, novelist and essayist, is dead.

Ben King, the Michigan poet and humorist, was found dead in bed April 7, at a hotel at Bowling Green, Ky., where he had appeared in public the night before. His home was in St. Joseph, Mich., where he had a wife and two children.

David Dudley Field died in New York city quite suddenly, from pneumonia, April 13. He had just returned from Europe, and was apparently in excellent health.

Major Joseph Kirkland died in Chicago, of heart disease, April 29.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, JUNE, 1894. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR. *Edward Kirkland Cowing.* . 81
RULES FOR COPYING MANUSCRIPTS ON THE TYPEWRITER. *William H. Hills.* 82
AN OHIO POET — ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON. *Mary E. Cardwill.* 84
EDITORIAL. 88
Book Advertising as a Fine Art. 88
THE EDITORIAL "I." *A. W. Dennis.* 88
QUERIES. 89
THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS. 90
"Obliged to Have Asked" and "Nom de Plume." . 90
BOOK REVIEWS. 90
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 92
To Read Curled Manuscripts, 92 — Typewriter Backing Sheet. 93
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 93
NEWS AND NOTES. 94

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

At what a disadvantage is the beginner in literature. Like a recently landed foreigner, he gazes about him, undecided to which point of the compass he should turn. He looks for some friendly face, but is regarded with coldness. Among so many people, very little sympathy is offered him. He realizes that they all have their friends, and begins to feel discouraged. Suddenly, at an unexpected moment, some one smiles, holds out a helping hand, and speaks kind words; then hope again springs into life. Onward he plods, with an occasional ray of brightness entering his lonely life, until some morning he awakes to find that he is no longer an unknown author. Then are many smiling faces turned toward him, and the whole world seems full of friends.

So much prejudice is felt against the unknown author, that many readers will not pause to examine even the title of a book by an unfamiliar writer, and so editors are often inaccessible to strangers with manuscripts for examination.

A certain book had been recommended to a friend of mine. She began it, but it failed to hold her interest. She cast it aside with the remark: "I won't read it. It's by an unknown author anyhow."

This may strike the reader as quite inconsistent, until he is assured that much literature written by experienced authors was at that moment resting upon her shelves inviting her perusal and enjoyment.

Life is so brief and the field of literature so infinite, that one dare not hope to do more than read the most talked-of books of the day, leaving the works that attract small attention for those spare moments, which are so frequently referred to, but which, alas! never arrive.

A tabulated list of books published in America during 1893 reveals an astonishing total of 4,281 new books and 853 new editions, a gain over 1892 of 207 new books and sixty-five new editions.

The unknown author, then, has three principal difficulties to combat: the indifference of editors, the prejudice of the public, and the fierce competition with writers who have acquired names.

It requires a stout heart, a ready brain, and a persevering pen to overcome these three powerful adversaries, who, without intending it, are often so cruel.

To be sure, there are too many books written, and, excepting as to the "per cent.," I agree with an utterance I recently overheard, which was as follows: "Burn ninety per cent. of the books now being published, and you will gain pleasure and instruction from the remainder, without losing anything by the operation."

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

Until this ninety per cent., or whatever figure represents the true ratio of useless books, is, by some means, reduced or suppressed, there will be a continuance of the present stagnation in the market for works by unknown authors.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Edward Kirkland Cowing.*

RULES FOR COPYING MANUSCRIPTS ON THE TYPEWRITER.

Number the pages of the manuscript in the centre of the top of each page, making the paging consecutive from the first page of the manuscript to the last. This is the rule even in the case of manuscripts divided into chapters or parts. It is a mistake to number each chapter or part separately.

Put the name and address of the author in the left-hand upper corner of the first page, beginning flush, — *i. e.*, at space 1 on the scale, so that the first letter will strike one-half inch from the left-hand edge of the paper. In the upper right-hand corner, on the same line, put: "About 2,500 words,"— or whatever the number of words in the manuscript may be,— starting it so that the period will strike one-half inch from the right-hand edge of the paper.

Write the title in capitals in the centre of the top of the first page of the manuscript, leaving a blank space of about one inch above it. Do not write the title alone by itself on a separate sheet. It improves the appearance of a manuscript to take a ruler, after typewriting it, and draw a neat line in black ink underneath each word of the title. Don't use red ink for underscoring.

Underneath the title write in the centre of the next line: "By William D. Howells," or whatever the name of the author may be. In case a pseudonym is used, the writer's real name and the pseudonym will thus appear on the same page. Write the author's name, also, at the end of the manuscript, dropping it a line below the last paragraph, and counting the letters so that you can make the period after the name come one inch from the right-hand edge of the paper. Underscore the signature at the end of the manuscript, either with the machine, or with a ruler and pen. The reason for writing the author's name twice is that some editors credit an article at the beginning, and others at the end. If the name is written in both places, the editor has only to cross out the name he doesn't want, and credit is sure not to be omitted by any oversight.

For long manuscripts always use good linen paper, 8x10½ inches in size. For short manuscripts, paper 5x8 inches in size may be used, and the typewriting may run either way of the sheet that the author may prefer.

Always use the double space in making manuscripts for the press.

Put the paper in the typewriter so that there will be a margin of a half-inch on the left-hand side of the sheet, and set the warning bell so that you will remember to make the margin on the right-hand side as nearly as possible the same.

Try to avoid dividing words at the end of the line, and never divide any word excepting on a syllable.

Indent each paragraph five spaces at the beginning.

Always leave three spaces between sentences. When a quotation is begun within a sentence (as, for instance: "Edwin said: 'Come, Ethelinda!'") leave two spaces after the colon, before the quotation begins. Always leave two spaces after a semi-colon.

Be extremely careful in the use of quotation marks. Remember that within double quotations single quotations should be used, if any quotation mark is required, and that within single quotations, in the same case, double quotations should be used. For instance, the quotation marks are rightly used in this ex-

ample: "John said: 'He was angry because I called him "cry-baby."'"

When two sets of quotation marks are used together, on the Hammond typewriter leave a space between them. For instance, after "cry-baby" in the example just quoted, the typewriter copyist should write: period, double-quote, space, single-quote, space, double-quote.

If, in place of the period in the sentence quoted, there had been a semi-colon, an interrogation point, or an exclamation point after "cry-baby," the double-quote should have been struck before the semi-colon, interrogation, or exclamation instead of after it. In other words, when only the last words of a sentence are quoted, the final quotation marks should *precede* a semi-colon, a colon, an interrogation-point, or an exclamation-point, — the *large* marks, that is,— but should *follow* a comma or a period, both of which marks are so small that they look all right, even though they are really out of place.

When the *whole* sentence is quoted, all quotation marks should invariably follow other punctuation marks.

Make a new paragraph — indented five spaces — whenever in conversation the speaker changes, or when in narrative the sense requires it.

If one or more paragraphs are made in what one speaker says without interruption, begin each paragraph with quotation marks, but do not put quotations marks at the end of paragraphs till the end of the last paragraph is reached.

When, in contractions, an apostrophe is made to take the place of an elided letter, it should be written exactly as if it were the letter of which it takes the place.

A caret at the end of a paragraph and another caret at the beginning of the next paragraph means: "Run in; no ¶." A line drawn from the end of one paragraph to the beginning of the next paragraph means the same thing.

In dialect be sure that the same word or phrase is always spelled in exactly the same way.

If possible, avoid having the top line on any page shorter than a full line. This is a book-printer's rule, which applies also to typewriting. Also avoid, if possible, beginning a paragraph on the bottom line of any page.

If you strike a wrong key by mistake, always erase the printed letter and print the right letter in its place. Don't "X out" mistakes. Use the eraser, and make your manuscript look clean.

In a sentence like: "John," she said, "I am yours forever," leave two spaces before and after the words, "she said," besides putting in the usual punctuation marks.

Leave a space on each side of every dash. Strike two hyphens to make a dash.

If, in a narrative, you are indenting each ordinary paragraph five spaces, a paragraph beginning with a quotation mark should be indented only four spaces. It makes the manuscript look more regular to have the quotation marks outside the paragraph at the beginning, so that to the reader's eye the first letters in the different paragraphs will line evenly down the page.

Correct manifest errors in copy, unless you have been instructed to follow copy exactly. Use your intelligence, and try to make the manuscript as nearly perfect as you can. Do not, however, make radical changes without consultation with the author.

It is generally best to use a colon, instead of a comma, to introduce a quoted sentence.

Before "but" and "and" at the beginning of a sentence, the strict rule is to use a semi-colon, and to begin the word "but" or "and" with a small letter. Good writers, however, avoid beginning a sentence with these words.

Study the rules of punctuation, and follow them as scrupulously as you can.

Always read over your copy carefully after it is completed, *in comparison with the original.*

Put either a dash or "The End" in the centre of the line after the signature of every manuscript.

In typewriting poetry follow the main rule regarding indentation, which is that all lines that rhyme with each other must be indented equally. In observing this rule do not count quotation marks as letters.

Always write poetry in the centre of the sheet, centring on the longest line.

Do not enclose the finished manuscript in

covers, or attach the sheets together in any way. If the manuscript is short, put a blank sheet of paper like that on which it is written before the first page, to keep it clean. If the manuscript is long, cut two pieces of pasteboard to just the size of the paper, and put one on top and the other on the bottom of the manuscript, then fastening the whole together with a stout rubber band.

Before rolling a manuscript always commit suicide. There is no objection to folding a manuscript, but a rolled manuscript is good only for waste paper, and not good for much for that.

Estimate the number of words in a manuscript by counting the number of words in an average full line, and multiplying that number by the number of lines on a full page, and again by the number of pages. Unless the matter is very open, make no deduction for blank spaces at the end of paragraphs. "The number of words in a manuscript" means to editors the number of words that would go in the space the manuscript will occupy when printed, in case they were set solid, — without any paragraphs, that is,— and so, in estimating, the blank spaces at the end of paragraphs in printed matter are counted as if they were filled out with average words. For this reason, an exact count, one by one, of the words in any manuscript in which paragraphs are used will fall short of the number of words as estimated in the ordinary way by any editor.

BOSTON, Mass. *William H. Hills.*

AN OHIO POET — ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

"The true poet to-day is God's prophet.
If a sinner prove false to his trust,
Make his mission a by-word and scoff it;
It is meet he should sink into dust.
Who would wear the life crown of a poet
Must breathe out a soul in his art —
Stand above the rude throng, not below it;
And his song must be pure, like his heart."

In these strong, true lines Alice Williams Brotherton reflects the predominant inspiration of her own muse, and voices the intensity with which all genuine poets feel that they have a message to deliver. She belongs, however, to a distinct class of poets — those who make the burden of their songs man's relation to God and to humanity. Her poems are the work of an artist, yet they are of direct religious or ethical significance. They are born in the throes of a responsibility to uplift men, by spurring them to effort in the nobler things of life. This is dwelt upon because Mrs. Brotherton is one of the not too common poets who are able to make true poetry out of subjects akin to those chosen by David, and Solomon, and the Hebrew prophets. It is the kind of poetry which can be poetry only in an exalted spiritual atmosphere, in which the mean, the commonplace, the unpoetic cannot exist. Mrs. Brotherton is not, however, a writer of devotional poems, but, rather, of those which reflect the ethical in every subject, and make of all ethics a religion.

In these days, when so much is attributed to heredity, there is a pleasing propriety in tracing a poet's peculiar gifts to the circumstances of ancestry and environment. Mrs. Brotherton's poetic work seems to be the direct and logical result of hereditary causes. Of Quaker lineage in both her paternal and maternal lines, she was born among the Quakers, at the home of her grandfather, Dr. Nathan Johnson, at Cambridge City, Indiana. The section of Indiana to which Cambridge City belongs has been noticeably rich in men and women of literary and scholastic attainment. It is to-day the home of a circle of poets, who, if not of world-wide fame, have gained recognition beyond the borders of their state, and have helped greatly to create the literary atmosphere for which Indiana is becoming known. Many of these writers have spent

the morning of their days in the shadow of a "Friend's Meeting-house," and, perhaps, reached their truest inspiration through the subtle influence involved in the doctrine of religious expression only as a movement of the spirit.

Alfred Baldwin Williams, the father of Mrs. Brotherton, was the son of a Hicksite preacher, and the grandson of a Quaker preacher of Welsh extraction. On her mother's side, Mrs. Brotherton is of mixed nationalities, in which the Celtic predominates. It is, perhaps, to these Celtic strains that she owes her purely poetic endowments. Yet, more than all, and above all, are the heritage of Quaker ideas, and her American Quaker teaching, which glow in the spiritual coloring, and her love for humanity, that together give its high value to her poetic work.

Mrs. Brotherton's earliest years were spent successively in Cincinnati, St. Louis, and on a farm near Cambridge City, Indiana. A little later Mr. Williams made Cincinnati the permanent home of his family. There Alice was educated in the public schools. She was graduated from the Woodward High School in the spring of 1870, and at the same time began her literary career with her first published poems, "Pictures in Ice," written for Commencement day, and "Moods," read shortly afterward at an alumni meeting.

Among the other graduates that Commencement day was one to whom the attractions of his brilliant classmate, Alice Williams, had proved irresistible. He was able to win her heart, and after he had completed a Harvard College course, their marriage took place, and she became Mrs. William Ernest Brotherton.

United to a man whose sympathy and advice have, perhaps, more than all else, encouraged her in her literary work, Mrs. Brotherton has found in her marriage a happy destiny. Her life's sunshine has been clouded of recent years by her delicate health, and by one great sorrow, the loss of the eldest of her three beautiful children.

Domestic in her tastes, and devoted to her family, Mrs. Brotherton passes most of her time in the seclusion of her pleasant home at Avondale, one of Cincinnati's charming suburbs. Her home is shared by her mother and her sister, the latter a well-known engraver.

Mrs. Brotherton, in spite of her devotion to her home and her literary work, has found time for an active part in various kinds of public work. She was president for two years of the Cincinnati Woman's Press Club, which, chiefly through her instrumentality, has become one of the largest and most influential organizations in the country. She has long been interested in the "woman question," her appreciation of the vital importance of which is voiced in her poem, "The Present Hour," written for and read before the Ohio State Council of Women in 1888. In this she says: —

> "Our work's to mould a nobler womanhood
> Out of the faulty clay that lies at hand;
> To preach the 'gospel of the golden rule'
> In home and school, society and state;
> Wage righteous war with ignorance and wrong."

Lastly, in her public work it is not strange that as a champion of all woman's efforts for advancement she should be an enthusiastic member of what, in the abstract, seems destined to mark an epoch of the century, a woman's literary club. She was one of the founders, and has been for several years the president, of *Les Voyageurs*, a literary and study club of Avondale.

Mrs. Brotherton came of a family of readers, and her environments have always been most favorable for the development of her poetic talents. From her infancy she has browsed among good books, and has found in them much of the intellectual food and stimulus which her nature as a poet of the inward, rather than the outward, perceptions demanded.

She has been fortunate in having from the beginning of her poetic work for her guidance in purely artistic lines, what is inestimable in value to a young poet, an exacting critic at her elbow. This critic is her mother, to whom she gladly acknowledges the greatest indebtedness for much of the success of her work.

As I have said, Mrs. Brotherton did not appear in print in her extreme youth. This prudent waiting for ripeness led no doubt to the almost immediate recognition she received, when she fairly began her literary career in 1871. From that time her work has found ready acceptance from the *Independent*, the

Christian Standard, *Unity*, the *Atlantic*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *St. Nicholas*, and many other periodicals of a like high character.

Her first appearance as an author was in a little pamphlet containing a poem called "Beyond the Veil," published in 1886, by Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago. Her first volume of poems, "The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems," was published by the same firm, in 1887.

Mrs. Brotherton, like most poets, carries her individuality into her times and ways of work. She does not saturate her brain and poetic thoughts with midnight oil, but finds her truest inspiration in daylight at its best, from eight to twelve in the morning. Much of her best work has been done with her babies about her, sitting in her lap or clinging to her gown. She writes in the way common to women, on her lap, supporting her paper on a walnut board made especially for her, and fitted with convenient attachments. She completes her work, whether poem or prose article, if possible at one sitting. She seldom rewrites or revises to any material extent. Her poems are thus, in strictest truth, the spontaneous outpourings of a heart imbued with deeply religious feeling, having in a spiritual way a lesson to teach.

In poems like these there is often of necessity a certain sternness in the motive, yet no harsh note or bitterness mars the poetic beauty of Mrs. Brotherton's work. The most directly and positively didactic of her poems breathe the subtle artistic quality which imbues the reader with the emotions of the poet. Surely few persons have read without a certain self-conviction the tender, solemn, searching lines called "Magdalen." The poem is a sermon on a text taken from the burial service, "We commit to the ground the body of this our deceased sister."

> "This our sister! Surely you are mocking.
> Why, this self-same form I've seen before,
> Through the streets of yonder city walking,
> Pitilessly spurned from door to door.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Had she been our sister, — tempted, sinning, —
> We had hastened to uplift and save;
> Had deemed time and pains well spent in winning
> Back our sister from a living grave."

The delicate, though impressive, handling of the painful subject, and its power of awakening love and pity, the divine sympathy of a Christian, make this little poem sublime.

Much of the effect of Mrs. Brotherton's work is due to her use of a clear and simple diction. It is a diction peculiarly adapted to the narrative form of poetry, and to the legendary subjects which she has found so attractive. In her treatment of these subjects, she has a picturesque, firm touch, suggesting much more than is told, yet apparently without making any strong appeal to the reader's imagination.

She chooses legends as picturesque material, but it is always the spirit of the story which has for her a specially poetic attraction, and this she interprets through fitting verse-forms and language. "The Sailing of King Olaf," the first poem in her volume, has the swift, terse movement of a heroic contest, and is appropriate at the same time to the exultant triumph of religious faith, which is the lesson taught. The poem is a long one, and an extract would not do it justice; a few lines, however, will show the general treatment of the subject. Harald Haardrade and his brother Olaf agreed that

> "Who first shall win to our native land,
> He shall be king of old Norroway."

But Harald stipulates that they shall exchange vessels, as Olaf's is the swifter. His brother consents, believing that, by the blessing of God, he will win the race. He delays to offer prayer in the church, while Harald, the wind in his favor, sails away. Olaf, in his heavier, clumsier vessel, follows, and reaches the Norse land three days ahead of his brother: —

> "Such was the sailing of Olaf the king,
> Monarch and saint of Norroway;
> In view of whose wondrous prospering
> The Norse have a saying unto this day:
> 'As Harald Haardrade found to his cost,
> *Time spent in praying is never lost.*'"

Another poem not included in the volume, "The Ballad of Little Christin," is a good illustration of excellent adaption of the ballad form to an old tradition. As an almost purely æsthetic poem, it would place its author among the pre-Raphaelites. Little Christin weeps on her wedding day because she fears she will share the fate of her sisters, whom a "grim sprite" in Ringfallow's flood "stole away,"

> "Each on her wedding day."

Her lover has her palfrey shod "with golden

shoon" to frighten the elves away, and a train of twelve men ride by her side. But "a snow-white stag with a golden horn" lures the train away, and

"Ere they reached the central arch
That spans Ringfallow's wave,
The palfrey tripped, the maiden fell
Or ever a hand could save!

"Down, down into the Kelpies' hall
She sank five fathoms clear.
Loud laughed the sprite, 'O little Christin,
Indeed you are welcome here!'"

But with "gold harp in his hand," her lover,

"Sir Peter knelt upon the strand,
And touched one golden string;
The water-sprite beneath the flood
Turned pale with listening.

* * * * * * *

"Sir Peter prayed a hearty prayer,
And struck the chords with might;
And Christin's arm above the flood
Rose up all round and white!"

And so she was rescued by "music's magic power," and by prayer.

Mrs. Brotherton's more strictly narrative poems are as distinct and vivid in impression as a bit of highly-colored tapestry, covered with well-executed scenes from life. "Dorothy Vernon's Flight" reminds one of "St. Agnes' Eve," not wholly from a slight similarity of subject, but as much from what may perhaps be called a classical effect of permanence which attaches itself to the maiden carried off by "the sturdy knight" in "the white moonlight," while

"The mad merry measure of the music
Sounded on, and the revel gaily sped,
Or ever grim George and his lady
Had learned that their prisoner had fled."

In her treatment of nature, Mrs. Brotherton is delicately suggestive of moods and memories, rather than of a love of nature for its own sake. Her "Rose Songs," included in the published volume, are love songs full of the exultant, passionate feeling expressed by the "Dying Rose" deserted by the Nightingale whose songs she has inspired: —

"What were the gifts of a thousand lovers
To that one perfect song of thine.

* * * * * * *

"I dare not weep, though I fade forever;
More from a century none could win.
This is my joy, that never, oh never,
Save for me, love, thy song had been!"

The same gift in using language vividly, producing clear-cut impressions with a few strokes of the pencil, is exhibited in Mrs. Brotherton's *vers de société* and in her dialect poems. Her seeming versatility, however, is a versatility of subject and verse form, rather than of sentiment or general treatment. Earnestness of feeling underlies the lightest of her poems. And the same element gives exceptional force and nobility to her poems of the inner life; and it is when she is "on the heights" that she is at her best.

Her treatment of a most suggestive subject, "The Wife of Pygmalion," is an example of poetic sublimity reached through intensity of expression. The beautiful statue, given life of the body only, longs at any cost for a soul: —

"Oh, pray for me, that I may know
All shades of human suffering,
The very height and depth of woe, —
If so the grief and pain might bring
Into this perfect form of mine
At last — the Soul divine."

If poetry were a matter of the imagination only, Mrs. Brotherton might be ranked lower than many a poet or verse writer of less merit. If poetry were music only, — honeyed notes of limpid sweetness, — she would find many an unknown singer more than her peer. If poetry were nature's mirror only, she would fall behind in a race with many a contributor to the poet's corner of a country newspaper. If poetry were artistic verse-making only, mere verse-makers in great numbers would stand by her side. It is because poetry, whatever else it may be, is "the living thoughts of living men," made intense and expressive through poetic forms of speech, that she is lifted into the ranks of true poets, though she ever harbors what in many hands becomes death to spontaneous song — the consciously didactic.

As a writer of prose, Mrs. Brotherton has done much good work in reviews and criticisms and in stories for children. "What the Wind Told to the Tree Tops," a volume of children's stories, published several years ago, received much merited praise. Her most natural mode of expression, however, is poetry, and she is ever a true and helpful poet, and one whose work has added to the riches of American literature.

Mary E. Cardwill.

NEW ALBANY, Ind.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1894. NO. 6.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

People who are interested in "the art of advertising" — as some people call it nowadays — have heard occasional complaints that new books are less skilfully advertised than any other wares offered by advertisers to the reading public. *Book advertisements*, these captious critics have been heard to say, are too conventional, too formal, written and displayed with anything but good judgment, ineffective, and generally bad. Whether all this be true or not, it is not necessary to consider here. One publishing firm, however, has recently taken a long step away from the conventional and commonplace, as the following paid "reading-notice," recently published in the *New York Evening Post*, — with the names of books, publishers, and authors, here supplied by dashes, all printed out in full, — will show: —

ANSWERS TO FASHION CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUD — There is no objection to Brussels net, if you prefer it, but plain black grenadine goes well with the bright maroon and silver of "— ——," as that amusing novel lies on your lap ready for the evening reading. . . . CONSTANCE — A white and black gown — white silk with raised pin-dots of black — is charming for summer silks and for crépons. This is finely effective in contrast with the slate-colored cloth binding of "—— ——," —— ——'s delightful new novel, just published by ——, ——, & Co. . . . TOTTIE — Fortunately, your brown brilliantine is in good style again, along with mohair and alpaca. Make it with a short pleated basque, opening on a blue or black vest, cut on the bias. It will match capitally with the sage-green binding of —— ——'s "—— ——," as you stand with the book by the mantelpiece at afternoon tea. I'll go off and get one, too, at —— ——'s. . . . FLORENCE — The circular skirts of last year are still worn and some new ones are made. Reeds are not worn in the bottom of skirts. But on your lap you will find strikingly effective the delicate cloth tint of "—— ——," by —— ——; and the stories, by the way, you will find delightful reading. . . . ETHEL — Have mutton-leg sleeves to your China-silk waist. A drawn puff of the same silk would be a neat trimming. But, Ethel, dear, you never saw such a pretty shade of blue as I noticed at ——, ——'s to-day, in the binding of ——'s last novel, "— — — —." You should buy the book, if even for a bit of furniture. — *Advt.*

This advertisement — sandwiched in between a eulogy of somebody's liver pills and a few remarks about somebody else's asbestos boiler and pipe coverings — is unconventional enough, as everybody must admit. If the publishers continue advertising in the same way, the fact will make it evident, perhaps, that this sort of advertising pays. W. H. H.

THE EDITORIAL "I."

Why will so many writers persist in using the ungrammatical singular "we"? The fashion is an antiquated one, which has come down to us from our forefathers, and which is wholly "out of date" to-day. The "I" is used by all the best writers of the present time.

The chief objection to be urged against the

use of "we" is that it often renders a writer's meaning ambiguous or obscure. A sentence of Charles Dudley Warner's in the current number of *Harper's Monthly* illustrates what I mean. It reads: "This is what we mean by saying that we are trying to make our educational pyramid stand on its apex." Similarly, an author, writing of her experiences at the World's fair last summer, said: "We had a good time." The reader was left to conjecture whether the "we" referred to herself or to the whole party which she accompanied.

Numerous other instances might be cited, but these two suffice to illustrate my point. The effect of the "we" is not so much to make the sentence ambiguous, as to make it obscure. Obscurity, however, is a fault almost as objectionable as ambiguity.

The "we" is allowable sometimes in the editorial columns of newspapers, because the opinions which emanate therefrom are not essentially singular. They may be shaded, or entirely governed, by the political or business policy of the paper. The best newspapers, however, avoid the use of "we" nowadays.

There is no good excuse for using the vague "we" over one's own signature, or in a department where individual opinions are expressed. The *New York Herald* reporters even are instructed to use "I," although their reports have no signature.

Some writers imagine that the "I" smacks of *ego*, but that is nonsense. When the "we" is used for the first person singular it represents nothing more or less than the "I." Why should one assume to give his opinion the dignity of a plurality of wise-heads, when they are naught but the product of his own little brain?

A. W. Dennis.

LYNN, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Some time ago THE WRITER published a list of books useful to writers. Will the editor kindly reprint the list, with such additions as may be suggested now? T. M. S.

[The editor of THE WRITER recommends the following books, as many as possible of which should be in every writer's library: —

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. A Manual for Editors, Reporters, Correspondents, and Printers. By Robert Luce. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. 96 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

STEPS INTO JOURNALISM: Helps and Hints for Young Writers. By Edwin L. Shuman. 229 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM. By T. Campbell-Copeland. 115 pp. Paper, 50 cents.

THE TRADE OF AUTHORSHIP. By Wolstan Dixey. 128 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. Compiled by George Bainton. 355 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS. By Eleanor Kirk. 118 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

PERIODICALS THAT PAY CONTRIBUTORS. By Eleanor Kirk. 57 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE RHYMESTER; OR, THE RULES OF RHYME. A guide to English versification, with a dictionary of rhymes. By Tom Hood; edited, with additions, by Arthur Penn. 208 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

WALKER'S RHYMING DICTIONARY. 720 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE. By Sidney Lanier. 315 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

A HANDBOOK OF POETICS. By Professor F. B. Gummere. 250 pp. Cloth, $1.10.

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. 745 pp. Cloth, $2.00.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. By George Crabb. 638 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. 226 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC AND THEIR APPLICATION. With an appendix comprising general rules for punctuation. By Adams Sherman Hill. pp. Cloth, 88 cents.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF RHETORIC. By Adams Sherman Hill. 371 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. 483 pp. Cloth, $1.40.

A HANDBOOK OF RHETORICAL ANALYSIS. By John F. Genung. 306 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

OUTLINES OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. 331 pp. Cloth, $1.10.

A PRACTICAL COURSE IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Alphonso G. Newcomer. 249 pp. Cloth, 90 cents.

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY. By Rev. Edwin A. Abbott. 78 pp. Cloth, 60 cents.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By John Wilson. pp. Cloth, $1.25.

PUNCTUATION AND OTHER TYPOGRAHPICAL MATTERS. By M. T. Bigelow. pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

PENS AND TYPES. By Benjamin Drew. 214 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE ART OF FICTION. Walter Besant and Henry James. (Two essays in one volume.) 85 pp. Cloth, 75 cents.

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING. A practical treatise on the elements of dramatic construction. By Alfred Hennequin. 187 pp. Cloth, $1.25.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. By W. T. Price. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

MISTAKES IN WRITING ENGLISH, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By M. T. Bigelow. Second edition. 110 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

HANDBOOK OF BLUNDERS. Designed to prevent 1,000 common blunders in writing and speaking. By H. H. Ballard. pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

SLIPS OF TONGUE AND PEN. By J. H. Long. 101 pp. Cloth, 60 cents.

ERRORS IN THE USE OF ENGLISH. By Professor William B. Hodgson. pp. Cloth, $1.50.

THE VERBALIST. By Alfred Ayres. pp. Cloth, $1.00.

PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING. By Bates Torrey. 156 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

THE PRINTER'S ART. By Alexander A. Stewart. 113 pp. Paper, $1.00.

Any of these books will be sent by The Writer Publishing Co., postpaid, to any address, on receipt of price. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Obliged to Have Asked" and "Nom de Plume."— The *Boston Herald* says that if something or other had happened, Marion Crawford "would not have felt obliged to have asked a Smith College girl for permission to use her *nom de plume* for the title of his latest novel." Mr. Crawford did not feel obliged "to have asked" for permission. And the Smith College girl used "Katherine Lauderdale," not as a "*nom de plume*," but as a "*nom de guerre*."

WINCHESTER, Mass. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS from Ancient and Modern English and Foreign Sources. Including phrases, mottoes, maxims, proverbs, definitions, aphorisms, and sayings of wise men, in their bearing on life, literature, speculation, science, art, religion, and morals, especially in the modern aspects of them. Selected and compiled by Rev. James Wood. 668 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1893.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. A collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs, traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature. By John Bartlett. Ninth edition. 1,158 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1893.

The use of a dictionary of quotations is twofold, — first, to furnish apt illustrations by providing a maxim or an epigram reinforcing an idea, and, second, to give with exactness and reference to its source a maxim or an epigram the recollection of which is incomplete. The merits of such a book, therefore, are completeness in including a great number of maxims on a great variety of subjects, exactness in giving the quotations, and thoroughness in tracing each, so far as may be possible, back to its source. For most people, the second of the two uses of the book is most important. There are not many persons who sit down with malice aforethought to read a dictionary of quotations for the purpose of finding phrases to embellish their writing or their speech. The chief use of the book is that made of it when a writer wants to quote exactly a quotation which he only half remembers, or wants to trace a familiar and well-remembered quotation to its source. The arrangement and indexing of such a book, therefore, are of the first importance. Next comes the question of completeness, next that of exactness in quotation and in reference, and finally that of good judgment in selecting the quotations included in the work.

Of the two dictionaries mentioned at the beginning of this review, Bartlett's has long been a standard American work, the first edition having been published in 1855, and the ninth and culminating edition having been copyrighted in 1891. Each new edition of the book has been materially enlarged, the ninth edition, for instance, being larger than the eighth by 350 pages of text and 10,000 lines of index. Wood's dictionary, on the other hand, is a new book, begun, the author says, three years ago, and only recently published in England and America. It is only natural, then, that its merits should be judged by comparison with the work to which Americans have looked for nearly forty years as the standard of its kind.

The plan of Mr. Wood's book includes an alphabetical list of quotations, arranged according to the first letter of the first word, and followed by a topical index, which, though copious, includes no mottoes and few proverbs, indexes quotations by ideas rather than by key-words, and is intended only to refer to subjects of which there is anything of significance said. The index, too, is limited to subjects that are not mentioned in alphabetical order in the body of the book. Thus, Mr. Wood says, there was no need to index what is said on certain pages about "Art," "Beauty," or "Christianity," as the reader will expect to find something concerning them where they occur in the order adopted.

In Bartlett's dictionary there comes first an alphabetical index of authors, with the pages of the dictionary on which quotations from each are to be found. This is followed by a list of anonymous books cited. Then come the quotations, all those from one author being put together under his name, and the date of his birth and death being given in each case. The order of arrangement is chronological, the list beginning with Chaucer, and ending with Grover Cleveland, Bret Harte, and Francis W. Bourdillon. Following these come miscellaneous quotations, translations, quotations from the Bible, and an appendix explaining the origin of many familiar phrases. Last of all is an exhaustive index by key-words to all the quotations in the book.

The advantages of Bartlett's plan of arrangement are manifest at a glance. Assume, for instance, that a writer wishes to use the quotation comparing the power of the songs of a nation and the power of its laws, which he may,

remember, possibly — as, in fact, it was quoted in a recent national song prize offer made by the editor of the *Dominant* — in this form: "I care not who makes the nation's laws, if I might write its ballads." Taking Wood's dictionary, the searcher naturally looks first under "I care not," and finds out at once that if the quotation is in the book his memory of it is inexact. He next tries the index, deciding that the main key-words of the sentence are "ballads," "nation," and "laws." Under the headings "laws" and "nation" he finds nothing to his purpose. Under the heading "ballads," however, he finds the entry, "Ballads more powerful than laws, 241, 33," and, turning to page 241, he finds the thirty-third of the forty-nine quotations on the page — every fifth quotation being numbered by a figure in the margin — noted thus: —

Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes the laws. *Quoted by Fletcher of Saltoun.*

Now let the searcher take up Bartlett's dictionary, assuming that he knows no more about the quotation than he did when he started out to find exactly what it is. He has the key-words "ballads," "nation," and "laws." Under "laws" he finds the entry, "Laws of a nation, 281": under "nation" he finds the entry, "Nation, ballads of a, 281"; under "ballads" he finds "Ballads of a nation, 281." All these references send him to page 281, where he finds the following: —

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653—1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. — *Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.*

It appears from this that, if the searcher's memory of the quotation had been that it spoke of "songs," instead of "ballads," he would have failed to find it in Wood's dictionary, since the only key to the phrase in Wood's index is under the word "ballads." In the same case, on the other hand, he would have found the quotation all right in Bartlett's dictionary, for, although he would have discovered no mention of it in the index under "songs," he would have found the necessary reference in two other places, under "nation" and under "laws." Moreover, having traced the quotation in Wood's dictionary, he finds that it is given inexactly; in Bartlett's dictionary, on the other hand, he gets not only Fletcher's exact phrase, but the dates of Fletcher's life.

Throughout, Bartlett's dictionary has the advantage in the exactness with which quotations and references are given. Rev. Mr. Woods says in his preface: "Except in the case of quotations from Shakespeare, the editor has quoted only the names of the authors or the books from which they are taken, or has not, as might be expected of him, supplied either chapter or verse, because he did not think it worth the labor and expense that would have been involved." It may be doubted whether those who use the book will agree with Mr. Wood in this. Not only is it desirable to trace a quotation to its source, and make certain of its exact form, but it is often important to know the context in which the quotation originally appeared. Bartlett always gives exact references, as, for example: "Canterbury Tales. Troilus and Creseide. Book III. Line 1721." His quotations, too, are generally more exact than those of Mr. Wood.

The greatest usefulness of Wood's dictionary comes from the fact that it has a broader plan than Bartlett's, including quotations, in the original, from Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, and other languages, as well as English. "Gnothi seauton," for example, is given in Greek, while in Bartlett only the translation, "Know thyself," is indexed. In Bartlett, however, the use of the idea by Pope and Cervantes is quoted, while under the passage from Plutarch's "Consolation to Apollonius" containing it is a foot-note saying: "Plutarch ascribes this saying to Plato. It is also ascribed to Pythagoras, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, Bias, and Socrates; also to Phemonë, a mythical Greek poetess of the ante-Homeric period. Juvenal (Satire xi, 27) says that this precept descended from heaven." Bartlett, in short, gives more information about the phrase, but Wood gives the original Greek, which Bartlett does not. In the same way, Wood's dictionary includes the French, "*Rira bien qui rira le dernier*" ("He laughs best who laughs last"), while Bartlett does not mention even the English saying, his nearest approach to it being Othello's "They laugh that win," — which Wood also gives.

As Rev. Mr. Wood is an Englishman, it is, perhaps, not strange that his dictionary makes no mention of the familiar, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Bartlett, on the other hand, quotes the phrase from the memoirs of Colonel Henry Lee (1756–1816), as it was spoken in Lee's eulogy of Washington, December 26, 1799, and in a foot-note gives further information regarding the quotation and its origin.

As a final example of the way in which Mr. Wood's index works, may be cited his treatment of the phrase which ought to be engraved deep in every writer's memory: "Easy writing's curst hard reading." In Wood's dictionary the index entry is: —

Writing, advantage of, 369, 9; art of, secret of, 53, 9; benefit to few, 469, 6; clear, condition of, 554, 30; condition of, 305, 23; ease in, how acquired, 449, 45; easy, Sheridan on, 568, 6; *etc.*

The searcher for the epigram who has got so

far as this then turns to page 568, and the sixth quotation on that page he finds to be: —

> You write with ease to show your breeding,
> But easy writing's cursed hard reading.
> —*Sheridan.*

It will be noticed that "curst" is misquoted "cursed." On page 76, however, in the proper alphabetical place under "Easy," the quotation, "Easy writing's curst hard reading. — *Sheridan*," is correctly given. Bartlett quotes the couplet, and credits it as follows: "*Clio's Protest. Life of Sheridan* (Moore). Vol. I., p. 155."

The conclusion is that the writer who is trying to decide which of these two dictionaries he would better buy should buy both. If he cannot afford that, he will probably find Bartlett's the more generally useful of the two, since it is more nearly complete, more exact, more thorough, better planned, and better arranged. Wood's dictionary supplements Bartlett's, however, in a most useful way, particularly because it gives so many quotations in foreign languages. With both books in his library, there will be very few desired quotations that the owner of the dictionaries will try in vain to find.

W. H. H.

IN VARYING MOODS. By Beatrice Harraden. American copyright edition. 286 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

The success of "Ships That Pass in the Night" is naturally followed by the publication of another volume of Miss Harraden's work. "In Varying Moods" is a collection of strong and interesting short stories, of which the longest, "At the Green Dragon," fills about a hundred pages. The author's brief preface, signed with a fac-simile of her autograph, tells us that the story "was written in Mentone, amongst the olive trees," and that, as she now writes, the landlady of the Green Dragon sends her a box of daffodils and asks if she has yet invented a tale about her favorite inn. In the preface are given also hints of the origin of "The Painter and His Picture," "The Umbrella Mender," and "The Clockmaker and His Wife," other stories in the book. Most of the tales, Miss Harraden says, have in them more of truth than fiction. It is interesting to notice that this book is copyrighted in America. "Ships That Pass in the Night" was not protected by American copyright, and there were many unauthorized editions of it.

W. H. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS. An annual record of photographic progress. Edited by Edward L. Wilson. Thirtieth year. 295 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Edward L. Wilson. 1894.

Any one who is fortunate enough to have a complete set of the annual volumes of "Photographic Mosaics" from the beginning has a complete record of progress in photography during the last thirty years. The little books are invaluable to all who are interested in the photographic art. The 1894 volume, for instance, begins with an historical record of photographic discoveries and inventions during 1893, touching on such subjects — among scores of others — as "Photographing the Vowel Sounds," "Photography Without Light," "Flexible Glass," "The Field-glass Camera," "Tele-photographic Lenses," "Hand-camera Work," "Photography by Artificial Light," "Watch Dial Portraits," etc., etc. Following this are papers by experts on various subjects connected with photography, interesting to amateurs and professionals alike. A lavishly illustrated article on "Brittany: Illustrated by Hand-camera and Lantern," and "The Last Venture of the Photographer," a story by Alphonse Daudet, are features of the book, which has besides many fine half-tone pictures. Altogether, "Photographic Mosaics" for 1894 is a very interesting and useful little book — something that every one who is interested in photographic work should have.

W. H. H.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY. Discovered and deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D. Vol. II. 200 pp. Paper. Detroit: Howard Publishing Co. 1894.

The frontispiece of Dr. Owen's second volume of his "cipher story" is a picture of the "wheel," improvised for ready reference, used by him in deciphering what he assures the world is Bacon's cryptogram. When Dr. Owen goes farther and explains the system on which his work is done, the results of it may be worthy of serious attention. Until then it is not worthy of consideration.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of he magazine.]

SEBASTIAN. A dramatic poem. 93 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1894.

THEY MET IN HEAVEN. By George H. Hepworth. 209 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Read Curled Manuscripts Easily. — When one is trying to copy a manuscript which has been rolled, a satisfactory method of holding the objectionable matter under control is simply to lay a pane of glass over the opened sheet. When the paper is held thus there will be no trouble in reading all that is written on the page; and copyists will be saved the bother

of giving frequent attention, otherwise necessary, to weight the curling sheet.

C. S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

Typewriter Backing Sheet.—Now that so many literary people are using the typewriter for making manuscript, some of them may like to know of a trick for saving the bother of rolling in a backing sheet with each written page, which I saw described some time ago in the *Phonographic World.* Here are the directions: Dampen a strong sheet of linen paper as evenly as possible, either with a sponge or by drawing it through water and then placing it between blotting pads to remove the surplus water; then roll the sheet round the platen while it is moist, fastening the last end with mucilage. When the sheet is dry it will be found to adhere very tightly and smoothly to the platen. When the paper becomes worn it can be readily removed with the penknife, as the mucilage does not touch the platen. To do this will take but a few minutes, and the sheet will last for several weeks, not only saving much time and effort, but also preserving the platen.

CINCINNATI, O. A. L. S.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name—the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

FASHION AND INTELLECT. W. H. Mallock. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

FOUR CLEVER ILLUSTRATORS (Charles Dana Gibson, by Alice Graham McCollin; Albert B. Wenzell, by Mrs. Hamilton Mott; Reginald B. Birch, by Florence Wilson; Frank Otis Small, by Dorothy Chase). With portraits. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for June.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William Dean Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for June.

MY FIRST LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES. R. H. Stoddard. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

SOME MASKS AND FACES OF LITERATURE. Walter Blackburn Harte. *Worthington's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

HOW NEWS IS GATHERED. Illustrated. Arthur Field. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for June.

THE PASSING OF THE ESSAY. Agnes Repplier. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

SOME LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Sir Edward Strachey. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for June.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND. William Dean Howells. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

MEMOIRS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. George W. Smalley. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

PORTRAITS IN FICTION. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study in *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

THE EYE AS AN OPTICAL INSTRUMENT. Austin Flint, M. D. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

PHOTO-TELEGRAPHY. *Photographic Times* (18 c. each) for April 27, May 4, and May 11.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR HALF-TONE CUTS. *Photographic Times* (18 c.) for May 18.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUBLISHER. George S. Cottman. *Chicago Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

THE GENTLE READER. The Point of View, in *Scribner's Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

EDISON'S INVENTION OF THE KINETO-PHONOGRAPH. Antonia and W. K. L. Dickson. With an introduction by Thomas A. Edison. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

THE MOTHER OF IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

BOOKBINDINGS OF THE PRESENT. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for May 12.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Illustrated. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for May 19.

"GEORGE EGERTON" (Mrs. Clairmonte). With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for May 19.

HELEN H. GARDENER. With portrait. *Journalist* (13 c.) for May 5.

NEWS-WRITERS. James Wyllys Dixon. *Journalist* (13 c.) for May 12.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE AND ITS CONDUCTORS. *Fourth Estate* (8 c.) for May 24.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Louis J. Vance. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for May 22.

HOW TO MAKE A BELL ELECTRIC TELEPHONE FOR EIGHT CENTS. Mortimer A. Lopez. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for May 22.

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON. With portrait. *Southern Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

JANE BARLOW. With portrait. James MacArthur. *Critic* (13 c.) for May 12.

BEATRICE HARRADEN. Portrait. *Critic* for May 12.

IRISH SURNAMES. *Nation* (13 c.) for May 24.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER AGAIN. Editor's Table, *Southern Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

REUBEN T. DURETT. With portrait. Thomas Edwin Spencer. *Southern Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

A CHAT WITH BEATRICE HARRADEN. J. L. G. *Critic* (13 c.) for May 19.

RHYME, RHYTHM, POETRY, AND COMMON SENSE. Edgar Fawcett. *Independent* for May 17.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN LITERARY STYLE. Joel Benton. *New York Home Journal* for May 9.

BEATRICE HARRADEN INTERVIEWED. *New York World* for May 6.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. E. J. Edwards. *Atchison* (Kan.) *Globe* for May 10.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR INTERVIEWED BY NELLIE BLY. *New York World* for May 13.

FULL REPORT OF ADDRESSES AT AUTHORS' BREAKFAST. *Salem* (Mass.) *Gazette* for May 7.

W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Arthur Stedman. *Galveston News* for May 8.

JOHN SWINTON. *Keene* (N. H.) *Sentinel* for May 2.

MRS. HARRIET M. CONVERSE. *Berkshire Sunday Eagle* (Pittsfield, Mass.) for May 6.

THE ESSENTIALS OF GOOD BOOKBINDING. John H. McNamee. *Cambridge Tribune* for May 5.

IK MARVEL IN OLD AGE. Reprinted from *New York Times* in *Boston Globe* for May 7.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. With portrait. *Boston Home Journal* for May 19.

SHALL AUTHORS COMBINE FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION? Charles Burr Todd. *New York Home Journal* for May 16.

LOUISVILLE AUTHORS. *Louisville Courier-Journal* for May 6.

MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME. *Boston Traveller* for May 12.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler, accompanied by Miss Ella Page, of Albemarle, Va., will leave "Castle Hill" about June 1, for an extended trip through the Holy Land.

William Winter, dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, sailed for England May 9 for a vacation.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has gone to England, where she will spend several weeks.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page sailed for Europe on the same steamer May 19.

The price of *Munson's Phonographic News* (New York) has been reduced from two dollars to one dollar a year.

Mrs. Beatrice Harraden arrived in New York May 2, on her way to California.

Theodore Stanton, after twelve years' sojourn in Paris, intends to resume his residence in the United States.

Howard Challen, publisher of labor-saving record books, has removed to 165 Broadway, New York.

The Penfield Publishing Co. has been incorporated at Asbury Park, N. J., with a capital stock of $100,000. It will publish the *New Peterson Magazine*, *Arthur's New Home Magazine*, and other periodicals. All the editorial work of these publications, as well as the printing, binding, and mailing, will be done at Asbury Park.

McClure's Magazine has removed to 30 Lafayette place, New York. S. S. McClure, the publisher, has returned from Europe.

The name of the author of "The Story of Margrédel," which was withheld during its serial publication in *Blackwood's* and from the title-page of the book, is now announced to be David Storrar Meldrum.

The petition to Congress, which is circulated by the American Dramatists' Club, that the copyright act be amended so as to make flagrant violations of it punishable by imprisonment, is meeting generous support. The American Dramatists' Club — president, Bronson Howard, and vice-president, Henry Guy Carleton — has taken the matter up with great vigor, and as a result thousands of signatures have been received from almost every state of the Union. At the rooms of the club, No. 47 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, it is said that the leading managers of the country are taking the greatest interest in the movement.

A man of wide experience in the world of books, among publishers and authors, says that Miss Wilkins owes the marked favor of the great public to her little old-English words; that she writes, "I don't want a word out of your mouth about it, father," where another author might say, "The son implored his father not to express such opinions." Certain it is that "Pembroke" contains a large proportion of words of one syllable and Anglo-Saxon origin.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, has been lame for two years, owing to an apparently trifling accident. She hurt her knee sitting in the cramped position it was necessary to maintain when seated in the dress circle of one of the London theatres. She is now unable to walk without a stick.

Margot Tennant, now wife of the English home secretary, Asquith, received this note from Mr. Benson, the author, who took Miss Tennant for the heroine of his story, "Dodo." "Dear Miss Tennant — All the world is talking of you and my novel; when may I come to see you?" She replied: "Dear Mr. Benson — Did you really write a novel? How clever of you! Come and see me at any time." When he called she was out.

An interesting sketch of Charles L. Tiffany, of New York, and of the house of Tiffany & Co., of which he is the head, has been written by George Frederic Heydt, and is published in a beautiful volume, richly bound in full morocco. The typography of the book is exquisite, and Mr. Heydt's sketch of the history of the well-known firm possesses more than ordinary interest.

Book News (Philadelphia) for May has portraits and biographies of Celia Thaxter and Olive Thorne Miller.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") sailed for Europe May 9. The liabilities of his firm, Charles L. Webster & Co., are fixed by the assignee at about $80,000.

The Elzevir Company, of New York, managed by John B. Alden, made an assignment May 2.

The liabilities of the Russell Publishing Co., of Boston, were fixed at the time of the company's failure at about $40,000. At a sale of the company's property by the assignees May 14 $3,450 were realized. The property sold consisted of the publications *Our Little Ones* and the *Whole Family*, which were bought by Hartshorn & Pettingill, who publish the *Household*. This same firm has also bought the *Cottage Hearth*.

Judgment for $6,835 was entered in New York May 25 against the Housewife Corporation, publisher, of No. 83 Warren street, in favor of Wynkoop & Hallenbeck, on the attachment obtained by them May 1.

M. Zola is as systematic and as sure to do a certain number of pages, and no more, each day as the late Anthony Trollope was. Each of his books contains about 500 pages of forty lines to a page.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is living in a pretty country house at Tring.

Will Carleton contributed "Betsy and I Are Out" to the *Toledo Blade* while he was a salaried writer on that paper, and received only "editorial encouragement" in return for it. "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," was contributed to *Harper's Monthly* and brought him a check for $30. The poorhouse referred to in the poem is the one near Hillsdale, Mich.

An "Authors' Breakfast" was given in Salem May 5, in honor of the American Authors' Guild, by the Salem Thought and Work Club. Among the distinguished guests were: Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Robert Grant, Olive Thorne Miller, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Grant Wilson, president of the Guild, Titus Munson Coan, Charles Follen Adams, J. T. Trowbridge, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Charles Burr Todd, Craven Langstroth Betts, Walter Blackburn Harte, Ednah Dow Cheney, and Hezekiah Butterworth.

Mrs. Mary Holland Lee, author of "Margaret Salisbury," will spend the summer months at her country home in Shrewsbury, Mass.

"Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) sold her household effects and other portable property, including her manuscripts, at auction, at Florence, Italy, May 21.

Jordan, Marsh, & Co., Boston, announce an art exhibition to be given in November, and offer to artists who have lived in New England for one year a special prize of $1,500, two prizes of $300 each, and three prizes of $200 each, for the best paintings of New England subjects that may be submitted. The picture winning the grand prize is to be presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Current Topics (Chicago) has changed its name to the *Chicago Magazine*.

Harper's Magazine for June contains eighty-four pictures. Few books have so many. Among them is a portrait of Owen Wister, included in Charles Belmont Davis' article on Philadelphia.

Among other attractive features in the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for June is an article with nine illustrations on "The Authentic Portraits of Robert Burns."

"The Master" is the title of a new story by I. Zangwill, the publication of which has just been commenced in *Harper's Weekly*.

A series of portraits of Richard Harding Davis will appear in the department of "Human Documents" in the June number of *McClure's Magazine* (New York).

The circulation of the *New York World* is now more than 433,000 copies a day.

Austin Abbott contributes to the May *Review of Reviews* (New York) a valuable résumé of the life-work of David Dudley Field. The article is illustrated with portraits of the distinguished Field brothers.

In the privately printed volume of "Selected Letters of Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan" is a letter written by Mr. Macmillan to his brother, in which he says of his friend, Francis Marion Crawford: "Crawford was up a day or two lately, and I am more than ever struck with the fact that he is far more remarkable than his books. He speaks four languages so that the natives cannot detect him for a foreigner. He knows a good deal of Sanskrit, though he hardly ever refers to it. He learnt Norwegian, so as to pronounce it properly, in about three lessons from Ross. He is a good fencer, a good sailor, and can do silver repoussée work. With no training, he has designed the entire reconstruction of his house at Sorrento. Both in mathematics and draughtsmanship he is more than mediocre. He seems able to do almost anything he turns his attention to. The one thing he has almost entirely neglected is modern literature; and he always says that he is not really a literary man. In this there is some truth, though he has a kind of imagination that he throws into everything."

Stanley Waterloo, the Chicago author and newspaper man, engaged with a publisher to have a book on the Coxey movement ready for the press within four days. He began Monday morning, April 30, with a staff of writers, photographers, and typewriters, and Thursday night, May 3, the copy for a book of 100,000 words, with forty illustrations, was in the hands of the printers.

Mrs. Mary Cahill, of Brooklyn, otherwise known as "Marie Walsh," author of "Hazel Kirke" and other novels, has adopted South Dakota as her home, for the purpose of procuring a divorce. Mrs. Cahill's husband lives in Chicago, where he edits the *Home Light*, a Roman Catholic weekly.

The Cassell Publishing Co. announces "Wanted, A Copyist," a story which touches on newspaper work, and "Chaperoned," an addition to the Unknown Library.

D. Appleton & Co. announce "Climbing in the Himalayas," by Dr. William Martin Conway, vice-president of the Alpine Club; "Cleopatra," a new historical romance by Dr. Georg Ebers; "A Daughter of To-day," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan); "Mary Fenwick's Daughter," by Beatrice Whitby; and "General Washington," by General Bradley T. Johnson.

Poultney Bigelow gave a dinner in London to Mark Twain May 17.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine (New York) for May has a portrait and sketch of John A. Tennant, its associate editor.

The *National Baptist* has been sold for $16,000 to the owner of the *New York Examiner*, and its publication in Philadelphia is to be discontinued. Since 1872 Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland has edited the *National Baptist*, and he became its owner in 1883.

"Aunt Fanny," thus best known from her books for children, died in New York, May 7, aged seventy-two. She was Mrs. Frances Elizabeth (Mease) Barrow, a native of Charleston, S. C., and had been writing ever since 1855. Her "Little Pet" books, "Six Mitten" books, "Popgun" stories, "Nightcap" series, and others, went through many editions and had a great circulation both in America and England. Mrs. Barrow was also a writer for the *New York Ledger*.

General Matthew M. Trumbull died in Chicago May 9, aged sixty-eight. He wrote chiefly under the pen name, "Wheelbarrow."

Professor Henry Morley, the distinguished author and lecturer, died at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, May 14.

Thomas Niles, senior member of the firm of Roberts Bros., Boston, died in Perugia, Italy, May 18, aged sixty-nine.

Andrew J. Graham, author of Graham's system of phonography, died at Orange, N. J., May 19, aged sixty-four.

Edmund Yates died of apoplexy in London May 20, aged sixty-three.

Professor George John Romanes, F. R. S., LL. D., died suddenly at Oxford, England, May 23, aged forty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, JULY, 1894. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

DR. RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI. *Stephen L. Coles* . . . 97
INCONSISTENCIES OF ILLUSTRATION. *Harriet Caryl Cox.* 98
THE CULT OF THE MEANINGLESS. *Forrest Morgan.* . 99
THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN. *Ad. H. Gibson.* . . 102
ONE USE OF THE COMMA. *E. Lincoln Kellogg.* . . . 103
EDITORIAL. 104
The Business Side of Book Publishing, 104 — Using the Phonograph, 104 — A Good Piece of Copy-editing, 105 — Number of Characters in Well-known Novels. 106
SHALL WRITERS ADVERTISE? *Clifton S. Wady.* . . . 106
THE SCRAP BASKET. 106
THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS. 106
"I Feel Badly." 106
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 107
BOOK REVIEWS. 107
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 110
"How to Read." 110
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 110
NEWS AND NOTES. 111

DR. RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

Rodrigues Ottolengui, the author of "An Artist in Crime," "A Conflict of Evidence," and "A Modern Wizard,"—three of the latest, most successful, and subtle detective stories,—is slightly built, dark complexioned, and of medium height, a close student, an ardent and intense literary worker, and the possessor of a keenly analytical and logical mind. His mental qualities are apparent to his readers in his work, as well as to his friends, who also appreciate fully his personal magnetism. In his profession as a dentist he has achieved enviable success, not alone in his practical work, but, as a result of this, in the production of highly commended scientific essays and text-books.

Dr. Ottolengui was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1861. He obtained his early education in that city, and came North in 1876, receiving his diploma conferring the degree of M. D. S. at Albany, N. Y., at the age of twenty-two. He has always practiced in New York City. He began contributing stories and sketches to the daily and Sunday local papers in Charleston in 1874. His "Switchman's Story," published in a book of recitations about 1884, has been widely read and recited. Dr. Ottolengui has contributed a large number of articles on dentistry to the leading journals in this country, and many of the productions of his pen have been translated into foreign languages.

His first serious work was a text-book for dental colleges, entitled "Methods of Filling Teeth." The illustrations were drawn from 240 models made for the purpose by Dr. Ottolengui. He received $1,000 in cash and a handsome royalty for the manuscript of this book. The work is chiefly characterized by its analytical methods, every one of which has been practically accomplished by the author in his personal practice. The originality and novelty of the work gave it at once an educational popularity as flattering to its author as it was valuable to the dental profession.

Dr. Ottolengui's first published distinctly literary effort was "An Artist in Crime," which was brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, in the autumn of 1892. The book pleased the public and the critics generally, having received but two derogatory reviews. Before this Dr. Ottolengui had written three romances, one of which has since been rewritten and published, while the others are lying fallow. "A Conflict of Evidence," published by the Putnams in the summer of 1893, was his next book to appear. These two works are narratives only, the author's first real attempt at novel-writing being "A Modern Wizard," which has been before the public but a few weeks.

Dr. Ottolengui's methods of work are characteristic. He uses no notes; the plan of a story

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

is first mapped out in his mind, the theme is decided upon, and the central characters are studied out. He is then ready to write, the original draft being made on a typewriter. One whole chapter is written at each sitting, and no part of this manuscript is corrected or altered in any way until the whole story is finished. Then the manuscript is revised and edited with pen and ink and copied over again on the typewriter. The manuscript is again edited, and this time all punctuation and spelling are as carefully scrutinized as if it were the final page proof. Dr. Ottolengui corrects all his own proof. He lays great stress on the elementary requirements of authorship, endeavoring to have his language grammatical, and striving to avoid errors of this kind. He writes one chapter, averaging about fifteen typewritten pages, in three hours.

In beginning a story Dr. Ottolengui starts with a *motif* and a problem to prove. Each individual character is modelled in his mind and thought over until it seems a living presence. With the theme and the characterization in his mind, the author occupies the position of an amanuensis, and the situations are a logical result of the action of the story as it progresses.

Although laying no pretence to a professional knowledge of the law, the medico-legal portions of Dr. Ottolengui's writing, especially shown in the trial scene in "A Modern Wizard," are scientific and correct, and have received high praise from both lawyers and physicians. He never hesitates to probe a reference to the last and latest authority. Many of the seemingly mysterious effects prominently apparent in his stories are directly traceable to known causes, and the deft and popular way in which the author leads the reader to an easy understanding of the matter in hand relieves the latter at once of any misgivings that he may be getting into deep water. Dr. Ottolengui's stories are remarkable for their ingenuity of conception, originality of situations, cleverness of plot, accuracy of detail, and the popularity they have made for their author.

Stephen L. Coles.

New York, N. Y.

INCONSISTENCIES OF ILLUSTRATION.

It is all very well to have your story or article embellished by illustrations; the pictures make it more attractive, and the young author feels a pride that his thought should be more fully transmitted to the admiring public by means of the illustrator's art; yet there are times when in an agony the suffering author would cry, *Don't;* oh, don't.

It is bad enough when the creature you have made the embodiment of all charms and graces, a maiden fair and slender, appears in a gown the style of which dates some two years back, and with a physique that is anything but "willowy."

This is a trifle light as air, however, compared with the atrocious cruelty of depicting a youthful hero first in short trousers, then in long and very whole ones, and later in knee breeches, and very ragged ones at that. Think of the feelings of that boy at being put back!

Yet such a cruel thing as this has actually been done. In extenuation, let it be said that while it was the same boy, he appeared in three separate stories, and possibly each was placed in the hands of a different illustrator. Yet consistency in his apparel is something which should have been seen to.

The same editor accepted the three stories, and they followed each other quite closely. In the first the boy was very small, a newsboy, in short trousers. In the second he had been promoted to office boy; he had grown considerably, in fact was quite unrecognizable, but this might have been attributed to his rise in life. But in the third story, alas! he was again a ragged youngster in knickerbockers.

The general reader may have passed these blunders by unnoticed, but to the author they were annoying. At best, one's conception can be but inadequately expressed by the illustrator. Can not the author, then, in justice demand that his work be exempt from all attempts at illustration, if illustration invites these glaring inconsistencies?

Harriet Caryl Cox.

ABINGTON, Mass.

THE CULT OF THE MEANINGLESS.

Naturally, most of the discussions in THE WRITER are on the composition of prose, though now and then one has crept in on that of poetry. I say poetry rather than verse, because if verse is not poetry, it has no business to exist — though it does in large quantities. But I have a word to say on how not to write it, illustrated by one or two dreadful examples. The lesson is by no means without use even for the writers of prose.

Modern poetry — very modern poetry — has two fundamental divisions. One is the old, and fortunately still the chief, in which the expression of an idea is the primary object; if the idea is a poor one, that is the intellectual misfortune of the author, but it is usually the best he can do at the time. In this sort the verbal phrasing, however carefully wrought for intrinsic beauty, is still subordinate, a mere means of developing and adorning the germinal idea. But with Keats, to whom poetry was primarily a luxurious titillation of the senses, came in another species, the exact reverse of this: one in which the words are the first thought, and the meaning is wholly subordinate, and often grudgingly stinted of care, as being only an unavoidable hindrance. This class, when full-blown, as in the unlovely fungus I shall use for illustration, is, in spite of a surface pretence of meaning, essentially gibberish, like "Jabberwocky" or the "Laura Matilda" verses in "Rejected Addresses"; that is, while any one word means or may mean something, there is no certainty that any two put together will, nor any consistent effort to make them. The mosaic is not in design an artistic pattern wrought in stone, but a collection of pretty stones which cannot be dumped in at absolute random and gain acceptance as art, and must therefore be given some sort of arrangement.

Much of "Endymion" is of this order: there are sections of it which stand out dazzlingly solid, like diamonds in a fog; but after reading it intermittently for many years, I do not know what the bulk of it is about, and have never seen any one who did. The Quarterly Reviewers had much cause, and are unjustly reviled. Keats' later work was different, though even the godlike "Hyperion" shows the taint; but he had created a type too grateful to sensuous temperaments and unexacting intellects to let die, and the afflicting school of poetic word-painters and colorists is the result. Care must be taken not to confound it with the work of the word-music school, which often ends in exactly the same result, but by a different road. The latter is rather the offspring of the lyre; Poe was an eminent master in it, and by his own confession pushed it to the confines of sheer jargon to make words perform the functions of pure music irrespective of the intellectual idea. He was too great an artist quite to pass the border, but in "Ulalume" he went to the very verge. Tennyson has done the same in "Claribel" and elsewhere; Swinburne has written reams of musical words without ideas; James Whitcomb Riley has tried it in "Flying Islands of the Night."

The class I mean, in which the primary thought is not so much the music as the color, the pictorial suggestiveness, or the decorative effect of the words, has for obvious reasons not had nearly so many eminent masters as the musical branch. Song is of all time and for all

the world, and music is often meaning enough; while the other is of the few and for the day. Keats, the first artificer, is still the greatest (do not forget, however, that the parts of his work which have really lived and are read are of the other sort); William Morris comes next, but he is not an extreme instance. The mass of such work is done by a vast shoal of small-fry, ephemerides by the nature of their work, because there is nothing to please the mind or the heart after the senses have had their fleeting fillip.

One of the most perfect examples in modern verse-writing lies before me. It is on a prospectus of "The Bayadere, and Other Sonnets," by the late Francis S. Saltus; a limited *édition de luxe*. The attempt since his death to "boom" this unchoice spirit — who, with money, cultivation, travel, all the good gifts of fortune, snarled at life and an unappreciative world till his early and needless death — into a neglected and undervalued genius, a sort of Burns, a "glory-and-shame" of American letters, is one of the most ludicrous episodes in literary history. It is almost entirely the work of the bachelor clubmen of New York, who are numerous enough to have a weekly organ; a class as one-sided and distorted in one direction in their views of both life and literature as young girls are in the other, and for just the same reason — exclusive confinement to one part of life, and consequent ignorance of the facts of the other. The one class will not believe that physical passion has any rights or needs to exist, the other believes the universe exists only for it and in its manifestations. The latter's worship of Mr. Saltus is inspired partly by his verse being directed toward the nerves of sensation, but mainly — for they do not as a body care more for poetry or understand it better than the average of other people, which is very little — by his having put more disgustingly nasty and physically revolting images into verse than any other being who ever wrote in English. This is accounted "virility," and "frankness," and "freedom from Philistinism," and "devotion to Art as Art" (I shall show in a moment how much the art was worth), and "emancipation from the fetters of smug morality"; and he is held to be *a great man* and a great poet for it, without further examination. He was, in fact, merely an industrious verbal bricklayer, of little artistic variety beyond the ordinary mechanical manipulations, no analytic power, and wholly guiltless of an original idea; but with immense fecundity of language, great width of reading, a good deal of raw pictorial sense, and not a bad aim when he wished to hit a sensory nerve. During his lifetime I had his poems to select from, literally by the hundred, — for he had the remorseless facility of a sausage machine. They were all labored brick-and-mortar verse, full of culture and the entire contents of the paint-box, and so exactly alike and so absolutely devoid of a spark of fire or spontaneity that there was no reason for accepting or rejecting any one that would not hold good of the whole. Moreover, they were put together with no real care for syntax, coherence, consistency, or sense of any kind: the chief consideration was that the words should sound well by themselves, and scan and rhyme; and the flattest self-contradictions, even in the same line, never ruffled his complacent admiration for his work. I could choose no better sample than the title-sonnet printed on the circular, "The Bayadere"; and I invite attention to it as showing what the Howell Gibbonses, and even the Van Bibbers, regard as great poetry, and more especially to show how not to write poetry if you wish it to live.

(1) Near strange weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
(2) Bathes doomed Lahore, I watched, by spice-trees fanned,
(3) Her agile form in some quaint saraband,
(4) A marvel of passionate chastity and pride.
(5) Nude to the loins, superb and leopard-eyed,
(6) With fragrant roses in her jeweled hand,
(7) Before some Kaât-drunk Rajah, mute and grand,
(8) Her flexile body bends, her white feet glide.
(9) The dull Kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
(10) And wail with zeal as in a hasheesh trance:
(11) Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm
(12) Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
(13) While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
(14) Lulls the grim, drowsy cobra on her arm.

(1.) "Strange weird" is mere pleonasm and padding. Anything weird is strange: weird things are not part of common life.

(2.) Trees shade people, but don't fan them. And who is it that is fanned — the writer or the dancer? The clumsy syntax gives no clue.

(3.) Why "some"? A saraband is a saraband, as a minuet is a minuet. And how

"quaint"? The word cannot be twisted into any meaning that will make sense of applying it to a dance; and if there could be a quaint dance, of all things on earth a dirty Oriental dance is least entitled to the name.

(4.) This is probably the most nonsensical line in the language. How in the world can any woman be a marvel of chastity? She can't more than be chaste; most women *are* chaste, and even nuns are too common to be a marvel. And how a marvel of pride? Pride over nothing is the commonest of things. And if a woman could be a marvel of chastity, and of passionate chastity (that is, resentful of the least hint of defilement), and of passionate chastity *and pride*, one of the creatures to whom it would be most absurd to apply it would be a half-naked slave girl dancing an indecent dance before a drunken Eastern prince, of whom she would generally be a concubine. Or perhaps it is not she, but her agile form or the saraband that is a marvel as stated: the syntax makes one reading as grammatical as the other.

(5.) I do not believe Mr. Saltus ever saw a leopard's eyes; he put this in because it sounds well and rhymes.

(6.) "Fragrant roses" is padding. All roses are at least conventionally supposed to be fragrant.

(7.) Which is grand — the drunken rajah or the dancer? Again the slovenly syntax gives no clue, and in either case the epithet is mere nonsense and rhyme-padding. A drunken princeling is not grand, and a supple slave doing a prurient dance for his pleasure is not grand.

(8.) If her body was n't flexile, it could n't bend. Padding again.

(10.) "Wail with zeal" is a ludicrously incongruous image, recalling the mourners at an Irish wake, or a castigated child with his fists in his eyes, — not anything Oriental. I do not happen to know what a kinoor is; but presuming it to be a musical instrument, how can it eat hasheesh or go into a trance, and why would it wail any more zealously if it did? And if it is a man, men do not, I believe, wail zealously when in a trance, hasheesh or any other. And how can either of these throb monotonously and wail zealously at the same time? Throbbing and wailing, or zeal and monotony, are not very compatible processes, and are certainly not harmonious epithets.

(11.) How can anything scintillant be vague? What sort of a thing is a vague sparkle? And of all things, what is a vague ecstasy? The three adjectives swear at each other; the author evidently never cared what sort of an internecine war they had when he once got them together. And as "charm" is the effect the eyes produce on beholders, what has "ecstatic," which is her own inner feeling, got to do with it anyhow? It is like speaking of a uræmic fascination or a choking benevolence of visage; and even if it had, how could it be at once vague and ecstatic?

(12.) I should like to see a black star or a black fire. Also, I have heard of shining like a star and of burning like several things, but never of burning like a star, which is an image without coherence or pertinence. And how in the world can anything burn vaguely? That unhappy adjective "vague" is pure vague stuffing, and throws everything around it out of gear, for it fits nowhere. And what does the line mean to begin with? Are her eyes burning below the moon? We are not told that this is a moonlight scene, and if it is, where else could they burn, and what is the difference between the Orient moon and other moons? Or are they burning "like stars [which are] below the moon"? If so, why below rather than above? One is as accurate as the other.

(13.) "Suave" is a misuse of language in this relation: it suggests at once a diplomat or a shopkeeper, being used for tempers and manners, not sensations. One never speaks of the suave taste of a glass of smooth wine, or the suave feeling of dropping off to sleep, but of a man of suave disposition or suave manners. This clumsy heap of epithets is gross padding, and adds nothing to the effect.

(14.) If the snake is lulled, the natural result is drowsiness — more padding; and "grim" is not especially graphic of a snake, and serves little purpose but that of metre. Adjective for adjective, he could have found much better ones than these.

And it is these incongruous random heaps of

gaudy paint-squares, like a child's game with its color-box, put together so inartistically that they make violent discords as often as not, and exhibiting no symmetry of design and no centrality of purpose, that the American public is to flagellate itself for neglecting, and to deify in remorse. I think the sane and Philistine public judged much better than the victims of spiritual malnutrition, with unsatisfied sensuous cravings and heads untrained to even such elementary analysis as this; to whom such cheap, crude, slovenly stringing together of unsorted glitterments, like a savage hanging colored beads around his neck, seems great poetry and its author an unappreciated genius. If this edition sells, there are evidently a good many men with purses ampler than their intellects, and mainly composed of nerves of sensation — which is doubtless true.

I had meant to give an example from another author, but space will not permit. What I most wish to urge is, that for poet and prose writer alike the condition of vitality is thought and art fused in one, and the condition of general acceptance, either before or after death, is centrality. In other words, have a thought first; fix clearly in your mind what it is, second; express it in a form that makes it a pleasure to retain, third. Don't wobble and wander and put in meaningless words or phrases because they sound prettily, and destroy the whole sense of your line for a rhyme, and stuff in a pleonastic or inconsistent adjective for the metre. If this is too hard, if you have no thoughts strong enough to build on or clear enough to express intelligibly, or not melody or color enough to please the ear or senses, or not metrical facility enough to avoid gross padding and forced rhymes, — keep still till you have. And of all things, don't excuse yourself, even to yourself, by saying that Byron made this lapse of grammar, and Swinburne used this harsh and halting foot, and Goldsmith padded his lines, and Shakespeare is unintelligible in spots, and so on. When Pope said,

> "Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
> All that disgraced my betters met in me,"

he understood perfectly that a combination of the faults of great artists did not make a new great artist. They are accepted in spite of certain inelegancies or flaws, because what there is left is too good to lose. When you, too, have a flood of good things to offer, you can (like Browning) defy criticism. Till then, weed out laboriously every fault you can see. And always try to mean something, whether you succeed or not.

Forrest Morgan.

HARTFORD, Conn.

THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN.

Many a failure might be avoided by beginners in literary work if they were careful to put into actual practice the good words of advice given by their elders in the field. Edward E. Hale once wrote to a young writer in the West: —

"Write nothing unless you have something to say. Write nothing unless you have reason to think that you know more about the matter than those you write for. Say nothing of yourself unless it is absolutely necessary. Begin at the beginning. Stop when you have done. Use as short words as you can find, and as few as *will answer.*"

That is a kernel full of meat for beginners — for everybody.

Then among the many excellent things said and written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is this, which every writer would do well to remember: —

"Make up your mind what you are going to say — and then say it quick."

Do your thinking before you sit down to write. Then there will be no need of spoiling half a quire of paper before you can get the first sentence to suit you. Think and think, until your subject becomes clear, then "say it

quick!" To dilly-dally over an article is pretty sure to invest it with a bunglesome, jerky style, that "makes hard reading."

Lord Macaulay's three questions are worth keeping in mind, when we decide to treat a subject: "What do people want to know about it? What do *I* know about it? What shall I have to learn?"

Don't forget that the reading public is intelligent and demands clear, helpful information, be it in story, essay, or editorial. Dig deep for bright thoughts and fresh ideas. Then, as Louisa M. Alcott wrote me, shortly before her death: —

"Hope and keep busy."

STAR VALLEY, Kan. *Ad. H. Gibson.*

ONE USE OF THE COMMA.

There seem to be two rules regarding the use of the comma between three or more adjectives in procession, when the last two are connected by a conjunction. For instance, take the following sentence, punctuated in two different ways: "The charge was wild, fierce, headlong and irresistible"; "The charge was wild, fierce, headlong, and irresistible"; some grammars give the first example as the correct punctuation; others give the last. I will here observe that the first style of punctuation is the one generally used in newspaper offices; the second will be found the most frequently in the works of those who are regarded as good authorities on the use of the English language.

Those grammars which omit one of the commas give as a rule, that a comma is to be inserted only where the conjunction has been omitted. This seems to me to be a lame rule. The function of the comma as a punctuation mark is not so much to show us where a conjunction has been omitted, as to aid us in grasping the sense of a passage, and to show the grammatical relation of words and phrases to each other. But leaving out of consideration any function which may be performed by the comma in pointing out an omission, it seems to me that the sense of expressions such as I have given is materially affected by the style of punctuation adopted.

If we read: "The charge was wild, fierce, headlong and irresistible," in our comprehension of the sentence we naturally connect the two words joined by the conjunction more closely than we do the two which are set off by commas. The impression given is erroneous; for, in reality, each adjective is equal in value with its fellows, and each has the same force, and is no more closely connected with one of the series than with another. It requires an effort of the mind to separate the words properly and give to each its true individual force.

If we write the sentence: "The charge was wild, fierce, headlong, and irresistible," the uniformity of punctuation corresponds to the equal prominence which should be given to the words in our minds, and no effort is required and no rule need be remembered to give to each word its proper degree of distinctness.

The office of the conjunction is to connect; of the comma, to divide. If we do not separate by the comma the two words between which the conjunction is placed, we are liable, as we glance along the line, to give to the last two combined no more force than we do each one of the first two, and thus lose just one-fourth of the strength of the expression.

This is a case where authorities disagree. However, the second style of punctuation has the weight of best usage in its favor, as well as a logical reason for its adoption. The first style has nothing to recommend it but an arbitrary rule of two or three grammarians.

SEATTLE, Wash. *E. Lincoln Kellogg.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. JULY, 1894. NO. 7.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

When all writers realize that book publishing is a business, and not a sentimental occupation, it will be easier for some of them to understand why even a well-written manuscript often seeks a publisher in vain. Ordinary merit is not what a publisher desires. Something unusual is *what he is after;* for the reading public likes novelties, and it pays to publish what the reading public likes. As a contributor to THE WRITER well says: "A merely well-written story, with a nice little plot and a happy ending, is not marketable. Thousands of such stories are returned to their authors, not because they are lacking in a literary way, but because they are not up to the standard from a commercial point of view." It costs a publisher three or four hundred dollars at least to bring out an ordinary book, including the cost of professional reading, typesetting, plates, paper, presswork, binding, advertising, and postage, and if the book falls flat, while the author suffers only his disappointment, the publisher suffers pecuniary loss. Publishers are naturally slow to take such risks. Every manuscript that they reject is a source of actual expense to them. The reading of a book manuscript is no trifling task. Few expert professional Readers would like to undertake to read through more than one such manuscript a day, and the time of professional Readers cannot be cheaply bought. Publishers are compelled to employ Readers as one of the first necessities of their business, and the Readers have to be paid for reading the manuscripts which they reject, as well as for reading those which they decide are good. Instead of complaining, then, because his rejected manuscript has not been read all through, the author should remember that the publisher to whom he sent it has not been paid for the time which he and his Reader have devoted to it — excepting in so far as the profits from the books of successful authors pay the losses on the manuscripts of the unsuccessful ones.

***

Literary history records the example of the man who always kept paper, and pencil, and matches, and a candle by his bedside, so that he might be able to record any bright idea that should come to him in the still watches of the night. The only danger in his case was that while he was fumbling around in the dark for matches to light the candle with, his bright idea might evaporate, so that when the candle flared, he might have nothing to record. Modern science has made an improvement possible, in some cases, by the use of the electric light, which

can be made to flash by pressing or twisting a button, giving the bright idea no time to disappear. Even a more convenient means of accomplishing the desired object is available, however, in the shape of the phonograph. One busy writer says that he often puts into his phonograph cylinders in an evening 4,000 or 5,000 words to be transcribed by his typewriter next day. He keeps a phonograph at his home, and the little case which he brings in town in the morning is sure to contain a large quantity of matter ready to be copied and turned over to the printer. The phonograph works as well in the dark as in the light, so that the author who wants to "book" his casual midnight thoughts needs only to keep one by his bedside and talk into it as into the ear of a long-suffering confidential friend. It beats the match and candle and paper and pencil scheme clear out of sight.

***

One of the best examples of good newspaper copy-editing which ever came to the attention of the editor of THE WRITER lies on his desk as he writes this paragraph. It is in the form of two sheets of postal telegraph copy, a despatch from Brockton, Mass., to the *Boston Globe*, skilfully blue-pencilled by the *Globe's* night editor. The original despatch and the remnant of it that was printed in the *Globe* are worth quoting in full, to show what happens to a newspaper correspondent's copy received by telegraph at 12.45 in the morning, when the paper is crowded, and everything has to be "cut to the bones and the bones scraped afterward," as the newspaper night editor's saying is. At first sight the two sheets of copy seem to contain nothing but barred-gates of dark blue-pencil lines. Underneath them and between them can be read the typewritten despatch as the *Globe's* telegraph operator took it from his clicking instrument. It ran as follows:—

BROCKTON, June 1 — Both branches of the city council held meetings to-night, and then they came together in a committee of conference to discuss street lights and schoolhouses.

The aldermen passed an order requiring the street railway company to replace the rails taken up in Main and Montello streets for the purpose of laying the sewers with girder rails. A request that Saulsbury Lake be kept full this summer was referred to the committee on sewerage, with power to act. In the conference committee the committee on street lights presented two propositions to be made to the Edison company for lighting contracts. It was unanimously voted that it was the opinion of those present that an offer be made to the company of not exceeding ninety dollars a year for a twelve-hundred-candle-power arc light, and fourteen dollars for a sixteen-candle-power incandescent light on a five-year contract. It was stated that the cost to the company for changes required by introducing twelve-hundred-candle-power lights would not exceed seven thousand five hundred dollars. Then followed a long talk about schoolhouses, and plans were shown, after which the committee adjourned, without taking any action whatever. In the meeting of the committee of the whole on city hall which followed, the sub-committee reported that it would cost the city $7,574.34 per year to accept the offer of the Edison company for heating and lighting the city hall, while by putting in an independent plant at a cost of about nine thousand dollars, the cost of heating and lighting would be reduced $3,323.34 per year.

The committee recommended that the city put in two engines, two dynamos, and a pump. The report was accepted and the recommendation was adopted. The committee recommended the purchase of ideal engine and general electric dynamos for $6,811. An attempt to table failed, and by a vote of 32 to 3 the contract was voted.

The sub-committee was instructed to secure bids for pumping machinery for the elevator water.

Here is the same "special" as it was printed in the *Globe*, June 2:—

Dynamos for Brockton City Hall.

BROCKTON, June 1 — Both branches of the city council met to-night. In the conference committee it was unanimously voted to offer the Edison company a sum not exceeding $90 a year for a 1,200-candle-power arc light, and $14 for a sixteen-candle-power incandescent light on a five-year contract. In the meeting of the committee of the whole on city hall it was voted to accept the sub-committee report, that the city purchase an engine and electric dynamos for a plant to light city hall.

The night editor who made the change did it by writing in blue pencil a headline, marked with the composing-room number of the type in which it must be set; writing a line underneath giving the name of the correspondent and the hour at which his despatch was received; marking out the words and sentences to be omitted, and writing in just twenty-three words to connect the remaining parts and make the sense complete. As the reader will see, every important fact in the original despatch is included in the printed "special," only details and notes of unimportant business, for which a crowded metropolitan daily has no room, having been cut out by the editor. Perfect justice was done to the correspondent, and in view of the fact that this piece of editing was done without special care, in the ordinary course of a busy night's work, the editor who did it — and who will be surprised when he sees this in THE WRITER — has good reason to feel satisfied

with his accomplishment. The original despatch and the printed "special" together give a useful practical lesson in the art of skilful condensation.

***

Somebody has been counting the number of characters introduced in several novels, more or less well-known, with rather interesting results. In making up the lists only those characters have been included who join in the action, no record having been made of characters who are merely mentioned in conversation, and who take no part in helping on the story. Of characters thus defined, Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" has 23; Trollope's "Barchester Towers" has 33; Lytton's "Night and Morning," 42; Scott's "Heart of Midlothian, 49; George Eliot's "Middlemarch," 59; Disraeli's "Tancred," 59; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," 66; and Dickens' "David Copperfield," 101. Think of imagining and describing 101 characters in a single novel, making most of them as distinct and clear as any living personage known to the reader, as Dickens did! Before the young author undertakes to write out his first long novel he would find it good practice to try independent character sketching for a while, experimenting to see how many distinct characters he can picture to himself, and how varied he can make his descriptions of them.

W. H. H.

SHALL WRITERS ADVERTISE?

The following advertisement I clipped from a Boston daily paper: —

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

I AM NO SHAKESPEARE, BUT HAVE WRITTEN a three-act farce-comedy that, if well acted, the whole world might laugh over. Its action is unique. Will sell copyright or grant right to produce it. F. W. OSBORNE, Brockton, Mass.

This raised the question in my mind whether or not the writer who had tried a promiscuous mailing of his matter to "probable customers" might not find advertising of more avail. Why should not manuscripts be offered for sale through a medium like THE WRITER? If this were the general custom, editors and publishers would find their wants anticipated and a list of matter presented for their selection in the literary "class" papers. At all events, such an advertisement as that I have quoted would find a more appreciative audience in the readers of this magazine than it would in any daily paper.

Clifton S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Some young writers — and some old ones too, for that matter — may get a useful hint about the use of metaphor by reading an editorial note, recently published in the *Interior*, of Chicago. The *Interior* says: "We wish the *Signal* would not employ martial rhetoric, like this: 'Mrs. Dunham, the state president, has organized her loyal lieutenants and faithful following into a brave brigade, which is charging the legislative heights with the home protection guns.' People do not charge with guns, which in military parlance means cannon; but with bayonets and cavalry sabres. Women cannot charge anyway. They are not built for the double-quick rush; and as for cavalry, having only a stirrup on one side, they are at a disadvantage. They cannot yell, which is always necessary in a bayonet or cavalry charge. If they were to try to yell, they would only scream. Here is the correct way to write it: 'Mrs. Dunham has organized her gentle and lovely torch-bearers in a white-robed procession, to carry the light of the home into the gloomy caverns of legislative ignorance and political darkness.'" Such misuse of metaphor reminds one of the historic eloquent sentence from the sermon of a young and zealous minister: "Here stands Mother Church — one foot firmly planted on the earth, the other pointed toward Heaven!"

A. B.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

Some writers say that "I feel bad," and not "I feel badly," is the proper phrase. Adams Sherman Hill in his "Foundations of Rhetoric" gives the preference to "I feel badly," his reason being that "bad" is ambiguous, "bad" being in use in two senses. (As a matter of fact "feel" is ambiguous, too, "feel" being in use in two senses also.) Professor Hill says: "As a rule, it is proper to use an adjective whenever some form of 'to be' or 'to seem' may be substituted for the

verb, an adverb when no such substitution can be made." He gives as example: "An old shoe feels easy"; "Miss Amy looked pretty."

H. M. S.

CHICAGO, Ill.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

On Saturday afternoon Asa C. Harvey, of Meacham street, was given a farewell dinner at Young's hotel by over a hundred of his railroad friends, and was the recipient of several valuable presents. — *Boston reporter's copy.*

A farewell dinner was given to Asa C. Harvey, of Meacham street, at Young's hotel Saturday afternoon by more than a hundred of his railroad friends, who gave him also several valuable presents.

Possessed with a fully equipped machine shop, and workmen who understand their business, our second-hand presses, cutters, and other machinery receive a thorough overhauling and rebuilding before they are offered for sale. — *The Proof Sheet.*

Possessing a fully equipped machine shop and employing workmen who understand their business, we give our second-hand presses, cutters, and other machinery a thorough overhauling and rebuilding before offering them for sale.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WRITER'S HAND-BOOK. A guide to the art of composition. 573 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1888.

"The Writer's Handbook" is really made up of three books, separately paged: Part I. discusses "Composition and Style," and after an introduction on authorship, speaks of purity of style, with illustrative examples; propriety of style; precision of style; synonymous words; the structure of sentences; figurative language; personification; apostrophe; hyperbole; comparison; metaphor; allegory; concise and diffuse style; nervous and feeble style; vehement style; plain style; neat style; graceful style; florid style; the simple and the affected style; the attainment of a good style, etc. Appended to this division is a section relating to printing and publishing; manuscripts and their preparation; the relations of author and publisher; proof correcting; the size of paper; the size of type; stereotyping; binding, etc. Part II. discusses "English Composition," with remarks on the laws of writing; the writer's vocabulary; taking pains in writing; the formation of style; the study of models; English or Latin; simplicity in style; brevity in style; purity in style; energy in style; parts of speech; punctuation; paraphrase; hints for essayists; controversy, etc. Part III. discusses "Letter-writing," with an introductory essay on letters and letter-writers; hints on letter-writing; composition and the structure of sentences; punctuation; a dictionary of blunders and blemishes; rules for dividing words into syllables, and for the use of prepositions in connection with particular words; a list of homonymes, and of verbs and their participles; a table of mispronounced words, etc. W. H. H.

THE VICTORIAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Mrs. Oliphant. 647 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Lovell, Coryell, & Co. 1892.

Beginning with a chapter on the state of literature in England at the time of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, Mrs. Oliphant's book reviews the literary history of the last sixty years, bringing her work down so near to the present time as to include mention of J. M. Barrie and Rudyard Kipling. While the work is subject to all the limitations by which an author writing of contemporary writers necessarily is hampered, it is yet, on the whole, a useful and interesting one, and gives a reasonably fair account of modern English writers. Mrs. Oliphant's mention of her own name is worth quoting. "We can do no more than mention here the name of Mrs. Oliphant," she says in the proper place, "for reasons which the reader will easily understand. It would be false modesty to leave it out of a record of the novelists of the Victorian age." William Black gets only a dozen lines of mention; in fact, the description of the writers of the present day is hardly more than a catalogue of names, and, altogether, Mrs. Oliphant's work, though useful, is suggestive rather than satisfying. It points out what some one else might do. This edition of the work is a popular one, issued at a lower price than that of the previous edition.

W. H. H.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. Containing a description of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and of the towns and cities in which they are published. Twenty-sixth year. 1,123 pp. Cloth, $5.00. New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co. 1894.

Rowell's "American Newspaper Directory," published annually in May, is the standard work of its kind. The plan of collecting the material for it is elaborate and systematic, and the publishers certainly do not spare pains or expense to make the work accurate and complete. So far as possible, the "directory" for 1894, just issued, is a complete list of American periodicals now published, arranged alphabetically by states, and under states by cities and towns, and giving, besides the name of each periodical, its office address, its day of publication, its size, its specialty, its subscription price, its date of establishment, the names of its editor and its publisher, and some statistics of the place in which it is published, and an estimate of the size of its circulation. Following the detailed descriptions of the 20,169 publications included in the directory comes a condensed alphabetical list covering the same ground, and showing at a glance the names of

all the periodicals issued in any given town or city, with an estimate of the circulation of each. After this again comes a list of the periodicals having a circulation of more than 5,000 copies for each issue, and finally there is a classified list of periodicals devoted to special trades and interests, in which, for instance, all the periodicals devoted to agriculture, or to dentistry, or to education, or to household matters, or to literature, are put together by themselves. The directory is issued primarily for advertisers, but it is exceedingly useful to all contributors for the press as well, since it gives the address of every periodical in the country, and, as far as any publication of the kind can be, it is up to date. W. H. H.

ROMANTIC PROFESSIONS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By W. P. James. 225 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The essays included in this volume are entitled: "Romantic Professions," "The Nemesis of Sentimentalism," "Romance and Youth," "On the Naming of Novels," "Names in Novels," "The Poet as Historian," "The Great Work," and "The Historical Novel." They are reprints, with revision, of papers which appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, and they are well worth preserving in book form. Mr. James writes cleverly, and what he has to say is the result both of wide reading and of intelligent independent thought. The essays on "The Naming of Novels," "Names in Novels," and "The Historical Novel" are particularly entertaining and instructive.

W. H. H.

KATHARINE LAUDERDALE. By F. Marion Crawford. With illustrations by Alfred Brennan. Two vols. 668 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

There may be people who are losing sight of the fact that, both because of the number and of the importance of his works, Francis Marion Crawford is taking, or has already taken, the second place among living American novelists, granting that the first place is still occupied by Mr. Howells. "Katharine Lauderdale" is Mr. Crawford's twenty-third book, and from the announcement that it is the first of a trilogy, and from the other information vouchsafed regarding Mr. Crawford's plans, it is evident that in his own view he is only at the beginning of his energetic literary career. The marvellous fecundity of the man and his indefatigable industry, which have in a few years piled up such a mass of creditable literary work, naturally have a tendency to make his style prolix. It is for that reason that "Katharine Lauderdale," covering the events of only five days, extends into two volumes, and that two other books — each possibly of two volumes also — may be required to complete the story which Mr. Crawford has started out to tell. This is a busy age, and the multitude of books is increasing rather than diminishing, as time goes on. If, therefore, Mr. Crawford wants to get all the attention that his works deserve, there is need for him to study the art of close narration. "Katharine Lauderdale," for instance, good as it is, would be twice as good if it were rewritten by the author in two-thirds its present bulk.

As Mr. Crawford has changed his residence from Italy to New York, it is pleasant to see him leaving the Saracinescas and Montevarchis, and giving us an American story, with American characters and American material. The plot of "Katharine Lauderdale" is an attractive and interesting one, and the characters are distinctly and vividly portrayed. It is only a pity that Mr. Crawford, who can tell a story so particularly well, should not keep to his story-telling steadily, and leave essaying for another time. His tendency to overburden his stories with analyses, repetitions, dissertations, and other more or less interesting delays is one that he needs to strive against, both for his own sake and for the sake of the steadily increasing host of his admirers. W. H. H.

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. 307 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. 1892.
MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. 259 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Bros. 1894.

The young writer of the present day can get benefit from a careful study of Dr. Doyle's stories of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, for they are models in their way. Not only is Dr. Doyle's English generally good, but he tells his stories in a swift, compact, nervous fashion, that holds the reader with uninterrupted interest till the end is reached. The main outlines of the story are kept clearly before the reader's mind, and details are subordinated in such a way that they help on, rather than obscure, the development of the plot. Dr. Doyle never digresses. He begins to tell his story in the first page, and he never forgets the story he is telling, or allows himself to be turned aside in the telling of it by the attractiveness of details on which there may be a temptation to enlarge. Constant movement characterizes every story in these two interesting books. Dr. Doyle, in short, is a master of the art of closely-condensed narration, and while his pictures of characters, scenes, and exciting events are clear and vivid, he makes them so with surprisingly few words.

As a result, we have two volumes of fascinating detective stories of the best and highest class. To the ordinary reader they are attractive because of the inherent interest of their chief character and of the varied stories that they tell. For the writer they have an added value, since they serve as models of good short stories, illustrating in the best possible way

the clearness in conception, the singleness of purpose, the swiftness of narration, the concise portrayal of character, and the skill in the exclusion of unnecessary details, which are the prime requisites of success in short-story writing. W. H. H.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By John Fiske. 200 pp. Linen, 40 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

This reprint in the Riverside Literature Series of Mr. Fiske's story of the Revolution, prepared originally for the Riverside Library for Young People, will bring an admirable book to the attention of many more readers than it has ever reached before. It is not alone a brief account of the War for Independence written by a thoroughly competent historian: it discusses the underlying causes of the war, its origin, and its conduct, and so gives a fairer idea of the great struggle for liberty than any of the old-fashioned text-books. A biographical sketch of Mr. Fiske is included in the book, which has also some good maps, an index, and a chapter of suggestions for collateral reading. W. H. H.

MY PARIS NOTE-BOOK. By the author of "An Englishman in Paris." 307 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1894.

The interest aroused by the publication of "An Englishman in Paris" is revived by the appearance of this second volume of "personal reminiscences" by the same author, who is now generally understood to be Albert D. Vandam, an English journalist of Dutch birth and a resident of Paris. This new volume, the author says, is made up from the note-books of his two uncles, who lived most of their lives in Paris, and who enjoyed the friendship of Louis Napoleon, to whom they once did a favor. The anecdotes in the book are supposed to have come from them, and are certainly new to the public. The value of such anecdotes, however, depends on their authenticity, and after the public's experience with "An Englishman in Paris," Mr. Vandam's new stories, clever as they are, are not likely to be taken without salt, — which, when it comes to historical matters, does not ordinarily improve the flavor. W. H. H.

THE UMBRELLA MENDER. By Beatrice Harraden. And other stories. 159 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1894.

This paper-covered volume would not deserve any special notice were it not for the fact that the publisher has tried to play a sharp trick upon the reading public. The cover bears only the title, "The Umbrella Mender," by Beatrice Harraden, making no mention of any "other stories." The title page has in small type the line, "And other stories," *following* Miss Harraden's name, and separated from it by a period. "The Umbrella Mender" is the only story by Miss Harraden included in the book, but the casual purchaser would be likely to think, first that "The Umbrella Mender" filled the whole book, and afterward that the other short stories which follow it were written by Miss Harraden. There ought to be some way of preventing such imposition, both on an author and on the reading public. W. H. H.

GOOD STYLE. SMALL EXPENSE; OR, WE'LL NEVER GO THERE ANY MORE. By Ben Holt. 197 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. 1894.

In the same breezy, unconventional style in which he told "How I Discovered Europe," "Ben Holt" has recorded in this well-printed volume his impressions of the Chicago World's Fair. His trade agents have disfigured the copy of the book sent to THE WRITER by pasting an address label on the fly-leaf — something that no publisher should ever allow any of his clerks to do. W. H. H.

THE UNKNOWN LIFE OF CHRIST. By the discoverer of the manuscript, Nicholas Notovitch. Translated from the French by Alexina Lorenger. 191 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

In addition to a translation of the manuscript life of Christ which Nicholas Notovitch says he discovered in Thibet, guarded in a Buddhist monastery and unknown to Christians, this volume contains an account by the discoverer of the privations and perils encountered in his search for the manuscript, and a critical analysis of its contents. W. H. H.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE. By Mabel Osgood Wright. 238 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

"The Friendship of Nature" is, to quote the title page, "a New England chronicle of birds and flowers." Its chapter headings include "A New England May-day," "When Orchards Bloom," "A Song of Summer," "Feathered Philosophers," "Nature's Calm," "A Winter Mood," etc. The author is evidently an ardent lover — more than a friend — of Nature, and her essays will attract all who love the great world out of doors. W. H. H.

ARDIS CLAVERDEN. By Frank R. Stockton. 498 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

"Ardis Claverden" is now added to the Scribners' uniform edition of Stockton's works, previous editions of the story having been copyrighted in 1889 by P. F. Collier, and in 1890 by Dodd, Mead, & Co. Miss Ardis Claverden, the heroine of the story, is a very charming girl, and her relations with the various lovers who yield to her attractiveness give Mr. Stockton's peculiar humor ample opportunity for play. Dr. Lester is a very distinct and winning personality, and Roger Dunworth, although rather more of a hot-headed simpleton than a man really ought to be, is in some respects a good foil for the heroine, whose love he wins. The

story gives some charming pictures of Virginia life and characters. It is told in the simple, graceful, easy style of which Mr. Stockton is a master, with hardly a periodic sentence in the whole 500 pages. An odd misprint is to be noted on page 211, where Mr. Chiverly, the artist, — who always wore a silk hat in his studio the rest of the day whenever he had sold a picture, — is described as sitting in the breezy coolness and painting landscapes "from old sketches and farm memory." In a certain way, "farm memory" makes sense, no doubt, but "from memory" was probably what Mr. Stockton said. W. H. H.

A FLOWER OF FRANCE. By Marah Ellis Ryan. 327 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

In "A Flower of France" Mrs. Ryan has written a story unlike her other works, chronicling the doings of certain New Orleans colonists during the time of the Spanish occupation. The story is an interesting one, and will increase the reputation of the author.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

HIS VANISHED STAR. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 394 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

MY SUMMER IN A MORMON VILLAGE. By Florence A. Merriam. 171 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

THE WHITE CROWN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Herbert D. Ward. 336 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. 380 pp. Cloth, $1.05. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1894.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA. By William I. Fletcher. Illustrated. 169 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1894.

FRA PAOLO SARPI. By Rev. Alexander Robertson. 196 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1894.

TENNYSON: HIS ART AND RELATION TO MODERN LIFE. By Stopford A. Brooke. 516 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL. By David Storrar Meldrum. 269 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Copyright American Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON NERVOUS EXHAUSTION. By George M. Beard, A. M., M. D. 262 pp. Cloth, $2.75. New York: E. B. Treat. 1894.

OUTLINES OF PRACTICAL HYGIENE. By C. Gilman Currier, M. D. 468 pp. Cloth, $2.75. New York: E. B. Treat. 1894.

THE FLOWER OF FORGIVENESS. By Flora Annie Steel. 355 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two vols. 945 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

BON-MOTS OF SAMUEL FOOTE AND THEODORE HOOK. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. 192 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THE NOVEL. WHAT IT IS. By F. Marion Crawford. With portrait. 108 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

TEUTONIC SWITZERLAND. By W. D. McCrackan, M. A. 315 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1894.

ROMANCE SWITZERLAND. By W. D. McCrackan, M. A. 270 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1894.

SECOND SERIES OF THE MAJOR IN WASHINGTON CITY. 251 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

"IN THE QUARTER." By Robert W. Chambers. 314 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA. By Richard Henry Savage. 420 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

THE TWO-LEGGED WOLF. By N. N. Karazin. Illustrated. Translated from the Russian by Boris Lanin. 322 pp. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

AGAINST ODDS. By Lawrence L. Lynch. 272 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELLER. By Louis Lombard. 208 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Utica, N. Y.: Louis Lombard. 1894.

OBSERVATIONS OF A MUSICIAN. By Louis Lombard. Second edition, augmented. 169 pp. Paper. Utica, N. Y.: Louis Lombard. 1894.

MOODY'S NEW SERMONS. By D. L. Moody. 161 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1894.

MOODY'S LATEST SERMONS. By D. L. Moody. 156 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1894.

SLAV AND MOSLEM. By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. 301 pp. Cloth. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Publishing Co. 1894.

SEBASTIAN. A dramatic poem. 93 pp. Cloth. Buffalo, N. Y.: Charles Wells Moulton. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

How to Read. — In these days of much reading and little thinking, Macaulay's suggestions about reading with a purpose are worth reprinting and remembering. Macaulay says: "When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page which I read I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself to comply with the plan until now, after I have read it through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a very simple habit to form in early life, and it is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose." A. T. W.

DETROIT, Mich.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the

periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.—III. William Dean Howells. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for July.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WRITERS. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE FOUNDER OF THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY (Edward L. Youmans). *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for July.

I. ZANGWILL. With portrait. G. B. Burgin. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 2.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER. With portrait. Henry Thurston Peck. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 9.

PAUL DU CHAILLU. Portrait. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 31.

WALTER SCOTT, THE BOY. Andrew Lang. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for May 17.

EMERSON'S MEETING WITH DE QUINCEY. "P. L." Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

QUOTATION. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

TOM HOOD. S. Parks Cadman. *Godey's Magazine* (23 c.) for June.

VERTICAL VS. SLOPE WRITING. *Boston Herald* for June 20.

A POET ASTRONOMER (Camille Flammarion). F. L. De Lautreppe. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for June.

THE MODERN GERMAN DRAMA AND ITS AUTHORS. F. Spielhagen. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for June.

COPYING ENGRAVINGS BY CONTACT. *Photo-American* (13 c.) for June.

A PIONEER POET (Benjamin Hathaway). With portrait. Helen E. Starrett. *Arena* (53 c.) for June.

SOCIAL IDEALS OF VICTOR HUGO. With frontispiece portrait. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (53 c.) for June.

EDMUND HODGSON YATES. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for June 2.

LEWIS MORRIS. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for May 26.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With portraits. *Chicago Graphic* (13 c.) for June 16.

THE LATE J. G. ROMANES. L. Dyer. *Nation* (13 c.) for June 7.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. *The Nation* (13 c.) for June 14.

THE NATION'S NEW LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON. Albert Shaw. With portrait of A. R. Spofford and other illustrations. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

SOME NOTABLE HYMN WRITERS. Alpha G. Kynett. *Peterson's* (13 c.) for June.

PHILADELPHIA JOURNALISM EIGHTY YEARS AGO.—II. Asa Manchester Steele. *Leisure Hours* (13 c.) for June.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S NARROWEST ESCAPE FROM SUDDEN DEATH. Archibald Forbes. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for June 14.

THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO POETRY IN THE AMERICAN POETS. Helen A. Clarke. *Music* (28 c.) for June.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Worthington's Magazine, Hartford, Conn., is discontinued with the June number.

D. Appleton & Co. have removed to the new building at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Thirteenth street, New York.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston, has bought the plant, goodwill, accounts, copyrights, and stock of the D. Lothrop Company, D. Lothrop & Co., and the Inter-state Publishing Company. Edmund H. Pennell is its president, Frank M. Hoyt is vice-president, and Harry E. Morrell is treasurer. All have been for many years associated with the D. Lothrop Company. The new house is located at 114–120 Purchase street, Boston.

Charles Scribner's Sons have finished their removal from 743 and 745 Broadway, New York, to their new building, 151–155 Fifth avenue, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets.

The *Bookman*, which has been a success in London, is to have an American edition.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has gone to his summer home at Beverly Farms.

W. D. Howells and his daughter sailed for Europe June 2.

Mrs. M. French-Sheldon sailed for Europe from New York June 23.

Baron Nils Posse before leaving for Europe completed the revision of his "Educational Gymnastics," which will be issued soon by Lee & Shepard, under the title of "Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics." It will be the most complete work on the subject in the English language.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") has engaged his passage for his annual trip to Europe about July 1. Mr. Adams has been at work until recently on the new volume of the All-Over-the-World Library, entitled "Up and Down the Nile," and having completed the story, means to recuperate by a short sojourn abroad.

Rev. C. Ellis Stevens, LL. D., D. C. L., author of "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," a book now attracting attention as answering Douglas Campbell, is an American by birth and descent, and not an Englishman, as some of the reviewers declare. He is rector of Christ church, Philadelphia, the old church of Washington and Franklin.

William Waldorf Astor has contracted to pay Robert Louis Stevenson £2,850 ($14,250) for the serial rights of his next novel of 110,000 words, which is not yet written. It is intended exclusively for the *Pall Mall Magazine*. A complete edition of the writings of Stevenson is soon to be published in England in twenty octavo volumes. It is to be a subscription edition of only 1,000 signed copies.

The first prize of $100 offered by the *Dominant* (Philadelphia) for the best words for a patriotic song has been awarded to Osman C. Hooper, and the second prize of $50 has been awarded to Thomas J. Duggan. The *Dominant* now offers a prize of $100 for the best musical setting of each poem.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was nominally eighty-two years of age June 14, but, according to the *Hartford Times*, she was really eighty-three. It explains the matter thus: "The *Times* has once before stated that the biographies and cyclopædias are all in error as to the year of her birth, and also concerning the natal year of Henry Ward Beecher. Both are published as having been born one year later than they actually were. A consultation of 'the old family Bible' settles it; Mrs. Stowe was born in 1811 and Henry Ward in 1813. The famous author is in her customary state of good physical health, and is cheerful as ever, though her mental state is, and has been for several years, not what it used to be."

The short prize story, "The Crisis of a Soul," by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, published in the *New York Observer* for June 14, depicts the temptations which beset the author to cater to the debased public taste in literature. The hero of the story, finding his moral writings unavailable, succumbs to the temptation of gaining fame and fortune by realistic portrayals of crime and vice. His remorseful horror as he views in a dream the awful results of such pernicious books in the wrecked lives of men and women, and his triumphant sacrifice for conscience' sake, are described in graphic style.

Miss Bettie Garland, of Clerksville, Tenn., is the winner of the prize in the poem contest conducted by the *Southern Magazine* (Louisville). *There were 300 competitors.*

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for July is an original etching of "Lord Byron's View, Harrow," by Francis Walker, A. R. P. E. "Some Portraits of Byron," by F. G. Kilton, in the same number, has eight interesting illustrations.

In *McClure's Magazine* for July appears the story of the literary life of Daudet, told by himself, and illustrated with portraits of Daudet and views of his town and country homes. The "Human Documents" includes a series of portraits of Captain Charles King.

Ibsen confesses that he cannot write with any inspiration without a tray before him which contains a little bear in wood, a little black devil holding a wax candle, and several rabbits and cats made of copper. "This may appear to you to be ridiculous," said Ibsen, "but so it is. As to the use I make of them, that is my secret, and I shall not divulge it to you or to any one else."

The service done by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in introducing the custom of inoculating for smallpox into England is described by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett in an interesting article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July. In the same number Professor James Sully has the first of half a dozen papers on "Studies of Childhood," the subject of imagination being first treated.

The public has learned Lowell's estimate of Mr. Howells through the delightful volumes of letters edited by the friend of both, Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Mr. Howells' first impressions of Lowell are given in his delightful "First Visit to New England," now being published in *Harper's Magazine*. In the July number the novelist describes a dinner at Parker's, in Boston, at which Lowell's guests were Dr. Holmes, James T. Fields, and the future chronicler of the event.

Julian Hawthorne has recently bought a large farm in the mountains of Jamaica, where he intends to raise fruit and early vegetables for the northern markets. He has also rented a most beautiful residence, Mona, on a coffee estate near Kingston.

Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale University, died at New Haven June 10, aged sixty-six.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1894. No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

HINTS ON PLAY-WRITING. *Edward Kirkland Cowing.* 113
WHAT IS MENTAL DYSPEPSIA? *Bertha F. Herrick.* . 114
KATE CHOPIN. *William Schuyler.* 115
EDITORIAL. 118
Illustrations That Do Not Illustrate. 118
IN DEFENCE OF THE ILLUSTRATOR. *W. G. Dennison.* . 119
QUERIES. 119
THE SCRAP BASKET. 120
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 120
BOOK REVIEWS. 120
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 122
A Good Paste. 122
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 123
NEWS AND NOTES. 124

HINTS ON PLAY-WRITING.

Just as religious enthusiasts spring to their feet and relate their experiences for the general good, so allow me to give briefly some information about the art of play-writing.

Of untold assistance to the playwright is a detailed knowledge of the plot, which should be thoroughly outlined before he composes one word of the play.

In most cases the dialogue will be suggested by the incidents of the plot as they unfold themselves.

Omit all attempts at fancy writing, and present each idea with the greatest clearness as well as force.

When at work, always try to retain complete control of your best judgment, lest it err through yielding to the excitement of the stirring incidents with which you are dealing.

If a point be reached where there is much indecision as to the next step, do not resort to some lazy expedient to get you out of the trouble, but think until the difficulty has been surmounted.

Do not feel certain that, because your play reads smoothly, it will, consequently, be successful as a dramatic work, for most of the best plays read poorly, owing to frequent interruptions caused by the interspersion of business and stage directions, which help to interpret the lines when the play is presented.

A play should be all action. Movement is not necessarily action, for much action may be suggested by a properly inflected sentence; while a scene full of action may be created by a person looking in through a stage window, for instance, and uttering exclamations descriptive of what is occurring in the room, but out of sight of the audience.

Try to acquire a definite idea of the proper proportions of the gay and the solemn, just as an artist does of light and shade, not permitting too great a predominance of either, yet disposing each so as to produce the best effects.

Avoid having similar scenes, dialogues, or groups of characters follow each other too closely, as an audience quickly becomes wearied by sameness.

It is well to remember that an element of suspense is most desirable, and if you withhold until the last moment the explanation of some important point, the audience will be less likely to disturb the final tableau by reaching after coats and hats.

Bear in mind that there is an absolute necessity for supplying the strongest possible motives for all important actions and of revealing them at the proper moment.

Think of the main climax of your play as the peak of a mountain. All that precedes it must

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

lead the audience, by pleasing stages, directly up to it. All that follows must conduct them once more by gradual descent to the level ground on the opposite side.

In conclusion, permit me to liken a good play to a beautiful mosaic, combining many thousands of little details, within the limits of a prescribed frame. Unexpected, though pleasing, combinations are observable upon each fresh inspection, while at the same time all its minute parts are so deftly and artistically arranged that distance serves only to enhance its perfection. *Edward Kirkland Cowing.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT IS "MENTAL DYSPEPSIA"?

In the rush and competition of modern life, when the country is flooded with literature, good, bad, and indifferent; when free libraries are found in every town and city, and paper books may be purchased for the price of a ferry-ticket, there has arisen a peculiar malady, which is popularly known as "mental dyspepsia." The causes are over-application, in the widest sense, and desultory or ill-chosen reading; the effects are brain-tire and confusion; and the cure is reduction, or regulation in mental diet.

George Eliot strikes the key-note of the hour when she observes in "Middlemarch," "It seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and could never enjoy them, because they are too tired."

While brain exercise conduces to longevity and happiness, the quantity and quality should be taken into consideration; for, as has been well said, "It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong; not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise."

For every hour spent with a book many scholars recommend another hour of thought; as by gradual and persistent training the mind may become a storehouse of facts and fancies, from which supplies may be drawn in leisure moments, crowding out the common-place and trivial.

"Memory," said the schoolboy, "is what you forget with." It is impossible to remember *every*thing, and much may be profitably forgotten; while the wheat should be separated from the chaff by judicious skipping.

Valuable aids to recollection are found in strict attention to the text and review, however slight, of the subject under consideration. By way of illustration of this point, let any one skim lightly through a number of topics something like the following: "Are Our College Graduates Fitted for the Battle of Life?" "The Language of Monkeys," "What is Buddhism?" "How to Renovate Old Mahogany," "A Charming Costume for a Débutante," "Some Remarks on the Occultation of Orion," "An Old-fashioned Recipe for Molasses Pie," and "The Seal-fisheries of Alaska." Nine times out of ten he will say that there is "no news," or, "I have read until I am dizzy, but I cannot remember a single thing."

It is undesirable to "run through" an encyclopædia or reference-book, merely for the sake of killing time; to begin a book in the middle, or to "read one backward," chapter by chapter, as some people have actually been known to do. An ignoramus once remarked that "the dictionary was an exceedingly interesting work; but the ideas were rather disconnected." The taking of notes or memoranda is often carried to excess; but, in its place, the habit is of important service.

Every one, poor or rich, has some time to read. Not a few of the world's greatest scholars studied in stolen moments, over the anvil, the counter, or the shoemaker's bench. In the

course of a few years a woman once learned seven languages while waiting, daily, for her kettle to boil.

Life is too short, and good books are too many, to give a place to trash, which weakens the mind, and renders it incapable of appreciating the highest. While the "novel habit" is undesirable, the thoughtful reading of masterpieces of fiction tends to broaden the mental horizon, to cultivate the art of conversation, and to increase one's knowledge of human nature. Howells has described a certain class of weak novels as "having a moral, minced small, thinned with milk and water, and flavored with sentimentality or religiosity."

Any sort of a story is often thought fit to put into a trunk on a vacation-trip; but there are plenty of books of good pure fun, such as "Rudder Grange" and the "Squirrel Inn," by Stockton, or "My Summer in a Garden," by Charles Dudley Warner, which divert without deteriorating.

Occasionally, a book may be read several times with profit; or a deep book and a lighter one may be perused alternately.

It has been said that every one who works with his brain should cultivate a plot of ground with his own hands. The book-worm is often apt to neglect his fellow-men, forgetting that friction with the cultivated produces a polish created in no other way. An interchange of thoughts and ideas would affect his intellectual faculties as favorably as would an exchange of shells and minerals increase the value of a cabinet collection.

The mind, left completely to its own society, tends to revolve in an ever-narrowing circle, and feeds upon itself.

Sometimes the over-worked student finds relaxation in hobbies, in pictures, or music, or in poems like Tennyson's lovely "Idylls" or Owen Meredith's "Lucile." But the greatest cure for the brain-weary is to turn from the printed page to the wonderful book of Nature. Let them climb the eternal hills, and fill their lungs with God's free oxygen; listen to the song of the meadow-lark and inhale the perfume of the field-flower; unravel the mysteries of the forests and the secrets of the sea; and, with a mind expanded and a spirit elevated, they need not cry with Solomon: "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

OAKLAND, Calif. *Bertha F. Herrick.*

KATE CHOPIN.

Mrs. Kate Chopin, the author of "Bayou Folk," was born in St. Louis in the early 'fifties and, as can be readily calculated, is not the "young person" that many of her reviewers are bent on thinking her to be. This wrong impression of theirs regarding her, while it is in some respects flattering, is one which Mrs. Chopin seems anxious to correct. Her father was Thomas O'Flaherty, a native of Galloway, Ireland, and for many years a prominent merchant in St. Louis. Her mother was the daughter of Wilson Faris, a Kentuckian, and Athénaïse Charleville, a descendant of a Huguenot family which had settled in "Old Kaskaskia" in the early part of the eighteenth century. The predominance of Celtic and the presence of so much French blood in Mrs. Chopin's ancestry may account for the delicate and sensuous touch and the love of art for art's sake which characterize all her work, and which are qualities foreign to most Teutonic productions.

Her first childish impressions were gathered just before and during the war and in the latter days of slavery. Her father's house was full of negro servants, and the soft creole French and

patois and the quaint darkey dialect were more familiar to the growing child than any other form of speech. She also knew the faithful love of her negro "mammy," and saw the devotion of which the well-treated slaves were capable during the hard times of the war, when the men of the family were either dead or fighting in the ranks of the "lost cause."

Mrs. Chopin's girlish friends remember well her gifts as a teller of marvellous stories, most of them the impromptu flashings of childish imagination; and her favorite resort was a step-ladder in the attic, where, wrapped in a big shawl in the winter, or in airy dishabille in the dog days, she would pore over the stacks of poetry and fiction which were stored there—the shelves of the library being reserved for solid and pretentious cyclopædias and Roman Catholic religious works. She was not distinguished as a scholar during her rather irregular attendance at the convent school, as she preferred to read Walter Scott and Edmund Spenser to doing any sums or parsing stupid sentences, and only during the last two years of her school life did she ever do any serious work. Her schoolmates say that her essays and poetic exercises were thought to be quite remarkable, not only by the scholars, but even by the sisters; and, perhaps, had Mrs. Chopin's environment been different, her genius might have developed twenty years sooner than it did.

But many things occurred to turn her from literary ambition. At seventeen she left school and plunged into the whirl of fashionable life, for two years being one of the acknowledged belles of St. Louis, a favorite not only for her beauty, but also for her amiability of character and her cleverness. She was already fast acquiring that knowledge of human nature which her stories show, though she was then turning it to other than artistic triumphs. She married Mr. Oscar Chopin, a wealthy cotton factor of New Orleans, a distant connection of hers, the Charlevilles having hosts of "cousins" in the Pelican state.

After spending some time in Europe with her husband, she passed the next ten years of her life in New Orleans, engrossed in the manifold duties which overpower a society *woman and the conscientious* mother of a large and growing family; for six children were born during that period. Toward the close of the decade, her husband gave up his business and removed to Natchitoches Parish, among the bayous of the Red River, to manage several plantations belonging to himself and his relatives. However, his life as a planter was short. He died in 1882, in the midst of the cotton harvest.

It was then that Mrs. Chopin, having rejected all offers of assistance from kindly relatives, undertook the management of her plantations and developed much ability as a business woman. She had to carry on correspondence with the cotton factors in New Orleans, make written contracts, necessitating many personal interviews with the poorer creoles, the Acadians, and the "free mulattoes," who raised the crop "on shares," see that the plantation store was well stocked, and sometimes even, in emergencies, keep shop herself. It was hard work, but in doing it she had the opportunity of closely observing all those oddities of Southern character which give so much life and variety to her pages.

In the midst of all her labors she still found time to keep up her reading, which she had never abandoned, but the subjects which now attracted her were almost entirely scientific, the departments of Biology and Anthropology having a special interest for her. The works of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer were her daily companions; for the study of the human species, both general and particular, has always been her constant delight.

After a few years, when Mrs. Chopin had not only straightened out her affairs, but had put her plantations in a flourishing condition, she returned to her old home, and has ever since made St. Louis her residence.

Having led such a busy life on the plantation, she had learned how to economize her time, and all her social and household duties here, together with her reading, were not sufficient to occupy her mind. Then, urged by the advice of an intimate friend, who had been struck with the literary quality of some of her letters, she began to write, very diffidently at first and only for her friend's perusal, essays, poems, and stories. Finally, she dared to send

her productions to the magazines. With the exception of one beautiful little poem, they were promptly returned. Mrs. Chopin contends that they were properly treated, having been, as she says, "crude and unformed." She did not, as an unappreciated genius, abuse the editors, but began to study to better her style. In order to aid her self-criticism she sold and even gave away her productions to local periodicals, and holds that she learned much from seeing her work in "cold type." She wrote a long novel, "At Fault," which was printed in St. Louis in 1890. In this somewhat imperfect work may be seen the germs of all she has done since. The story has some faults of construction, but the character drawing is excellent, and in the case of the young creole, "Grégoire Santien," faultless. During the following year she wrote a great number of short stories and sketches, which she sent about to different magazines, and the most of them were not returned as before. The *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People*, and *Wide Awake* took all her children's stories, and the *Century Magazine* accepted "A No Account Creole," the longest tale in "Bayou Folk." This story appeared last January, after having been kept for about three years, and was the means of making Mrs. Chopin's name better known to the general public. In the mean time, other periodicals had accepted and published her work, which now numbers some sixty stories, and Houghton & Mifflin accepted the collection of twenty-three tales known as "Bayou Folk."

Mrs. Chopin has also written a second novel, which a few favored friends have been permitted to read, and which, in the estimation of some, is her very strongest work. It is to be hoped that it will soon see the light.

She is particularly favored in not being obliged to depend upon her writing for her livelihood. There is, consequently, no trace of hack writing in any of her work. When the theme of a story occurs to her she writes it out immediately, often at one sitting, then, after a little, copies it out carefully, seldom making corrections. She never retouches after that.

Personally, Mrs. Chopin is a most interesting and attractive woman. She has a charming face, with regular features and very expressive brown eyes, which show to great advantage beneath the beautiful hair, prematurely gray, which she arranges in a very becoming fashion. Her manner is exceedingly quiet, and one realizes only afterward how many good and witty things she has said in the course of the conversation.

While not pretending to be a student, she still keeps well informed of the leading movements of the age, and in literature she decidedly leans to the French school. She reads with pleasure Molière, Alphonse Daudet, and especially De Maupassant. Zola, in her opinion, while colossal in his bigness, takes life too clumsily and seriously, which is the fault she also finds with Ibsen. Americans, in their artistic insight and treatment, are, she thinks, well up with the French; and, with the advantage which they enjoy of a wider and more variegated field for observation, would, perhaps, surpass them, were it not that the limitations imposed upon their art by their environment hamper a full and spontaneous expression. Mrs. Chopin has little to say of the English workers. She treats rather condescendingly a certain class of contemporary English women writers, whose novels are now the vogue. She calls them a lot of clever women gone wrong, and thinks that a well-directed course of scientific study might help to make clearer their vision; might, anyhow, bring them a little closer to Nature, with whom at present they seem to have not even a bowing acquaintance. She has great respect for Mrs. Humphry Ward's achievements; but Mrs. Ward is, *au fond*, a reformer, and such tendency in a novelist she considers a crime against good taste — only the genius of a Dickens or a Thackeray can excuse it.

From time to time Mrs. Chopin returns to Natchitoches to look after her business affairs, and also to refresh her recollections of that land of creoles and 'Cadians. The people of Natchitoches always receive her enthusiastically, since they thoroughly endorse her artistic presentation of their locality and its population; for Mrs. Chopin is not, like most prophets, without honor in her own country.

ST. LOUIS, MO. *William Schuyler.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1894. NO. 8.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Illustrations are undoubtedly an essential part of modern literature, as Mr. Dennison says in his article in the present number of THE WRITER, but "illustrations" that do not illustrate are a torment to discriminating readers of books and magazines. In days when picture-making in books cost more than it does now, it used to be the habit of publishers to borrow, or hire, old woodcuts from each other, so that the same picture might possibly do service in several different books or periodicals — all of which, of course, it could not "illustrate" with equal happiness. In these modern times, when pictures cost not so very much more than typesetting, there is no need of such makeshifts. Every publisher who illustrates an article can afford to illustrate it well, and if he has hired an artist to do the work, he will certainly not have to pay a higher price on account of insisting that the artist shall read the manuscript he is to illustrate, before he begins to draw his pictures.

***

That artists do not always pay this slight tribute to the genius of authors whose writings they have been hired to adorn — possibly because publishers do not always give them the opportunity — is proven every month by pictures printed in leading magazines. The *Hartford Courant* noticed some time ago that in Charles Egbert Craddock's story in the December *Harper's* Mr. Frost made the face and figure of the heroine that of a middle-aged woman, while the text described her as a girl of sixteen. In illustrating Brander Matthews' Manhattan vignette, "A Midsummer Midnight," in *Harper's* for January Mr. Smedley had a picture of a flame-wreathed hotel façade, with the hero of the story in a properly-perilous position, but the street below in the picture was altogether bare of the thick-foliaged trees which Mr. Matthews described so vividly in his story. Sometimes illustrations do not illustrate because one manuscript is illustrated by two or more artists, who do not make the necessary consultations with each other. In a story published recently in one of the leading magazines the scene is played in one act and the characters do not leave the room. In the first picture the heroine has on a walking costume and a sailor hat: in the next — and remember she does not leave her seat or the society of her lover — she has on a calling gown of silk and furbelows and a bonnet. Of course, the explanation is that the two pictures were drawn by different artists, who evidently thought that consistency in dressing their lay figures was a petty detail

that might be overlooked without fear of any evil consequences.

***

Sometimes, however, blunders of this kind are not due to collaboration. In *Demorest's Family Magazine* for January the artist who illustrated Margaret Bisland's story shows us a girl entering a doorway dressed in a plain cloth costume, heavily trimmed with black velvet, with long points running up from the bottom of the skirt. According to the story, the girl comes in and immediately seats herself, Turk-wise, before the fire, and the same artist — Hooper — shows her there in a dotted India silk costume, with two little ruffles on the skirt and a little shoulder cape of velvet. Perhaps Mr. Hooper thought that as *Demorest's* is primarily a fashion magazine the more costumes he could show in a given space, the better, but his author does n't allow time in the story even for a "lightning change."

***

Most of us, no doubt, have felt a keen disappointment in taking up a handsome new illustrated edition of a favorite old book and finding that the artist's pictures of the familiar characters, who have lived in our memories so long that they are as definite personalities as those of any of our friends, are wholly at variance with the characters as we in our own minds have pictured them. That is inevitable, perhaps, since no two people are likely to get from the description of a character the same idea; but when story and pictures are published originally together, so that their impression on the reader's mind is to be simultaneous, it certainly is not asking too much that the author and the artist shall agree. "Illustrations" that do not illustrate are a vexation unto the spirit, and a sore weariness unto the flesh. W. H. H.

IN DEFENCE OF THE ILLUSTRATOR.

Being interested in illustration, I read with interest the article on "Inconsistencies of Illustration" in the July number of THE WRITER. In defence of the illustrator, I want to say that in nine cases out of ten the person giving copy to the artist to illustrate does not have any definite idea of what is desired, and it is little wonder that the illustrator does not get the same idea that the author afterward conceives.

The question is asked, "Cannot the author, then, in justice demand that his work be exempt from all attempts at illustrations?" Decidedly, no! Have not our great American publishers found that illustration pays? Take, for instance, the house of Harper & Bros., and watch the publications which it places on the market and you may count on your fingers the number of works issued without illustrations.

Again, take one example among the great writers. Did not Dickens believe in illustrations? His works would lead one to say, yes.

It is unjust to judge all illustrators by the failure of one. Illustrations are absolutely necessary to the success of many books, and their drawings are to the monotonous pages of plain type as a sunny day in the middle of a rainy week.

The illustrator has a decided place on the publisher's staff, and without his drawings literature would be less attractive.

W. G. Dennison.

BOSTON, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will you kindly give the list of objectionable words and phrases prepared for the use of the students at Wellesley College some time ago, and also Bryant's index expurgatorius of words?

R. S. T.

[The list of "words, phrases, and expressions to be avoided," prepared for the benefit of the students at Wellesley College, is as follows: —

"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."
"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."
"Ride" and "drive" interchangeably. (Americanism.)
"Real" as an adverb, in expressions "real good" for "really" or "very good," etc.
"Some" or "any" in an adverbial sense; *e. g.*, "I have studied some" for "somewhat," "I have not studied any" for "at all."

"Storms" for it "rains" or "snows" moderately.

"Some" ten days for "about" ten days.

"Not as" I know, for "that" I know.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb, *e. g.*, "She don't skate well."

Plural pronoun with singular antecedent. Every "man" or "woman" should do "their" duty; or, if you look "any one" straight in the face, "they" will flinch.

"Expect" for "suspect."

"First rate" as an adverb.

"Nice," indiscriminately.

"Had" rather for "would" rather.

"Had" better for "would" better.

"Right away" for "immediately."

"Party" for "person."

"Promise" for "assure."

"Posted" for "informed."

"Post graduate" for "graduate."

"Depot" for "station."

"Stopping" for "staying."

Try "and" go for try "to" go.

Try "and" do for try "to" do.

"Cunning" for "smart," "dainty."

"Cute" for "acute."

"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."

"Above" for "foregoing," "more than," or "beyond."

Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough.

The matter "of" for the matter "with."

"Like" I do for "as" I do.

Not "as good" for not "so good" as.

Feel "badly" for feel "bad."

Feel "good" for feel "well."

"Between" seven for "among" seven.

Seldom "or" ever for seldom "if" ever or "seldom or never."

Taste and smell "of" when used transitively.

More than you think "for" for "more than you think."

"These" kind for "this" kind.

"Nicely" in response to an inquiry.

"Healthy" for "wholesome."

Just as "soon" for just as "lief."

"Kind of," to indicate a moderate degree.

The editor of THE WRITER has not Bryant's list at hand. Can any of the readers of the magazine supply it? — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In answer to the inquiry made by "N. H." on page 72 of the June WRITER: J. F. Waller is the author of the pleasing poem "Magdalena; or, The Spanish Duel." It is in "Cumnock's Choice Readings," sold by Jansen, McClurg, & Co., Chicago.

H. George Schuette.

MANITOWOC, WIS.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Beside this, none of the routes come into the heart of the city, and hence do not afford opportunities for the most efficient system of rapid transit. — *Boston Herald Editorial.*	Besides this, none of the routes come into the heart of the city, and so they do not afford opportunities for the most efficient system of rapid transit.
In each instance, however, the flames were confined to the car where they originated by prompt work of firemen and police. — *Chicago despatch.*	In each instance, however, prompt work by firemen and police confined the flames to the car in which they originated.

BOOK REVIEWS.

STEPS INTO JOURNALISM. Helps and hints for young writers. By Edwin Llewellyn Shuman. 229 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Evanston, Ill.: The Correspondence School of Journalism. 1894.

Barring an occasional tendency to fine writing and a little bad advice, Mr. Shuman's book deserves warm commendation as the best and most practical general work on newspaper-making that has yet been published. The author has had a good deal of newspaper experience, and he has in the main right ideas about newspaper work. Any one who reads his book carefully will get a very fair idea of how newspapers of the present day are made, and a good many hints, too, about the methods of the workers in the different departments, which will be of value to those who have undertaken, or mean to undertake, journalistic work. The experience of the author has been mainly on Chicago papers, and, while the Chicago papers are enterprising and bright, their standard of journalistic ethics is not what it ought to be. For that reason, some of the advice given by Mr. Shuman is not the best which a beginner in newspaper work could receive. "Faking," he says, "is perhaps excusable as long as the imaginative writing is confined to non-essentials and is done by one who has in him at least the desire to represent the truth." Afterward he says: "This trick of drawing upon the imagination for the non-essential parts of an article is certainly one of the most valuable secrets of the profession at its present stage of development. Truth in essentials, imagination in non-essentials, is considered a legitimate rule of action in every office." It may be in Chicago, as Mr. Shuman says, but it is not so in the offices of the best newspapers throughout the country, and in writing as he does Mr.

Shuman gives beginners distinctly bad advice. There are plenty of reporters everywhere who think that it is smart to "fake," but they are frowned upon by the best workers in the profession, and sooner or later they are sure to come to grief. The "faking" habit grows on one, and the reporter who begins by "faking" unessential details is sure to end by "faking" important facts — sooner or later to his own destruction. "Faking," anyway, is only a symptom of laziness on the part of the reporter. Truth really is stranger and more interesting than fiction, and actualities will do more to make an interesting story — which Mr. Shuman rightly says is the paramount object of the modern newspaper writer — than the products of the average reporter's imagination. Nine times out of ten the reporter who "fakes" details does so only because he is too lazy, or has not enough ability, to gather up the facts.

In his indications of reporters' methods, too, Mr. Shuman's advice is based upon the supposed needs of Chicago journalism. There is absolutely no reason why a reporter anywhere or under any circumstances should do anything of which a cultivated gentleman has need to be ashamed, or do "impudent, prying work," which any man with any self-respect must heartily despise. For that reason, when Mr. Shuman speaks approvingly of the enterprise of a reporter who thrusts "his No. 8 inside the door and prevents it from closing" when a man whom he wants to interview is trying to slam it in his face, he commends an action of which a good reporter would never be guilty, and which he would never find to be necessary if he understood his business well.

These faults in Mr. Shuman's book, however, are insignificant when compared with its general excellence. As a means of information about the inside work of newspaper offices and of suggestions to young reporters it is generally trustworthy and helpful, and there is no active newspaper man who cannot get some benefit from reading it. With "Steps into Journalism" and Luce's "Writing for the Press" as text-books, constantly at hand for study, the beginner in journalism will be very well equipped.

W. H. H.

FIVE HUNDRED PLACES TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS. A manual designed for the guidance of writers in disposing of their work. Compiled by James Knapp Reeve. 59 pp. Board covers. $1.00. Franklin, O.: The Chronicle Press. 1894.

The difficulty with all printed lists of "periodicals that pay contributors" is that they are sure to get out of date within a month or two after they are published, and ever after that they become more and more misleading, as time goes on, to those who depend upon them for guidance in marketing their manuscripts. For instance, in this new book of Mr. Reeve's, the publishers have already found it necessary to cross out with a pen references to *Worthington's Magazine* and *Smith, Gray, & Co.'s Monthly*, and a number of other publications are named which are either moribund or at least in such hard financial circumstances as to make it unprofitable for writers to try to deal with them. The information about the requirements and methods of periodicals given in such lists, too, is necessarily vague and unsatisfactory, in very many cases, and Mr. Reeve's list, like others of the kind, includes many periodicals that do not pay for manuscripts submitted by casual contributors. As a suggestion of possible markets which might not otherwise come to mind, however, such books as this have value, and Mr. Reeve's book, though it has many defects, is the best one of the kind in the market at the present time. It must be used, however, with caution, for the reasons that have been indicated.

W. H. H.

BON-MOTS OF SAMUEL FOOTE AND THEODORE HOOK. Edited by Walter Jerrold; with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. 192 pp. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The third in the dainty little "Bon-mots" series is quite as attractive as its predecessors, devoted to Sydney Smith and Sheridan, and Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold, respectively. It has good etched portraits of Foote and Hook, and an introduction giving the essential facts regarding the lives of the two wits whose sayings make up the body of the little volume. Aubrey Beardsley's drawings are ornamental and interesting, if not illustrative. One instructive feature of the book is that it shows how old many of the new jokes published nowadays in the papers really are. Perhaps they were as old, too, when Foote and Hook made people laugh with them.

W. H. H.

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE. Part I., 116 pp.; Part II., 112 pp. In one volume, cloth, $4.00. Northampton, Mass., Picturesque Publishing Company; Springfield, Mass., The W. F. Adams Company. 1894.

The series of books illustrating picturesque New England has been enriched by the publication of "Picturesque Berkshire," a handsome volume crowded with the finest half-tone pictures of scenes in Berkshire county, in the western part of Massachusetts. The same exquisite taste shown in the other volumes of the series is shown also in this new book. The photographs from which the illustrations have been made are perfect pictures of New England country life, and they have been reproduced in the highest perfection of the half-tone art. There are 1,200 of these fine pictures in the book, and there is hardly one among them that is not a gem. Every town in the county is represented by a variety of characteristic and attractive views, every one of which has been made expressly for this work. To any who live, or ever have lived, in New England the

volume has a special attractiveness, and those who are unfortunate enough to have lived elsewhere will find it a perfect panorama of New England country life. The letter-press, too, is interesting. "Picturesque Berkshire" has been preceded by "Picturesque Franklin," "Picturesque Hampshire," each of one volume, and "Picturesque Hampden," two volumes. All of these books may be obtained in Boston of W. B. Clarke & Co., Washington street, or of George E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill. W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part X. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1894.

In part ten of the Bancroft "Book of the Fair," chapter thirteen, describing and illustrating the Agricultural building at Chicago and its exhibits, is concluded, and chapter fourteen, devoted to the electrical exhibits, is begun. Besides the many smaller illustrations, there are six full-page half-tone pictures in the number, showing the grand basin and court of honor, the Columbus arch of the peristyle, the reaper exhibit in the Agricultural building, administration plaza on Chicago day, a view up the east lagoon, and the illumination of the court of honor. W. H. H.

"COMMON SENSE" APPLIED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M. D. 236 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

Dr. Jacobi's book, according to its sub-title, is "a statement of the reasons which justify the demand to extend the suffrage to women, with consideration of the arguments against such enfranchisement, and with special reference to the issues presented to the New York state convention of 1894." After an introductory chapter come sections entitled "Evolution of Status of Women Since 1848," "Imminence of Woman Suffrage," "Existing Political Situation," "Arguments of Opponents," "Alleged Inexperience of Women," "Public Measures in which Women May Be Interested," "The American Discovery — Webster and Madison," and "The Existing Situation." An appendix gives the author's recent address before the New York constitutional convention. W. H. H.

WITH THE WILD FLOWERS FROM PUSSY-WILLOW TO THISTLEDOWN. By E. M. Hardinge. 271 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. 1894.

The great merit of this book of practical botany is that the flowers and plants mentioned in it are spoken of in a popular way, the fewest possible technical terms being used. As the author says in her preface: "When one has been compelled to learn that a rose belongs to the series Phænogams, class dicotyledons, subclass angiosperms, division polypetalous, and order Rosaceæ, it does not thereafter smell quite so sweet — Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding." "The student," she adds, "who has been compelled to learn that canescent means hoary, and that hypocrateriform means salver-shaped has been bothered to little purpose." With this in view, she has written a series of interesting papers on the wild flowers, taking them up in the order in which they appear from spring to fall, and speaking of them in terms which any one can understand. The information that she gives is accurate, and the book ought to have wide popularity and sale. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET. What it was and what it is. With a correct map. Compiled by Edward K. Godfrey. 365 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HIS WILL AND HERS. By Dora Russell. 314 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN. By Ludovic Halévy. Illustrated. 226 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG. By Alexander E. Sweet and J. Armoy Knox. Illustrated. 290 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. DERWENT. By Thomas Cobb. 263 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1894.

THE QUEEN OF ECUADOR. By R. M. Manley. 331 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: The H. W. Hagemann Publishing Company. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

A Good Paste. — E. F. Phillips tells in the *Photographic Times* how to make a satisfactory paste, as follows: "Put two or three teaspoonfuls of water, as hot as you can *hold* (not dip) your fingers in, into a clean teacup: have a teacupful of *boiling* water ready, then put in a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch into the

water in the teacup, stir it smooth, then pour in *boiling* water, stirring the mixture as you do so till it clears and turns a sort of opal blue; now, if you have time, stir it till cool; if not, sprinkle it with just enough cool water (very little) to prevent its skimming over, and set it aside to cool." A. L.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Preserving Magazine Articles. — In every magazine there are likely to be one or two articles that are worth preserving, even though it is not worth while to keep the whole magazine. By cutting the threads or removing the wires, you may easily take out the pages containing the articles in question, discarding the rest of the magazine. On the first page of each article should be written the name and the date of the periodical from which it is taken. When a sufficient number of such articles have collected, it is a good idea to have them bound together in a book, with an index on a fly-leaf or two at the beginning. Another good way is to fasten the leaves of each article together with a metal clip, or even with a pin, and file them in pasteboard pamphlet cases, also properly indexed. If this is done, it is not necessary to take the magazine apart to get the articles out. By using a tin strip, such as business men use for tearing out checks, with a little care you can tear out six or seven pages of a magazine at a time, making the edge of the inner margin smooth and even, and defacing the magazine as little as is possible. Any hospital will be glad to get what is left of the magazine. T. R. W.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MY FIRST BOOK. A. Conan Doyle. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for August.

NEWSPAPER "FAKING." George Grantham Bain. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

DISTRIBUTION OF GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS. Edward S. Morse. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

ON ACCURACY IN OBSERVATION. H. Littlewood, F. R. C. S. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

WILLIAM MATHEW WILLIAMS. With portrait. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

THE EDITOR'S STORY. Richard Harding Davis. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

CHAPTERS IN JOURNALISM. George W. Smalley. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND. — IV. William D. Howells. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

VULGARITY IN FICTION. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Edward W. Bok. RUDYARD KIPLING. Alice Graham McCollin. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. William McKendree. JEROME KWATA JEROME. Frederick Dolman. With portraits. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for August.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for August.

THE CARE OF BOOKS. *Domestic Monthly* (18 c.) for August.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S NOVELS. Emily F. Wheeler. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for August.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from old prints. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for August.

PRODUCTIVE CONDITIONS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Hamlin Garland. *Forum* (28 c.) for August.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER. — II. William R. Thayer. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for August.

THE MECHANISM OF THOUGHT. Alfred Binet. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

WITH R. L. STEVENSON IN SAMOA. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for August.

LOWELL'S LETTERS TO POE. Edited by George E. Woodberry. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

SHE AND JOURNALISM. Story. Harrison Robertson. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

THE TALK IN NOVELS. The point of view. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

GEORGE MOORE AND "ESTHER WATERS." Gilson Willetts. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. Gilson Willetts. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AS A WRITER OF FICTION. With portrait. Brander Matthews. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for June 30.

THE ORIGIN OF "BEN BOLT." *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 21.

NEW YORK AND THE "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS." Eugene Lawrence. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 28.

WHY DO CERTAIN WORKS OF FICTION SUCCEED? Marion Wilcox. *New Science Review* (53 c.) for July.

THE NOVELIST AS A GENTLEMAN. *Book Reviews* for July.

PHILADELPHIA JOURNALISM EIGHTY YEARS AGO. Asa Manchester Steele. *Leisure Hours* for July.

THE PERMANENT IN POETRY. Warren Truitt. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

A PROBLEM IN AUTHORSHIP. Robert Whitaker. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

RUTH HERRICK'S ASSIGNMENT. A story. Elizabeth G. Jordan. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for July.

IN THE COUNTRY OF LORNA DOONE. William H. Rideing. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE FIRST ABOLITION JOURNALS. Samuel C. Williams. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

WHITTIER'S RELIGION. With portrait. Rev. W. H. Savage. *Arena* (53 c.) for July.

IN DEFENCE OF HARRIET SHELLEY.—I. Mark Twain. *North American Review* for July.

ALPHONSE DAUDET AT HOME. R. H. Sherard. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for July.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.—I. William R. Thayer. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

THE DUTIES OF AUTHORS. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

THE ESSAY CONSIDERED FROM AN ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW. E. H. Lacon Watson. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM. W. L. Courtney. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

A VISIT TO THE TENNYSONS IN 1839. Bartle Teeling. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

TECHNIQUE OF PEN-PROCESS DRAWING. C. Ashleigh Snow. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for July.

NATURAL COLORS IN THE PRINTING PRESS. Macfarlane Anderson. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for July.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Portrait. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

A GERMAN COMIC PAPER (*Fliegende Blätter*). William D. Ellwanger and Charles Mulford Robinson. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

WHAT IS PLAGIARISM? Editor's Outlook. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for July.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for July.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. With portrait. Mary Merton. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for July.

THE NEW YORK AUTHORS CLUB. Gilson Willetts. *Godey's* (13 c.) for July.

MISS MAIBELLE JUSTICE ("Paul Savage"). With portrait. *Boston Ideas* for June 17.

MRS. RUTH MCENERY STUART. Arthur Stedman. *Augusta* (Ga.) *Chronicle* for July 1.

E. L. GODKIN. Portrait. *Town Topics* for July 5.

ERRORS OF AUTHORS. Reprinted from *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in *Chicago Herald* for July 7.

MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. *New York Morning Journal* for July 8.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE AT HOME. Arthur Warren. *Boston Herald* for July 8.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. *Omaha World-Herald* for July 8.

BRYANT'S HOME AT CUMMINGTON. *Springfield Union* for July 10.

MRS. LYDIA HOYT FARMER. *Manchester* (N. H.) *Mirror* for July 11.

A WORD WITH THE AMATEUR WRITER. Paul Siegfolk. *New York Home Journal* for July 11.

A GOOD LITERARY STYLE. Mrs. Helen E. Starrett. *Chicago Interior* for July 12.

INA D. COOLBRITH. *Chicago Post* for July 14.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF GEORGE MACDONALD. H. M. Barbour. *Churchman* for July 14.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM. *Philadelphia Telegraph* for July 14.

BRET HARTE. Edward Marshall. *Galveston News* for July 15.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. *Kansas City Star* for July 15.

MEN WHO MAKE JOKES. *Chicago Post* for July 16.

HELEN WATTERSON MOODY. Narcisse Jarvis. *Portland* (Me.) *Argus* for July 16.

HENRY GREVILLE. *New York Home Journal* for July 18.

THE NOVELIST'S ART OF CHARACTERIZATION. H. H. Boyesen. *Independent* for July 19.

THRUMS AND BARRIE. *Springfield* (Mass.) *Homestead* for July 21.

A TALK WITH PAUL HEYSE. With portrait. Countess von Krockow. *Outlook* for July 21.

THE BRYANT CENTENNIAL. Arthur Stedman. *Boston Herald* for July 22.

STEVENSON IN SAMOA. Will M. Clemens. *Philadelphia Times* for July 22.

ON SOME METHODS OF SUPPRESSION AND MODIFICATION IN PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. Reprinted from the *Studio* in *Photographic Times* (18 c.) for July 27.

WAGNER AS A WRITER. Gustav Kobbé. *Outlook* for July 28.

AMERICAN HUMOR. M. P. Pendleton. *Outlook* for July 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. Frederic M. Bird is the new editor of *Lippincott's Magazine.*

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant will be celebrated on the Hampshire hills, August 16. November 3 is the date of the poet's birth, but the earlier date was fixed in order to secure a better attendance.

The *Californian Magazine* is dead, the April number having been the last one published.

E. C. Allen & Co., of Augusta, Me., publishers of twelve papers, having together a circulation of more than 1,000,000 copies a month, announced in July that they would go out of business July 31. Since then the business has been sold to one of their employees.

Fred C. Laird and W. H. Lee, of Chicago, have dissolved their co-partnership, and W. H. Lee will continue the business alone, under the name of Laird & Lee.

The Photo-Electro Engraving Co., of Boston, has been combined with the Suffolk Engraving Co., and the consolidated establishment will have its office hereafter at 275 Washington street.

Publisher J. G. Cupples, of Boston, has associated himself with H. W. Patterson, and the firm name hereafter will be Cupples & Patterson. The new partner is a young man of means and executive ability.

Lorin F. Deland, husband of Mrs. Margaret Deland, has succeeded Dexter Smith as the editor of the *Musical Record*, Boston.

Mrs. Mary E. Blake ("M. E. B.") sailed for Europe with two of her children July 7.

Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, the translator, has sailed for France, and will remain abroad during the next three months. Her journey will take her to Rome, Florence, Paris, and Venice.

"Larry" Chittenden, the "poet ranchman," of Chittenden's ranch, Anson, Texas, sailed for Europe July 20, to be gone two months. Mr. Chittenden's trip is made in the interest of several Western newspapers and syndicates. His book, "Ranch Verses," which has run through two editions, will appear in a new third edition in the fall. Mr. Chittenden's Texas friends are urging him to accept a nomination for congress.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich are at their new cottage in Tenant's Harbor, Me., for the summer.

Thomas A. Janvier intends to take a trip to the other side, to be gone until autumn.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is spending the summer at his cottage at Southampton, L. I.

Henry Goelet McVicar is spending the summer on the Continent.

Professor McMaster is staying at Kennebunkport.

Edgar Stanton Maclay is in New York City finishing the proofs of Volume II. of his "History of the United States Navy."

Professor N. S. Shaler is at his country place on Martha's Vineyard.

Rudyard Kipling has settled for the summe r in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton are spending the summer in England. Mrs. Burnett has reopened her house in Portland place, and Mrs. Moulton has returned to the home she has made for herself during the dozen or so years of her summer residence in London.

J. M. Barrie is to marry Miss Mary Ansell, who played a part in his play, "Walker, London," at Toole's Theatre.

Kirk Munroe, the author of the "Mate" stories, and of "The Fur-Seal's Tooth," now running in *Harper's Young People*, recently arrived in New York for his annual sojourn in the North during the summer months. The winter and much of the spring and autumn he spends at Cocoanut Grove, on the Atlantic coast of southern Florida.

Professor James Ford Rhodes, the historian, is at Rye Beach, where he is engaged in completing the third volume of his history of the United States.

Miss Anne H. Wharton, of Philadelphia, is in Boston making researches and gathering material for a book, which will treat largely of colonial life.

Howard Pyle is staying in Ambassador Bayard's colonial mansion near Wilmington, Del. He usually spends his summers at his cottage at Rehoboth, below Cape Henlopen.

Julian Hawthorne, who went with his wife and seven children to Jamaica some months ago, writes back that he has concluded to pass the rest of his life there. He is located on a plantation near Kingston and growing orange and citron trees and coffee, and incidentally writing something which he hopes "will interest our great-grandchildren" even.

Tone-color has been defined as the quality of vowels and consonants which best adapt them to the vocal presentation of thought and emotion.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, author of "Sylvian, and Other Poems," and of a new book of poems published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., is a son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

George W. Smalley, the London representative of the *New York Tribune*, in an interesting article in the August *Harper's* traces the origin of the modern newspaper correspondent, and illustrates his points with anecdotes based on personal experience.

New York is to have a new magazine, the purpose of which is to cater to the literary and alma mater news wants of college graduates. It will be edited by John Seymour Wood, of Yale, and Walter Camp will have charge of the athletic department.

The Bow-Knot Publishing Company, of Chicago, — regarding the financial standing of which THE WRITER is not informed, — offers $2,000 for the four best works of fiction sent to it before December 31, 1894, the prizes to be $1,000, $500, $300, and $200, respectively. The books must contain between 60,000 and 80,000 words, and will be judged on their merits, the author sending his name in a sealed envelope. The company will publish the successful books and allow the authors ten per cent. on the retail sales in addition to the prizes. Professor Albert Alberg, of London, Eng.; Miss Minna Irving, of Tarrytown, N. Y.; and Colonel Will L. Visscher, editor of the *Morning Union*, Tacoma, Wash., will be the judges.

The *Southern Magazine*, Louisville, Ky., is offering prizes for the best stories by strictly new writers. Under its definition a "new writer" is one who has not had work accepted by the *Southern Magazine*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, or the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The prizes are: $50 in gold for the best story, $50 for the second best, and $25 for the third best. Manuscripts must be submitted before September 1. Writers will be interested in another contest by the same magazine, for "the best photograph by an amateur" which most fully answers certain special requirements. Applicants are sent a written sketch, and contestants are to "photograph some scene or action of this sketch" to represent the central idea of the story. This contest serves to show a demand which writers will do well to bear in mind. A practical knowledge of photography is constantly growing more valuable to the all-around writer, as well as to the specialist.

Comfort is renewing its old offer of $100 a month in prizes for the five best stories submitted for each issue. They are graded in value, thus: First, $30; second, $25; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth, $10. The contestant must be a paid-up subscriber, and must hand in two new subscriptions with each manuscript submitted. No manuscripts will be returned. Such competitive manuscripts are to be addressed: "Editor Nutshell Story Club, care *Comfort*, Augusta, Maine."

The subscription rate of the *Fourth Estate* (New York) will be $2 a year, instead of $1, beginning August 1.

Romance (New York) has reduced its price from twenty-five cents to ten cents a copy. The editor of *Romance* will not read any more manuscripts till after October 1.

Godey's Magazine has reduced its price from twenty-five cents a number to ten cents a number.

Miss Elsie S. Nordhoff, who has a story in the August *Harper's*, is a daughter of Charles Nordhoff, the correspondent.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, whose "Five Years at Panama" is the standard book relating to the isthmus, has been elected a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

Octave Uzanne has a fanciful story in *Scribner's* for August, entitled "The End of Books," and describing the impending condition of affairs when all books and newspapers will be produced by phonographs instead of by type — with the accompanying changes in the art of binding, editing, bookselling, etc. A number of letters written by James Russell Lowell to Poe in 1842–1844 are printed in the same number, together with a story, "She and Journalism," by Harrison Robertson, one of the editors of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The *Review of Reviews* for July has portraits of Sir Isaac Pitman, Professor William D. Whitney, Professor Henry Morley, and Edmund Yates.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* (New York) for July-September contains 362 illustrations by more than 150 well-known artists, whose names and addresses are indexed alphabetically. There are also eighteen portraits of American artists and portraits of some foreign artists. The letter-press is full of interest.

There have been various claimants of the celebrity of being "the first woman writer for the daily press." The latest of them is Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, who says that when she was twenty-three years old she was on the staff of the London *Morning Chronicle*. Mrs. Linton has produced forty novels in the forty-six years of her literary career.

The *London Sketch* prints this notice in a recent issue: "To Authors and Others: It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to the *Sketch*, as the editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century."

Norman Gale is preparing an anthology based on a very novel and remarkable principle. It is to be a selection from the works of living poets under forty years of age.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* learns from an old account book belonging to *Graham's Magazine* that Edgar Allen Poe was paid $52 for his story, "The Gold Bug."

Much has been printed lately of the remarkable collection of miniature books belonging to the French collector, Georges Salomon. He has more than 700 such tiny volumes, the largest measuring two inches by one and one-eighth inches, and the smallest, a French edition of the "Chemin de la Croix," which has 119 pages, being half an inch long by three-eighths of an inch wide. All the books are exquisitely bound.

Lorimer Stoddard, the son of R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has had poems published in the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals. Young Mr. Stoddard has also written several plays.

The *Philadelphia Record* says that Miss Agnes Repplier, who is now visiting London, has become quite a literary lion in that city. Andrew Lang has given a dinner party in her honor, among the guests being Professor Max Müller. Mrs. Humphry Ward has also entertained her at an "at home," and has spent some time in her company.

It is interesting to hear what Miss Beatrice Harraden tells of the publishers. "I had piles of rejected manuscripts," she says. "I wrote story after story for *Blackwood's*, and all of them came back to me, though the editor always sent a note, begging me to try again. After a while I met Mrs. Lynn Linton and Mrs. William Blackwood. They gave me the benefit of intelligence and sympathetic criticism, and then my stories began to get into print."

McClure's Magazine for August has a portrait of Dr. Washington Gladden.

A new biography of the Brontës is being prepared under the joint collaboration of Clement Shorter, of the *Illustrated London News* and the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, of the *Bookman* and the *British Weekly*.

"Several writers of repute," says the *Athenæum*, "are paid at the rate of $60 a thousand words for their short stories, but no novelist, we believe, has received so much for his serial rights as the editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* have paid George Meredith for 'Lord Ormont and His Aminta.' The price, it is said on the best authority, was $50 a thousand words."

Janet Buchanan, of Le Mars, Iowa, won the prize for the best short story offered by the *Midland Monthly* of Des Moines. There were eighty-four contestants.

Edith M. Arnold, author of "Platonics," published by Dodd, Mead, & Co., is a sister to Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Lloyd Osborne, the collaborator with Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Ebb-Tide," which has just come to a conclusion in *McClure's Magazine*, is the novelist's stepson. Mrs. Stevenson, who is also a writer of no little fame, was married first to Samuel Osborne, a Californian, from whom she obtained a divorce when her son Lloyd was a baby. Her second marriage is a very happy one, Stevenson being a devotedly kind husband and father.

The cost of each number of the *Century* before it goes to press is $10,000 for contributions and pictures alone. Frank H. Scott, president of the Century Company, made this statement in a public address at the dinner of the Quill Club May 8. In the same address he said that the *Century* published last year 396 articles by 324 different writers, a large part of whom had never before written for the magazine. He made this statement to show how unfounded is the belief that magazines are run by cliques.

Harlan Page Halsey, better known as "Old Sleuth," the writer of hair-raising detective stories, is an active member of the Brooklyn board of education. His income from his novels is about $20,000 a year.

The artist-author is becoming quite a common factor in the literature of to-day. The list now includes G. H. Boughton, George Du Maurier, Frederick Remington, F. Hopkinson Smith, F. S. Church, Hamilton Gibson, Mr. Zogbaum, and Alfred Parsons.

The publication of the July *Cosmopolitan* marks the close of the first year since the announcement was made that the price of that magazine had been cut to $1.50 a year. The magazine printed, for the six months embraced in Volume XVI., 1,419,000 copies, an entirely unapproached record, and has doubled its already large plant of presses and binding machinery. The walls of the *Cosmopolitan's* new home are rapidly rising at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and the new building, with its eight great porticos, will be 279 feet long by seventy-six feet wide, and one of the most perfectly lighted buildings in the world, having 160 large windows. Arthur Sherburne Hardy will continue to conduct the editorial affairs of the magazine in New York city.

The real name of "G. Colmore," author of "A Daughter of Music," is Mrs. Georgia Dunn. She is the wife of a London barrister, Mr. Colmore Dunn, who lives near Hyde Park.

About fifty years ago the Scribners were paying $400 a year rent and had plenty of room. Now they occupy a building which cost them $500,000.

General Lew Wallace recently told a New York interviewer that he never had any idea of forming an American Academy of Immortals. The story, he says, all grew out of his giving to Congressman Black, of Illinois, a bill to permit fifteen men of letters of the United States to have the privilege of visiting the congressional library at Washington and taking whatever books they desired to their rooms to study or collect data from. His idea was that these fifteen men should enjoy the privilege for life. At present, only congressmen can take books from the library.

W. J. Linton, the English engraver, painter, poet, and philanthropist, who has lived in New Haven for a number of years, is now more than eighty years of age, yet is quite active in literary research.

"Anthony Hope's" real name is A. H. Hawkins. He was born in 1863, and is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, having been called in 1887. His first book, "A Man of Mark," was published in 1890; "Father Stafford," in 1891; "Mr. Witts' Widow," in 1892; and "Sport Royal," a collection of short stories, in 1893. "A Change of Air" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" have appeared in close succession since the beginning of the present year. Mr. Hawkins was a liberal candidate for parliament at the last general election, but was defeated.

Readers of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" will remember Phillips, the champion speller of the Indiana school described therein. Phillips still lives in Vevay, Ind., Dr. Eggleston's old home, and will soon be seventy-three years old.

Some confusion has been caused in the public mind by the fact that there are two Miss Kate Sanborns, whose names have appeared a good deal lately in the public prints. One of them is Miss Kate Sanborn, the author and lecturer, who has bought herself a new farm at Metcalf, Mass. The other is Miss Kate Sanborn, of St. Louis, daughter of Hon. E. B. S. Sanborn, of Franklin, N. H., who has been elected city librarian of Manchester, N. H.

At Tennyson's death, the late Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, had thirty-six printing presses engaged for three weeks in turning out the poet's works. At the same printery, for the last thirty years, at least thirty hands have been employed uninterruptedly in printing Scott's works. Of the first two of the sixpenny editions of Kingsley works, more than a million copies were sold.

Howard Seeley died in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 22.

William Davis Gallegher, journalist and poet, died at Louisville, Ky., June 28.

Sir Austen Henry Layard, G. C. B., died in London July 4, aged seventy-seven.

George R. Graham, once publisher of *Graham's Magazine*, died at Orange, N. J., July 13, aged eighty-one.

Walter Pater died suddenly at Oxford, England, July 30, aged fifty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 9.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

SHORT-STORY WRITING. *Mary E. Child.* 129
OWEN WISTER. *Sydney G. Fisher.* 130
EDITORIAL. 132
The Chance for the New Writer. 132
A GUIDE TO THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET. *Beth Day.* . 133
QUERIES. 134
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 135
THE SCRAP BASKET. 135
Commas After Words in Series, 135 — "None" with Plural Verb, 135 — Author of Quotation Wanted. 136
BOOK REVIEWS. 136
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 140
A Magazine File, 140 — Note-making on Book-covers. 140
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 140
NEWS AND NOTES. 142

SHORT-STORY WRITING.

That the short story as it exists to-day is the product of the last few years no one can deny. Whatever the cause of its great popularity, whether books are slowly but surely yielding to newspapers and magazines, whether each year less time is given to any kind of reading than formerly, it is not necessary to discuss here. The fact remains, the short story now enjoys the greatest favor of the reading public and is the one class of literature in which the largest number of writers are striving to win renown.

That the writing of short stories requires a special talent, a style and temperament different from that requisite for novel writing, is proven by the failure of many who are successes in other lines. The short story is now a distinct branch of literature, fulfilling quite another office from its older sister, the novel, and requiring different treatment.

The short story of to-day is something more than a shortened long story. Whatever the real or ostensible purpose of the novel may be, — amusing, philosophical, or aiming at reforms, — its reader opens it with the deliberate intention of devoting a certain amount of time to its perusal. He is willing to consider the author's opinions, expects digressions, analyzations, reflections. Not so with the short story. It is a thing of the moment, caught up between work hours, — a thing to be read hurriedly, but once, maybe, and never glanced at again. To be successful, to make a lasting impression, the author must strike while the iron is hot. He must not weaken his effect by descriptions, or waste his time in digressions. He must efface himself absolutely. He must present one or more strong characters, a striking incident, and he must do it quickly, that the story may be like a flash light and burn itself into the reader's memory.

A novel is a picture of life, a rounded, filled-out sequence of cause and effect. The short story is the glimpse of a moment's action, the study of a characteristic, the outlining of a defect, a virtue, a hope, a fear, a mistake. It is like the sketch an artist makes of each of the figures in a painting. He takes them piecemeal, — tries his skill on the hang of a garment, the poise of a head, the turn of a hand. The short-story writer does the same thing, and leaves it to the reader to take the sketch and paint it into the great panorama of his own experiences.

The short story is the charcoal sketch of literature. There is no shading, apparently no patient, painstaking minuteness of detail, no elaborated background. It is simply a bold

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

study in a few short, strong lines. It is to produce a single effect, convey one impression. For this reason the greatest charm, the greatest strength of a short story often lies in what it does not say. "The secret of wearying your reader," said Voltaire, "is to tell him all." Let it be the reader who fills in the background; let him make a picture of the study.

Consider the popular short story of the day. There is something almost brusque in its treatment. There is no introduction of its hero by a third person, but one comes upon him suddenly and laughs or cries with him, likes or dislikes him, and then he walks away and that is all. After he is gone one has time to decide what color his eyes were and to speculate upon his bringing up. One wonders what his fortunes were in the past, and where he went to, and how he fares. He sticks in the memory because he is so cleanly cut, so boldly sketched.

A successful short story of to-day means condensation, few characters, short descriptions, if any, quick-time movement, and a total effacement of the writer. A story that covers several years loses crispness. Never mind what happened long ago to your character, or what will happen in the future; your office is with the present moment, the present action.

As for the incident, the motive, the short story offers wide scope for literary aspirants. In no other field is there so ample opportunity for individuality. It is a significant fact that the most successful short stories have not been love tales. The thousand and one incidents in every-day prosaic pleasure and pain, the petty troubles, the humble sacrifices, the modest aspirations, the quiet, humdrum side of life, all these are having their turn now, after the great and heroic has been worn threadbare. He who can create something out of the hitherto unconsidered trifles has done much, for he has exalted the mighty little things to their rightful place in the world.

Mary E. Child.

JACKSON, Mich.

OWEN WISTER.

Mr. Owen Wister, whose stories of Western life in *Harper's Magazine* have for the last three years attracted so much attention, was born in Philadelphia, July 14, 1860, of a family well known and prominent in that city ever since the revolution. He went to school in Switzerland and England from 1870 to 1873, thence to St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., where he remained until 1878, in which year he went to Harvard. He was graduated from the college with the class of 1882. He attained the highest honors in music and honorable mention in philosophy and English composition.

After his graduation he was for a time with a banking house in Boston, and also spent some time in Europe, where he studied music, to which at that time he was very much devoted. He was recommended by Liszt at Bayreuth and Guiraud in Paris to take up composition, and he studied for a time with the latter; but he was turned away from music by circumstances. He came home and entered the Harvard Law School, where he graduated in 1888, receiving at the same time with his law degree the degree of A. M. of the university. He was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1889.

Besides his taste for music, Mr. Wister had always shown since his school days a decided ability for literary composition. He had been one of the editors of a little periodical when he

was at school, and at college he was constantly writing plays and producing compositions of various sorts of a light character, almost invariably in a humorous vein. These productions were very bright and were always admired by his friends, but never came to any serious importance. His story-writing, which has now roused the people to a new sense of his abilities, dates from a visit in the summer of 1885 to a cattle ranch in the West. He saw a great deal of Western life at that time, and it made a deep impression on him, as it has on many others. Accustomed to the civilization of eastern America and Europe, he had no idea that the West contained anything very interesting, and he would at that time have been the last person in the world to suppose that it contained the material for literature. On this first Western expedition he discovered also that he was a natural-born hunter. He was soon devoting himself to all the details of rifles and camp equipage, and has since then made several remarkable hunting trips, in one of which he penetrated the mountain fastnesses of Washington Territory and shot a number of those curious and rare animals, the Rocky mountain wild goat.

On this first Western trip he had seen a great deal of life among the cattle men, for the cattle era was at that time still brilliant and booming. On his next visit, in 1887, he went to Fort Washakie, a typical frontier post, 150 miles from a railroad, where he first studied Western military life and Indian reservations, and again indulged in mountain hunting. He went West again the following year and has been going West ever since, sometimes twice a year, exploring the whole country from the Rio Grande to the British boundary, becoming familiar with military posts, Indians, ranches, hunting camps, together with the peculiar characters of the mining regions and the small towns. He had always kept a journal with detailed notes of what he saw and heard, but never thought of writing until late in the year 1891, after a prolonged journey through the cattle country of Wyoming and a trip through the Wind River mountains. He then wrote "Hank's Woman," a story that was rather crudely executed, but showed power, and soon afterward he wrote "How Linn McClean Went East," which was so skilfully and artistically executed that it was hard to believe it had been written by the author of "Hank's Woman." It was not only full of incident and pathos, but contained some excellent character drawing, and has been pronounced by a competent critic to be as good as any short story can be.

"Balaam and Pedro," another story showing the same varied powers, was his next venture, and after that came "Emily," a tale in lighter vein. Since then several of his stories, "A Kinsman of Red Cloud," "Little Big Horn Medicine," and "The General's Bluff," have been historical, and deal with important events in the military and Indian life of the plains. He has also written "The Winning of the Biscuit Shooter," "The Promised Land," "Specimen Jones," and "The Serenade at Siskiyou." A striking characteristic of all these stories is their fidelity to the life of which they treat, and this fidelity has been testified to by many prominent people in all walks of life who have passed their lives in the West. A man of Mr. Wister's education and associations naturally takes this real and true view of his work, and it is a merit of no little importance.

Mr. Wister seldom invents the main incidents of any of his stories. He believes that if he knows of an actual fact suited to the development of the story, there is no use in inventing one, so that many of his events are often taken unmodified from the real life he has seen. In this respect he has had the same experience other writers have had and finds that the incidents he has altered the least from reality excite the most incredulity. His characters are, however, of course, all imaginary, except when he deals with some public character, like General Crook. He writes slowly, taking generally two weeks to a story, and usually writes in the morning. When embarked on a story he seldom works every day, but stops and thinks of other things. Too much thinking he finds turns the story stale. But his stories are always thought over for many weeks before he begins them, and then written and rewritten until they are as he wants them.

Sydney G. Fisher.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1894. NO. 9.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

What a difference there is between a great book and a large book!

***

The editor of the *Congregationalist* takes a pessimistic view of the literary situation, so far as new writers are concerned. "There is no feature of our experience more pathetic and disagreeable," he says, "than to deal fairly and frankly with the young writers who appeal to us for recognition and for compensation for their contributions. In almost every case there is no good warrant for the aspiration which the would-be contributor entertains. The conviction is forced upon us more strongly each year that only the very few are able to write so as to interest and impress the average reader of our columns. And for the young writer to cherish the hope that it may be possible to subsist from the fruit of the pen is an absurd and hopeless delusion."

***

It may be true that very many of those who send manuscripts to the *Congregationalist* are hopelessly incompetent, and it certainly is true that the average young writer can have no hope whatever of maintaining himself wholly by his contributions to pure literature, but it is not right for the *Congregationalist* to take such a discouraging view of the possibilities in the literary field. It is hard to see, also, why it should be a pathetic and disagreeable task for an editor to deal frankly and fairly with incompetent young writers. Most editors do not seem to be overburdened by consideration for the feelings of their contributors, and there is really no reason why they should be. If a manuscript is unavailable, an editor can usually discover the fact with very little labor, and in such cases the practice of the *Congregationalist* is merely to return the manuscript to the sender, accompanied by a printed slip. That experience certainly ought not to make the editor particularly sad. He may feel sorry for his incompetent contributor, but in the hurry and rush of daily work, the unfortunate is inevitably soon forgotten, and all of the editor's labor cannot be pathetic, since there really are some able writers who send manuscripts to the *Congregationalist*, as the columns of the paper weekly show.

***

As for the broad statement that "in almost every case there is no warrant for the aspiration which the would-be contributor entertains," it seems a good deal wider than it really ought to be. The belief of THE WRITER, on the contrary, is that the average of excellence among

beginners in writing was never so high before as it is at the present time. Nearly everybody writes fairly well, nowadays, and while the number of those who have transcendent literary genius may be as small as it ever was, one important reason why beginners in writing do not meet with better success financially is, that they have so many fairly well qualified competitors. No young writer, however, who writes because he feels that he has something to say, should be discouraged either by the number of his competitors or by the doubt of financial profit. As for writers who write because they want to say something, the sooner they quit the better for all concerned; but the writers who really have a mission ought not to be discouraged by anybody's gloomy advice. Every famous writer was a beginner once, and if he had not begun, he would not be famous now. Sometimes a beginner makes fairly good wages at the very start. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, has published only three books, but she is said to have made $80,000 from "David Grieve," $80,000 from "Marcella," and $40,000 from "Robert Elsmere." THE WRITER will not vouch for the accuracy of these statistics, but there is no question that Mrs. Ward's work, although she is a beginner, has been financially very profitable to her.

* * *

Of course, the average young writer cannot reasonably hope for any such good fortune, but if he writes because he has something to say, and not because he wants to say something, he has a good chance of fair remuneration for his work. It is foolish, as the *Congregationalist* says, for a young writer to hope to support himself wholly by literary work, but literary work often brings a very pleasant addition to an income derived regularly from some other source. The school teacher, for instance, who makes from $50 to $100 a year by writing for various periodicals finds the money a useful addition to her income, although she may now and then give the editor of the *Congregationalist* a pathetic and disagreeable experience, perhaps, by sending him a story which he does n't like. The work is pleasant to her, too, and, gaining facility with practice, she may, if she has talent, very likely increase her income from writing until she is enabled to give up school teaching entirely in time. Let every beginner, then, who has a story to tell, of whatever kind, tell his story as well as he knows how, and try its fortune with the editorial guild. If he expects fame and fortune at the start, disappointment will probably be his fate; but if he is reasonable in his expectations, he has on the whole as good a chance, perhaps, as the editor of the *Congregationalist* himself had, in the vanished long ago, when he began.

* * *

Some time ago attention was called to the value of THE WRITER to authors as a means of keeping informed about the important news of the literary market. Since then a letter has been received from Albert E. Lawrence, in which he says: —

> I have found THE WRITER very helpful, and one feature I wish to speak of particularly — that of noticing prize offers. Through it I learned of the *New York Observer* prize offers last winter, and the story which I submitted was given half of the second prize money. I hope you will continue this feature and make the most of it.

Suspensions of periodicals and changes of address, as well as offers of prizes, are announced in THE WRITER, much to the advantage of its readers. One subscriber writes that the announcements of the suspension of different periodicals saved him in postage last year several times the subscription price of the magazine.

W. H. H.

A GUIDE TO THE MS. MARKET.

A book that will become extremely useful to the young climber on the literary ladder may be made at home. The knowledge contained therein may be the result of experience, or it may be obtained from less expensive sources.

The book should be, originally, a blank-book, with pages of generous width. It should be divided into departments for Literary, Religious, Floral, Domestic, Agricultural, and other publications; and to each publication should be allotted four or five lines.

Upon the first line in each case should be written the name and address of the publication; on the second, a memorandum of the style and length of article preferred by it; on the third, information about the prices paid — whether

payment by word, line, column, or article, and when payment is made; whether on acceptance, on publication, monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly; on the fourth, notes about the general treatment given to contributors, etc.; the fifth line is left blank for the addition of items of which one may come into possession from time to time.

The publications should be listed in their several departments according to their merits and literary standing.

In preparing an article for the publications in any department, the beginner should seek to write for the best one in the list, conforming to its requirements, and reaching its standard, if possible. Then, if, after a careful study of the completed article, comparing it with those in the publication for which it was prepared, the writer decides that it is worthy to be sent to that one, let it be sent there. If it is returned, it may be offered to the next, and it is quite certain — unless the author is a conceited donkey, and has written utter trash — to find a market before it reaches the bottom of the list.

With such a book, and by following the above method, a writer may be saved many stamps and much disappointment in the course of a year. *Beth Day.*

South Kaukauna, Wis.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) If a manuscript should be declined by Harper & Brothers, for instance, and it should then be sent to Charles Scribner's Sons, is there a possibility that the manuscript would be referred by them to the same Readers who had previously examined it? In other words, do different publishers sometimes employ the same manuscript Readers, or does each publisher have his own separate corps?

(2.) What do advertisement writers generally charge for short "paragraphical" advertisements, sometimes written in prose and sometimes in poetry? C. J.

[(1.) There is a possibility that two successive publishers might refer a manuscript to the same Reader for judgment, but hardly a probability that this would be so.

(2.) Some advertisement writers advertise that they will write short advertisements for fifty cents apiece. That is probably the lowest price at which such work is done. An advertising "poem" should bring from three to ten dollars. There is no law to prevent higher prices being asked and paid. — W. H. H.]

How can you write the following sentence: —

Bemis, son of the renowned author of "Nothing," who died in 1928, was a misogynist.

so as to make it plain whether it was Bemis or his father who died in 1928? A. O'K.

[There is nothing ambiguous about the following sentence: —

Bemis, who was the son of the renowned author of "Nothing," and who died in 1928, was a misogynist.

To show that the man who died was Bemis' father, the sentence might be written: —

Bemis — the son of the renowned author of "Nothing," who died in 1928 — was a misogynist.

or the whole statement might be put into two sentences, thus: —

Bemis was a misogynist. He was the son of the renowned author of "Nothing," who died in 1928.

Generally speaking, the easiest way out of any such difficulty is the best, and the easiest way to climb over a grammatical difficulty, as our Hibernian friends might say, is frequently to go around it. — W. H. H.]

What is the proper way, when there is a break in the telling of a story, to indicate to the printer that he should leave a little space to show it? A. R.

[The ordinary way to indicate that a blank space should be left in a printed page is to write in the proper place in copy in the centre of the line: "Leave blank space," or, "One line blank." The printer will understand either direction well enough. — W. H. H.]

Which is right, in an obituary sketch, "He leaves a wife," or "He leaves a widow"? F. R. B.

["He leaves a wife" is the proper phrase. By leaving her, he makes his wife a widow. If it is right to say, "He leaves a widow," it is only consistent to say, "He leaves a widow and

three orphans," or, in case of a wife's death, "She leaves a widower and three orphans." — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

A copy of the little book, so well worth possessing by any young man, will be sent to any address by inclosing 10 cents to the office of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia. — *Ladies' Home Journal for September.*	A copy of the little book, so valuable to any young man, will be sent to any one who writes for it, enclosing 10 cents, to the office of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia.
While many were turned back by the storm, yet about one hundred and eighty toiled on and reached the summit, of whom thirty-eight were women. — *C. H. Sholes, in Harper's Weekly.*	Although many were turned back by the storm, about one hundred and eighty, of whom thirty-eight were women, toiled on and reached the summit.
W. R. Thayer, the editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, gives the lecture to the young people at the Old South this afternoon. — *Boston Daily Advertiser.*	W. R. Thayer, the editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, will give the lecture to young people at the Old South this afternoon.
VIGILANT AGAIN BEATEN BY THE BRITISH FLYER BRITANNIA. — *Boston Globe Headlines.*	BRITANNIA AGAIN BADLY BEATS THE YANKEE FLYER VIGILANT.
Of 8,000 bills brought before Congress this year, the latter acted upon all but 800 of them. — *Roxbury (Mass.) Gazette.*	Of 8,000 bills brought before Congress this year, all but 800 were acted on.
And yet, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes or the bad treatment it received at the hands of pretended friends, it presents vast improvement to existing conditions. — *President Cleveland's Letter to Congressman Catchings.*	And yet, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes and the bad treatment it received at the hands of pretended friends, it presents a vast improvement upon existing conditions.
In the afternoon and evening, with his wife and adopted daughter, Miss Voice Adams Beecher, he received many friends personally. — *New York Herald.*	In the afternoon and evening, with his wife and his adopted daughter, Miss Voice Adams Beecher, he received many friends personally.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The necessity of using the comma after the next to the last of three or more adjectives in succession, when the last two are connected by a conjunction, was pointed out by E. Lincoln Kellogg in the July WRITER. An excellent illustration of the rule is afforded by the following sentence, which I came across in a story yesterday: "He was a noble fellow — wonderfully versatile, brave, and generous to a fault." If you omit the comma after brave, you say that the hero in question was brave to a fault, which is not what the author meant. Again, take this sentence: "For dinner he had lobster and vinegar, and cherries, and terrapin, and bread and milk." All the commas used are absolutely essential, to give an accurate idea of the tempting repast. It will be observed that the use of "and" does not make the commas unnecessary, a sufficient answer to the assertion sometimes made that the comma after the second adjective in a group of three of which the last two are connected by "and" is unnecessary because the "and" takes the place of it. In cases where no ambiguity would arise, however, as Wilson, in his "Treatise on Punctuation," says: "When three or more words of the same part of speech, and in the same construction, are severally connected by means of 'and,' 'or,' or 'nor,' the comma may be omitted after each of the particulars. Some writers separate all such serial words by commas; but a mode of punctuation so stiff as this seldom aids in developing the sense, and, in sentences requiring other commas, is undoubtedly offensive to the eye, if it does not obscure the meaning itself." W. H. H.

"Besides this, none of the routes come into the heart of the city, and so they do not afford," etc. — "*Newspaper English Edited,*" *in August Writer.*

"None come" is pretty poor editing. Come off your hypercritical perch, and learn to write grammar before jumping on a merely careless writer, like the one who wrote the second paragraph, in the Chicago despatch.

David A. Curtis.

[Bigelow, in his "Mistakes in Writing English," says: "'None,' although literally meaning 'no one,' may be used with a plural verb, having the significance of a noun of multitude." Illustrations are: Milton's "In at this gate none pass the vigilance here placed"; Proverbs ii: 19: "None that go unto her return again"; Byron's "None are so desolate, but something dear," etc.; Blair's "None of their productions

are extant"; and Young's "None think the great unhappy but the great." Long, in his "Slips of Tongue and Pen," says: "'None' and 'any,' though originally singular, may now be used as plurals." So far as Mr. Curtis' second criticism is concerned, most of the faults in newspaper English are due to carelessness. Probably the writer of the *Boston Herald* editorial about the elevated railway routes would have corrected his bad English, if he had carefully revised his manuscript. — W. H. H.]

Will some reader of THE WRITER inform me where the following lines can be found: —

"Tell me, ye winged winds,
That around my pathway roar —
Do you know some loved spot
Where mortals weep no more?"

G. W. S.

CHICAGO, Ill.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NOVEL — WHAT IT IS. By F. Marion Crawford. 108 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

When novelists write about their art, they do not usually give their readers much information about their methods, but they now and then give hints which are useful as suggestions to those who are studying the art of story-writing. Mr. Crawford's essay on the novel is no exception to this rule. Perhaps, therefore, the best review of it will be a selection of sentences from it, more or less connected, giving Mr. Crawford's ideas about the technique of his art.

"A novel," he says, "is a marketable commodity, of the class collectively termed 'luxuries' — an intellectual artistic luxury. Probably no one denies that the first object of the novel is to amuse and interest the reader. The purpose-novel constitutes a violation of the unwritten contract tacitly existing between writer and reader. A man buys what purports to be a work of fiction, a romance, a story of adventure, pays his money, takes his book home, prepares to enjoy it at his ease, and discovers that he has paid a dollar for somebody's views on socialism, religion, or the divorce laws. In ordinary cases the purpose-novel is a simple fraud, besides being a failure in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. A professed novelist is perhaps not a competent judge of novels from the point of view which interests the reader, and which is, of course, the reader's own. We know the technique of the trick better than the effect it produces. We do not all know one another's tricks, but we have a fair idea of the general principle on which they are done. A novel is, after all, a play. It is a bad sign of the times, that persons who would not tolerate a coarse play read novels little, if at all, short of indecent. It is not always easy to see why we novelists occasionally introduce a thought, a page, or a chapter in a novel otherwise fit for a child's ears, which may have the effect, so to say, of turning weak tea into bad whiskey. Yet most of us have done it, contemplate doing it, or at least go so far as to wish that we might allow ourselves the liberty. It looks as if it might be easier to write interesting books with the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as with the help of the knowledge of good; and after a certain number of years of hard work a novelist instinctively leans toward any method of lightening his labors which presents itself to his tired imagination. For the romance of romancing soon disappears. After the production of one, two, three, or half-a-dozen novels, if the writer is really what we call 'a professional,' and must go on writing as a business, he discovers how serious is the occupation in which he is engaged. Half-a-dozen books, or less, will make a reputation; ten will sustain one; twenty are in ordinary cases a career. Does any one, not an author, who reads these lines guess at the labor, the imagination, the set purpose, the courage, which are necessary to produce a score of novels of an average good quality? And if not, how can he understand the intense longing for a removal of restraint, for a little more liberty, that tempts the over-wrought intelligence into error? The taste for realism is broad; but why must a novel writer be either a realist or a romanticist? Why should a good novel not combine romance and reality in just proportions? The perfect novel must deal chiefly with love; for in that passion all men and women are most generally interested. It must be clean and sweet; it must have the magic to fascinate and the power to hold its reader from first to last. Its realism must be real, of three dimensions, not flat and photographic; its romance must be of the human heart and truly human; that is, of the earth as we all have found it; its realism must be transcendent, not measured to man's mind, but proportioned to man's soul. Its religion must be of such grand and universal span as to hold all worthy religions in itself. Conceive, if possible, such a story, told in language that can be now simple, now keen, now passionate, and now sublime — or rather, pray, do not conceive it, for the modern novelist's occupation would suddenly be gone, and that one book would stand alone of its kind, making all others worse than useless — ridiculous, if not sacrilegious, by com-

parison. . . . The novel is distinctly a modern invention, satisfying a modern want. It is, or ought to be, a pocket-stage. Scenery, light, shade, the actors themselves, are made of words, and nothing but words, more or less cleverly put together. Every writer who has succeeded has his own means of creating the illusion which is eminently necessary to success. Some of us are found out and some of us are not; but we all do the same thing in one way or another, consciously or unconsciously. The tricks of the art are without number, simple or elaborate, easily learned or hard to imitate, and many of us consider that we have a monopoly of certain tricks we call our own, and are unreasonably angry when a competitor makes use of them. Dialect seems to me to rank with puns, and with puns of a particular local character. Generally speaking, I venture to say that anything which fixes the date of a novel not intended to be historical is a mistake, from a literary point of view. It is not wise to describe the cut of the hero's coat, nor the draping of the heroine's gown, the shape of her hat, nor the color of his tie. Ten years hence somebody may buy the book and turn up his nose at 'those times.' The historical novel occupies a position apart and separate from others, but it does not follow that it should not conform exactly to the conditions required of an ordinary work of fiction, though it must undoubtedly possess other qualities peculiar to itself. Provided that no attempt is made to palm off the historical novel as a schoolbook, there can be no real objection to it on other grounds. On the whole, the historical novel is always likely to prove more dangerous to the writer than to the reader, since, when it fails to be a great book, it will in all likelihood be an absurd one. For historical facts are limitations, and he who subjects himself to them must be willing to undertake all the responsibility they imply. As for romance and realism, the realist proposes to show men what they are, the romantist tries to show men what they should be. For my part, I believe that more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be, than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art. The education of a novelist is the experience of men and women which he has got at first hand in the course of his own life, for he is of that class to whom humanity offers a higher interest than inanimate nature. The novel writer must know what the living world is, what the men in it do, and what the women think, why women shed tears, and children laugh, and young men make love, and old men repeat themselves. While he is writing his book, his human beings must be with him, before him, moving before the eye of his mind and talking into the ear of his heart. He must have lived himself; he must have loved, fought, suffered, and struggled in the human battle. I would almost say that to describe another's death he must himself have died. All this accounts, perhaps, for the fact that readers are many and writers few. The writer must have seen and known many phases of existence, and this is what the education of the novelist means: to know and understand, so far as he is able, men and women who have been placed in unusual circumstances. Sentiment heightens the value of works of fiction, as sentimentality lowers it. Sentimentality is to sentiment as sensuality to passion. The deep waters of life the real novel must fathom, sounding the tide-stream of passion, and bringing up such treasures as lie far below and out of sight — out of reach of the individual in most cases — until the art of the story-teller makes them feel that they are, or might be, his. Cæsar commanded his legionaries to strike at the face. Humanity, the novelist's master, bids him strike only at the heart."

Of course, such an abstract as this can give but an imperfect idea of what Mr. Crawford says. His essay as a whole is well worth reading. W. H. H.

MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Vol. I., 447 pp. Vol. II., 498 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

A life-like photogravure picture of Mrs. Ward and a fac-simile of her signature, "Mary A. Ward," make a frontispiece for the two volumes of her latest novel. The story itself is confessedly a purpose novel, and so falls in the class which Mr. Crawford has condemned so strongly, but even Mr. Crawford must admit that "Marcella" is a strong, consistent, artistic piece of work, and that the interest of the story is not overburdened by the development of the author's theory of life. The book deals with life problems, but it is not insufferably didactic, and its teaching is indirect rather than obtrusive. The character drawing is admirable, the personality of Marcella Boyce especially being as clear and vivid as that of any living personage. There is no question that "Marcella" is the best piece of work that Mrs. Ward has done. W. H. H.

FRA PAOLO SARPI. By Rev. Alexander Robertson. 196 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1894.

The body of Fra Paolo Sarpi, whom Mr. Robertson styles "the greatest of the Venetians," has at last found an honored resting-place in the church of the quiet Campo Santo, on the island of San Michele, after being for more than two hundred years transferred from place to place, "built up into walls and altars, concealed in private houses, and surreptitiously introduced in boxes, 'contents unknown,' into seminaries and libraries, to hide it from the wolf-like hunt of its enemies." To be the ob-

ject of such persecution after he is dead, a man must have had some strong personal qualities while he was alive, and it does not seem extravagant, therefore, for Mr. Robertson to claim for his hero preëminence among Venetians. "I agree with Mrs. Oliphant," he says, "that Fra Paolo is a 'personage more grave and great, a figure unique in the midst of this ever animated, strong, stormy, and restless race'; and with Lord Macaulay, who has said of him that what he did he did better than anybody. I believe that it is impossible to produce from the long roll of the mighty sons of Venice one name to be placed above, or even to be set beside, his. He was supreme as a thinker, as a man of action, and as a transcript and pattern of every Christian principle." Mr. Robertson goes on to show that Fra Paolo was preëminent as an astronomer and mathematician; that he divides with Dr. Harvey the honor of having discovered the circulation of the blood, and that he was recognized as a leader among magneticians and metaphysicians; while as a statesman he wielded a vast influence in the Venice of three hundred years ago. Mr. Robertson's book was written during a residence in Venice, so that he was able to draw his facts from original sources in books and manuscripts. The interest of his work is heightened by a portrait of Fra Paolo and a fac-simile of a letter written by his hand. W. H. H.

INSTRUCTOR IN PRACTICAL COURT REPORTING. By H. W. Thorne. 237 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co. 1894.

Mr. Thorne's "Instructor in Practical Court Reporting" is intended primarily for stenographers: incidentally for trial lawyers and law students. Its author is a member of the Fulton County (N. Y.) bar, and an official court stenographer. His aim has been to present to the stenographer every important phase of court reporting, to show and explain the methods generally used in doing it, and to describe the nature and meaning of the various features of a trial. The book is evidently the outcome of long practical experience, and as such has great value for all would-be court stenographers, while to the general reader it is interesting because it gives an excellent idea of court procedure. W. H. H.

TENNYSON: HIS ART AND RELATION TO MODERN LIFE. By Stopford A. Brooke. 516 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

As its title implies, Mr. Brooke's work is something more than a study of Tennyson's poems from a literary point of view: it discusses the poet as an artist, his relation to Christianity and his relation to social politics, as well as the literary qualities of his work. The chief part of the book is given to a critical study of Tennnyson's writings, under the headings, "The Poems of 1830," "The Poems of 1833," "The Poems of 1842," "The Classical and Romantic Poems of 1842, with the Later Classical Poems," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud and the War Poems," "Idylls of the King," "Enoch Arden and the Sea Poetry," "Aylmer's Field, Sea Dreams, The Brook," "The Dramatic Monologues," "Speculative Theology," "The Nature Poetry," and "The Later Poems." Mr. Brooke has been a thoughtful and appreciative student of Tennyson, and his analysis of the poet's work is discriminating and full of interest. No lover of poetry can fail to be attracted by the book. W. H. H.

THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

"The Search for Andrew Field" is a boys' story, based on events of the war of 1812. The object of the author is to give young people an insight into the conditions of the times of 1812, a history of the war, and a glimpse at the results attained. He does this in a capital story, full of life, spirit, and adventure, which imparts much historical information and inculcates lessons of manliness and courage, while it is sure to entertain the youthful reader. The book is the first of The War of 1812 Series, which will take its heroes through the various battles of the war on land and sea. W. H. H.

MOTHER, WILL, AND I. By Milton Coit. 390 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1894.

"Mother, Will, and I," according to the author's introduction, is "a true story, told for the purpose of making public the process by which the possible future destroyers of society are now being created." The injustice of the existing social system is its theme, and the chief evils of modern life are attributed to their first cause in what the author styles those enemies of humankind, the rich conspirators, who, influenced by self-interest, are engaged in money-getting schemes, the success of which means disaster and misery to hundreds and thousands of their fellow-men. Depicting at the outset two high-minded, philanthropic young men, the author goes on to show how one of them in particular had his whole nature changed by the results of the Standard Oil deal and the panic of '73, which reduced his father, an honorable man, to poverty, and compelled his delicate, refined, and sensitive mother to suffer from hard work and deprivation until death at last ended all her wretchedness. To combat this social injustice, the young man, after a hard struggle in ordinary lines, sees no way but to begin an organized secret plotting against capitalists, starting with individual robberies skilfully planned and ending by organizing a band

of robbers and murderers, of which he is the leading spirit. The Western train robberies during the fall of 1893, the author says, were committed by this band. All the money secured was turned into a fund to be used to help victims of social injustice. The author describes vividly the organization and operations of this society, as well as the causes which led to its formation. The purpose of the story is to show that "the same effort and enthusiasm spent in hopeless violence against society, if devoted to the new ideal in harmony with law, might have organized a new political party capable of an ideal social reconstruction." The tale is certainly a powerful one, and its novelty and its strength of purpose alike recommend it to the reader. W. H. H.

FIRST COURSE IN THE STUDY OF GERMAN, ACCORDING TO THE NATURAL METHOD. With special regard to the instruction of children. By Otto Heller. Second edition, with vocabulary. 92 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: I. Kohler. 1894.

The fact that Professor Heller's little book has reached its second edition is good evidence of its usefulness. It is simple, plain, and practical, and will help any one who is acquiring a practical knowledge of the German language. W. H. H.

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY. Discovered and deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D. Book III. 148 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Detroit: Howard Publishing Company.

Part III. of Dr. Owen's "cipher story" is much better-looking typographically than either of the preceding parts. It is dedicated to Mrs. E. W. Gallup, Miss K. E. Wells, and Miss O. E. Wheeler, "in acknowledgment of their valuable assistance in deciphering, by the rules of the cipher, volumes II. and III. of the cipher story." The volume completes "Bacon's" account of the Spanish Armada, which is said to be "deciphered mostly from the Shakespearian plays and from the 'Faery Queene,' but portions are found in the works of Peel, Greene, Marlowe, Burton, and Bacon." Dr. Owen still postpones giving any explanation of the methods of his work. Until he does something of the sort, his books will have little value. W. H. H.

TEUTONIC SWITZERLAND. By W. D. McCrackan, M. A. 315 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1894.

ROMANCE SWITZERLAND. By W. D. McCrackan, M. A. 270 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1894.

Mr. McCrackan's publishers have issued in two attractive little volumes his impressions of Switzerland, together with some account of Swiss legends and traditions and of the eminent men and women who have lived within the borders of the mountainous republic. The book is not a guide book in any sense, but it is admirably adapted for a companion during a trip through Switzerland or for home reading by those who can travel only in imagination and by their firesides. As the historian of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," the author is a recognized authority on Switzerland, and his book is written in a pleasant, lively, and agreeable style. W. H. H.

WILSON'S CYCLOPÆDIC PHOTOGRAPHY. By Edward L. Wilson, Ph. D. 453 pp. Cloth, $4.00. New York: Edward L. Wilson. 1894.

"Wilson's Cyclopædic Photography" is a complete handbook of the terms, processes, formulæ, and appliances employed in photography, arranged in dictionary form for ready reference. The compiler has been for many years an authority on all photographic matters, and his other works on photographic subjects are well and favorably known. This new work contains more than 2,500 references, and is undoubtedly the most comprehensive photographic reference book available for English readers. The object of the compiler throughout has been to make his book simple, clear, concise, and practical, to enable the beginner as well as the expert to use it with profit. He has succeeded admirably in his undertaking, and his work takes its place at once as the standard English photographic dictionary. In his preface Mr. Wilson says: "I have drawn from a thousand authors. I have filtered and reduced as carefully as my judgment would allow, and I have no doubt I could do better should I begin at once and do it all over again. I commend it to the craft as it is, however, with the full knowledge that in a work like this, including such a multiplicity of subjects, kind indulgence must be asked for the numerous errors that even the most painstaking care must have overlooked." W. H. H.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS. Selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. 380 pp. Cloth, $1.05. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1894.

Professor Gummere's collection of old English ballads is made more interesting by an exhaustive introduction, full explanatory notes, and a glossary. The ballads themselves are representative in range and quality, and have been well selected by the editor. The Athenæum Press Series, to which the book belongs, is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Allen C. Thomas, A. M. 410 and lxxii. pp. Half leather, $1.25. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

A MODERN ROSALIND. By Edith Carpenter. 251 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

THE RED SULTAN. By J. Maclaren Cobban. 313 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

MAGDALENA. By Perpetuo Ponslevi. 270 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

THY NAME IS WOMAN. By Olive B. Muir. 320 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Magazine File. — I have a file which I had made for magazines, consisting of a series of shelves, and employed peculiarly in my own case. Every writer would find such a case a valuable adjunct to work of a general literary character. It is made of three ten-inch-wide boards (whitewood stained), with top, bottom, and back covered in by others (which may be cheap pine) in such a way as to leave room for two tiers of shelves six feet high, with compartments large enough to accommodate the larger magazines. Light cleats are nailed in place with wire nails to hold the shelf-boards. The shelves are of basswood, and are simply laid on these cleats. By removing one of the shelves two spaces may be thrown into one, perhaps to fit the growing requirements of some particular journal. There are fourteen such spaces on each side of the centre-board in my case, making twenty-eight spaces in all, — each 10 x 14 x 5 inches, — wherein may be filed specimen copies of twenty-eight papers or magazines of large size, or double the number of small ones. I advocate preserving such a collection of journals, with information as to date of publication, "press" day, office address, and any other fact desirable to know. Suppose it is the tenth day of the month. My magazine file shows me at a glance which publications are "available" for contributions, as regards the chance of catching each paper before its next issue. The number is limited — my field of work for the day has been indicated. From the number of papers which might use my matter soon, as thus indicated, I select one and look over it for ideas as to what might be acceptable. I am of those who desire to see the special *need* of their work before setting about it; for then I am supplied with an impulse, and can work to the end of exactly shading my writing to the requirements before me — the audience I am seeking to please, entertain, or instruct. I find the rack I have described so useful to me in this way that I think it well to call attention to the plan. *C. S. Wady.*

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

Note-making on Book-covers. — Has it ever occurred to any reader of THE WRITER to make use of a book-cover as a note-book? I always like to index the books I read, to keep track of suggestions and side paths which are not always put in a book which has a published index. I therefore have to take notes as I read. But often I do my reading on verandas and in hammocks, and it is not always convenient to have a paper at hand on which to write; then the summer breezes are apt to make sad havoc with anything that is of light weight. But a note-book is very clumsy. I have long been in the habit of covering the books I read with ordinary manila paper, and when I find a reference — say to Cowley, or to the subject of art viewed in its moral relations, anything, in fact, which is not put in the general index — I simply turn my book over and write the references into my "Library Key." I should never have thought of mentioning this very simple convenience had not one of the professors in the university here said in one of our talks that he thought the idea an excellent one, and that he should never have thought of it. He intends to adopt it henceforth. *Kenyon West.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ADDISON, THE HUMORIST. With portrait. M. O. W. Oliphant. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

POE IN PHILADELPHIA. Letters from Poe, Burton, Irving, Willis, and Dickens, edited by G. E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

RECOLLECTIONS. Aubrey De Vere. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

MACAULAY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for September.

THE COSMOPOLITAN'S NEW HOME. Illustrated. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for September.

EARLY JOURNALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO. J. M. Scanland. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for September.

TALKS WITH THE TRADE: WRITERS AND TYPEWRITERS. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

HEADLINES. W. T. Larned. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEROINE. H. H. Boyesen. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

A THIRD SHELF OF OLD BOOKS. Mrs. James T. Fields. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

THE ORIGIN OF "THANATOPSIS." John White Chadwick. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

GEORGE DU MAURIER AS AN AUTHOR. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's study. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

A DRAMATIC REALIST TO HIS CRITICS. G. Bernard Shaw. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

THE FOURTH ESTATE. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

DANTE AND TENNYSON. Francis St. John Thackeray. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

THE NOVELIST IN SHAKESPEARE. Hall Caine. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

MY FIRST BOOK, "TREASURE ISLAND." Robert Louis Stevenson. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for September.

THE RELIGION OF WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS. Rev. M. J. Savage. *Arena* (53 c.) for September.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. With portrait. Frederick Dolman. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William Dean Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

IN DEFENCE OF HARRIET SHELLEY. — III. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

A READING IN THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Lena H. Vincent. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. *Chicago Magazine* for July.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD. — II. John L. Carncross. *To-day* for August.

POE IN THE SOUTH. Letters of Edgar Allan Poe, John P. Kennedy, J. K. Paulding, Beverly Tucker, and others. With introduction and editorial notes by George E. Woodbury. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

CONVERSATION IN FRANCE. Th. Bentzon. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

FOUR WOMEN WRITERS OF THE WEST (Ina D. Coolbrith, Octave Thanet, Charles Egbert Craddock, and Edith M. Thomas). With portraits. Mary J. Reid. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for August.

CURE FOR DIALECT ENGLISH IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. Eliza B. Burney. *Arena* (53 c.) for August.

AN EPISODE IN TURGENIEF'S LIFE. Nathan Haskell Dole. *Arena* (53 c.) for August.

IN DEFENCE OF HARRIET SHELLEY. — II. Mark Twain. *North American Review* (53 c.) for August.

MY CONTEMPORARIES. Jules Claretie. *North American Review* (53 c.) for August.

THE LOVES OF EDGAR A. POE. Eugene L. Didier. *Godey's* (13 c.) for August.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF COLORS. Lazare Weiller. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for August.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS APPLIED TO PROCESS WORK. Leslie E. Clift. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for August.

DANTE AND TENNYSON. F. St. John Thackeray. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for August 4.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BRIDGES. Edward Dowden. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for August 25.

WOOD ENGRAVING AS A LIFE OCCUPATION. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for July 31.

TRANSMITTING A CABLEGRAM. Henry C. Holmes. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for August 28.

HOW TO WRITE A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. Edwin L. Shuman. *Journalist* (13 c.) for August 18.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LONGFELLOW. Justin McCarthy. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 2.

LOCAL JEALOUSY IN LITERATURE. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for August 16.

DEATH OF AN OLD EDITOR (George Rex Graham). *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 4.

THE LATE JAMES STRONG, S. T. D., LL. D. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 18.

REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. With portrait. *Printers' Ink* (8 c.) for August 1.

R. H. STODDARD AT 69. Reprinted from *New York Sun* in *Rochester Union and Advertiser* for July 21.

THE NEWSPAPER HEADMAKER. *New Haven Register* for July 25.

OUIDA'S RICHES GONE. *Gloucester* (Mass.) *Breeze* for July 28.

GEORGIA'S WRITERS. *Atlanta Constitution* for July 29.

WALTER PATER. *New York Sun* for July 31.

LITERARY TENDENCIES. Alice Wellington Rollins. *Christian Register* for August 2.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON. With portrait. *Town Topics* for August 2.

SARAH GRAND AT HOME. Jeannette Hale. *Detroit Free Press* for August 3.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. Reprinted from *Boston Transcript* in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for August 4.

MAURICE JOKAI. With portrait. *Outlook* for August 4.

MRS. KATE M. BOSTWICK. *Boston Commonwealth* for August 4.

WILLIAM MORRIS. *Boston Transcript* for August 4.

MY FIRST BOOK, "TREASURE ISLAND." Robert Louis Stevenson. *Indianapolis Journal* (10 c.) for August 4; *Syracuse Sunday Herald, Louisville Courier-Journal, Denver Republican, San Francisco Examiner, New York Sun*, for August 5; *Jacksonville Citizen* for August 7.

THE RISE OF HENRY HARLAND. Arthur Stedman. *Boston Herald, Galveston News*, for August 5; *Burlington Hawkeye* for August 7.

WALTER PATER. Carleton E. Noyes. *Boston Budget* for August 5.

SENSATIONAL STORY WRITERS. Reprinted from *New York Morning Journal* in *Detroit Journal* for August 6.

MRS. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. *New York Times* for August 6.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA. Reprinted from *Cornhill Magazine* in *New York Home Journal* for August 8.

ERRORS OF AUTHORS. Reprinted from *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in *Columbus* (O.) *Dispatch* for August 9.

WRITING CANADA'S HISTORY. *Montreal Gazette* for August 9.

KATHERINE TYNAN-HINKSON. M. J. Murphy. *Boston Republic* for August 11.

LITERARY HOMES ON LONG ISLAND. Arthur Stedman. *Baltimore Herald, Boston Herald, Birmingham Age-Herald,* for August 12.

GILBERT PARKER. *Duluth News-Tribune* for August 12.

HOW SOME FAMOUS AUTHORS BEGAN THEIR CAREERS. Mae Harris Andrews. Reprinted from *Washington Post* in *Kansas City Times* for August 12.

WALTER PATER. "G. W. S." *New York Tribune* for August 12.

DR. W. T. HARRIS. With portrait. *Congregationalist* for August 16.

THE BRYANT CENTENARY. (Full report.) *Springfield Republican* for August 17.

WOMAN IN JOURNALISM. *Indianapolis News* for August 18.

AUTHORS AS DIPLOMATS. Reprinted from *Philadelphia Times* in *New Haven Register* for August 19.

TRYING TO SELL A PLAY. Grace Murray. *Boston Journal* for August 19.

WOMEN WITH MASCULINE PEN NAMES. *Boston Journal* for August 19.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINDLEY MURRAY. *Philadelphia Times* for August 19.

FANNY CROSBY, THE HYMN-WRITER. *New York Advertiser* for August 19.

POETS OF CINCINNATI. *Cincinnati Tribune* for August 19.

CINCINNATI AUTHORS. *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* for August 19.

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD. Arthur Warren. *Boston Herald* for August 20.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Julia Ward Howe. *Golden Rule* (Boston) for August 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Kate Chopin, a sketch of whom was published in the August WRITER, has a successful story, "Tante Cat'rinette," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September. The article, "A Reading in the Letters of John Keats," by Leon H. Vincent in the same number throws a good deal of light on the much discussed character of the poet.

Owen Wister has in *Harper's Magazine* for September a vivid story, "The General's Bluff," founded on a frontier campaign of General Crook. He will have in the October number "Salvation Gap," a story of an old-time lynching incident in the Southwest.

"Captain Molly," a novel by Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "That Husband of Mine," appears in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine.*

Julian Ralph is now on his way to the Orient, where he will make for *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine* studies of the disturbed conditions now existing there.

Richard Harding Davis returned from Europe August 3.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) has left her former home in Calcutta, and is spending the summer at Oxford, Eng.

F. Marion Crawford has returned to Rome, having been in the United States for about a year. The statement is made that during his twelve-months' stay in the United States he has written ten novels and a number of magazine articles. His purpose in coming here was to secure congressional action on a claim of his deceased father-in-law, General Berdan, against the government, for $100,000. Mr. Crawford will return again to the United States to urge this claim.

John Fox, whose "Cumberland Vendetta" has interested *Century* readers for the past three months, is a young lumber dealer of Louisville, Ky.

To the list of artist-authors of to-day given in THE WRITER for August, viz., G. H. Boughton, George Du Maurier, Frederick Remington, F. Hopkinson Smith, F. S. Church, W. Hamilton Gibson, Mr. Zogbaum, and Alfred Parsons, the *Independent* adds the names of W. W. Story, F. D. Millet, Mary Hallock Foote, Howard Pyle, W. J. Linton, Joseph Pennell, George Wharton Edwards, and other names that appear less often, but occasionally in the magazines, such as George Hitchcock, Will H. Low, E. H. Blashfield, Birge Harrison, Edwin Lord Weeks, John La Farge, Robert Blum, Charles S. Reinhart, and that friend of children, Palmer Cox.

The club of London women which began life as "The Literary Ladies" has changed its name to "The Women Writers."

The *New England Kitchen Magazine* is a new Boston monthly, the aim of which is to form a connecting link between home and school kitchens. Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill ("Jean Kincaid") and Miss Anna Barrows are the editors.

The management of *Godey's Magazine* has undergone another change. John W. Lovell, the publisher, has bought an interest and has been elected secretary and treasurer.

The *Magazine of American History*, which was founded by the late Mrs. Lamb and which was prosperous until her death, is to be revived by the Patriot Publishing Company, publication being resumed with the September number.

The *American Agriculturist* is going to be changed into a series of five weeklies for five different parts of the country, and five sub-editions for different parts of those divisions. The Orange Judd company has bought the *New England Homestead* from the Phelps company, and will use that for its New England edition. It has also bought the *Orange Judd Farmer*, of Chicago. The new weeklies will all be of magazine form, each with thirty-two pages and a cover. The Phelps company will continue to publish *Farm and Home* and the city edition of the *Springfield Homestead*.

The twelve papers published by E. C. Allen & Co., the large Augusta (Me.) publishing concern which recently suspended business, will be consolidated into the following five periodicals formerly issued by Allen & Co.: *Sunshine*, *Golden Moments*, the *Practical Housekeeper*, the *National Farmer*, and the *Daughters of America*. They will be printed, mailed, and sent out from the publishing establishment of W. H. Gannett, under the name of S. W. Lane & Co. The first issue will be that of September.

Mrs. James T. Fields has in *Scribner's Magazine* for September a chapter of entertaining literary reminiscences, suggested by books in the library of Mr. Fields, the publisher. This paper refers to Milton, Johnson, Thackeray, Lamb, and Barry Cornwall, and is fully illustrated with portraits, fac-similes, etc.

"Thanatopsis" has been called the greatest poem ever written by a boy of sixteen, and it is interesting also as the first American poem which has received and retained recognition from the critics. The influences that shaped the poem in Bryant's mind are described in *Harper's Magazine* for September by Rev. John W. Chadwick, and the story is illustrated with two engravings of the bust of Bryant in the possession of Parke Godwin, and by a view of the house in which "Thanatopsis" was written.

The *Magazine of Art* for September has a wood-engraved portrait of Alphonse Daudet, after the painting by M. Carrière, and a sketch by M. H. Spielmann of Phil May, the humorist illustrator, with a portrait and six illustrations of his work by Mr. May himself.

Portraits of Louise Chandler Moulton in early life, at forty-one, at forty-five, and at fifty-nine are given in *McClure's Magazine* for August. Mrs. Moulton was born at Pomfret, Conn., April 5, 1835. She was married in 1855 to William A. Moulton, a Boston publisher, and Boston has ever since then been her home.

Mr. Beresford-Hope has sold the *London Saturday Review*, which has been for almost forty-six years in the Hope family. Walter Pollock retires from the editorship. The purchaser is L. H. Edmunds, a barrister, who will edit the review himself, and who will not change its policy.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells in *McClure's Magazine* for September how he came to write "Treasure Island," and under what conditions and how the work was done. Pictures of the houses and scenes he inhabited while writing it, and some interesting portraits accompany the article. In the same number of the magazine is a series of portraits of Victorien Sardou.

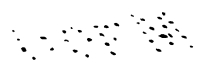
The marriage of J. M. Barrie to Miss Mary Ansell, the actress, took place at Kirremuir toward the end of July so quietly that outsiders knew nothing about it until long after the wedding day.

Dr. Holmes observed his eighty-fifth birthday August 28.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for August has portraits and sketches of Edward Sanford Martin, Rossiter Johnson, William Lyle, and other less-known writers.

The Lippincotts announce a volume called "My First Book," and including the experiences of Walter Besant, James Payn, and twenty other well-known novelists. It will be edited by Jerome K. Jerome, and profusely illustrated.

Macmillan & Co. announce that E. J. Simcox, the author of "Primitive Civilization," is a woman, the initial E. on the title page standing for Edith.



Public Opinion has sent out an attractive plate containing the portraits of more than fifty of its principal contributors — nearly all of them being men now prominent in American letters.

B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist, will shortly publish in London some of the literary work of his thirteen-year-old daughter Nellie.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, like Mr. Howells, believes more in hard work than in the impulses of genius. "When I am writing a story," he says, "I never do more than 1,000 words a day, and sometimes it may not be more than 150 words. I always devote the mornings to work, whether the result is 1,000 words or only a couple of sentences. I do not believe in waiting for inspiration; the effort must be made."

The Century Company will publish in October, as a companion volume to their Century Dictionary, "The Century Cyclopædia of Names," a pronouncing and etymological dictionary of names in geography, biography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archæology, fiction, etc., making a single volume of 1,100 pages, uniform in size and typography with the Century Dictionary. This will be the first book of its kind in existence.

The following card is published in the London papers: "A prize of £20 will be given for the best original essay on the advantages to be derived from the establishment of a sound democratic republic in the United Kingdom. For conditions send stamped envelope to the Eleusis Club, London."

The whole field of English poetry, from 1837 to the present time, will be included in E. C. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," which Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish soon.

Ouida has been having a hard time of it since her late financial troubles and the forced sale of her belongings. At last she is once more at rest, having found a new home for herself in the Villa Masoni, at St. Alissio, near Lucca.

The manuscript Ruskin turns out is as dirty and scratched up as the manuscript of Scott was clean and neat. There is hardly a paragraph in Ruskin's copy that is not scratched and interlined, while a scratched out or rewritten word in Scott's copy was the exception.

George Moore is going to cut down his novel, "A Mere Accident," into a short story. Rarely is a book so radically changed after having been published. The author is not dissatisfied with "A Mere Accident" as it is, but wishes to include it in a volume of short stories.

Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, is in real life a police magistrate, and his everyday name is T. A. Browne. He is sixty-eight years old, and says he was thirty-seven years of age before he first thought of the possibility of success in literature.

The statement of the affairs of Robert Buchanan, author and dramatist, has just been issued. The debtor has filed accounts showing unsecured liabilities of about $75,500, and no available assets. He states that his income, derived from royalties and general literary work, has during the last three years averaged about $7,500 a year. He attributes his insolvency to losses and liabilities incurred in connection with theatrical speculations; to heavy interest on borrowed money; to loss by nonproduction of a play ("Dick Sheridan") in America, and by adverse criticisms on his dramatic work; and to losses by betting.

The unnamed author of the humorous "Women's Conquest of New York" is Thomas A. Janvier. Mr. Janvier recently sailed for Europe, to be gone several months.

Paul du Chaillu is writing the history of the Viking voyages from 800 to the time of William the Conqueror.

Francis H. Underwood died at Leith, Scotland, August 7, aged sixty-nine.

Dr. James Strong died at Round Lake, N. Y., August 7, aged nearly seventy-two.

Eugene Lawrence died in New York August 17, aged nearly seventy-one.

Ex-Governor Charles Robinson, of Kansas, died at Lawrence, Kan., August 17, aged seventy-seven.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter died August 26 at the Isles of Shoals, aged fifty-nine.

W. D. Howells was recalled from his vacation in Europe by the illness of his father, Hon. W. C. Howells, who died at Jefferson, O., August 28, aged eighty-eight.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1894. No. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

NEW SYSTEM OF FILING CLIPPINGS. *W. Hull Western.* 145
MORE INCONSISTENCIES OF ILLUSTRATION. *Edward B. Warman.* 146
THE HEREDITY OF FICTION. *M. Sheffey-Peters.* . . . 147
THE CRITIC. *Max A. Steinle.* 148
A CRITICISM OF "TRILBY." *Eliot C. True.* 149
PLACING MANUSCRIPTS. *Robert Shore.* 150
ONE SIDE OF A WRITER'S CORRESPONDENCE. *Mayme Isham.* 151
EDITORIAL. 152
One of the Curiosities of Book-reviewing, 152—A Literary Swindler's Frank Confession. 152
QUERIES. 153
THE SCRAP BASKET. 154
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 156
BOOK REVIEWS. 156
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 158
When Your Mucilage Gives Out. 158
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 158
NEWS AND NOTES. 159

NEW SYSTEM OF FILING CLIPPINGS.

A New York engineer of my acquaintance has made a simple solution of the difficulty generally encountered in collecting and classifying clippings conveniently, so they may be readily got at for reference.

He has a specially designed cabinet, which consists of one large drawer extending over two-thirds of the width of the cabinet, and labelled, "Miscellaneous Scraps"; another drawer of the same depth and width underneath the first, for a "Stock Drawer"; and two shelves for a series of scrap books. A number of smaller drawers of uniform size occupy the other one-third of the cabinet at one end.

In clipping, the scraps are thrown as they are cut into the large "Miscellaneous Scraps" drawer, from which they are assorted at leisure and placed in the series of smaller drawers, each under its proper head. There are as many of these drawers as there are subjects to be covered.

A drawer at a time is then taken in hand, and the clippings therein are trimmed to a minimum size, and pasted upon sheets of paper, perforated on one edge, and of uniform size.

The clippings, of course, are pasted only upon one side of the sheet, with the date and name of the publication from which they are taken attached. When there is a sufficient number of these sheets, they are assembled in proper order, in the form of a scrap book, with covers (being held together with metal fastenings or thread), and these are put upon the shelves of the cabinet, ready for convenient reference. By this system it will be noticed that at no time are the clippings in any form in which they cannot be readily found, neither is there any time when the books may not be re-arranged. For this reason, it is found better not to page the books.

The size of the sheets used in making up the books is optional with the user. Manila paper, such as is found in the best scrap books, is to be preferred.

Each sheet should be cut with a separating strip or stub, one inch wide, pasted on one edge of it, the stub being perforated with four holes placed at equal distances. This keeps the books from widening at the opening side.

The covers are made of cardboard, and may have a neatly printed or stamped title. Being stiff, they are made with a flexible joint one inch from the binding edge.

The large drawers should be about three inches deep. The inside dimensions of the smaller drawers should be sufficient to allow the finished books to be dropped in, if desired.

The manila paper used for making the individual sheets and separating strips or stubs,

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

along with the scissors, mucilage, fastenings, etc., should be kept ready for use in the "Stock Drawer."

There seems to be little necessity for an index of any sort with this system of filing clippings; but should an index be found desirable, an individual index may be made for each scrap book and bound in with the other sheets. As changes occur in the make-up of the book from culling, the index could be taken out and a newly arranged one, revised up to date, inserted.

One of the difficulties which arise to harass those who have a love for clipping and collecting scraps occurs when an immense amount of clippings have been collected and one feels a desire to cull. The system I have described permits culling better, it would seem, than any other. A dozen sheets may be torn out of a book and the hole can be simply closed up, and the absence of the pages removed is never noticed.

A good feature of the cabinet described is a rolling front, like that of a roll-top desk, which is not in the way when the cabinet is open, and which keeps out the dust when it is closed. It also serves to make it possible to lock up the whole affair with one key.

PLAINFIELD, N. J. *W. Hull Western.*

MORE INCONSISTENCIES OF ILLUSTRATION.

I was pleased with reading a few well-deserved criticisms on "Inconsistencies of Illustration" in the July issue of THE WRITER. While so doing I recalled a number of inconsistencies entirely beyond my comprehension.

I have an illustrated edition of "The Raven," in which the artist has depicted Poe with outstretched arms and clenched hands imploring the raven to tell him if there is "balm in Gilead."

"Tell me, tell me, I implore."

The illustration bespeaks command. One never pleads or implores with clenched hands (except in pictures) if he expects to receive either a tangible object or an immediate answer to a heart-felt prayer. The hands may be clasped — not clenched — when anguish predominates; but even in this condition the arms would not be outstretched. The very nature of things forbids an objective gesture with a subjective thought.

In making pictures for the old, and yet favorite, song, "Comin' thro' the Rye," the illustrator frequently falls far short of representing the idea of the author when he pictures the lassie coming through a field of rye. In this case the very beauty and delicacy of the song is *lost; for* there is nothing to cause a "lassie" to "shy" when coming through a field of rye, or wheat, or oats, or any other grain; but there is cause when the bare-footed lassie, with carefully adjusted dress and skirts, "meets a laddie" while she is tip-toeing her way on the stepping stones across the swiftly flowing Rye of Bonnie Scotland.

In the beautiful edition of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," issued by a prominent Philadelphia publishing house, the artist has illustrated each character according to his conception, but not always consistently with the text.

"Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, bearded like a pard."

I fear that the artist has not been sufficiently observing of pards, or he would not have given his hero full whiskers or a beard.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that great artists in painting angels have always represented them as women; and that in painting devils they have always represented them as men.

It may be human nature for women to be angelic, but that does not argue that men are naturally devilish.

Again. Why should an artist give wings to an angel? Surely wings are not essential for

the flight of a spirit; *i. e.*, I do not think they are.

If angels have wings, and if angels can communicate with their earthly friends, this world would not have been so long in darkness concerning the making of those appendages. No, indeed! Some Yankee angel — possibly a Darius Green — would have imparted his knowledge long before now, and the wing question, or man-flight, would have been settled, while some Yankee brother or other friend of the angel would have a monopoly on wings.

Edward B. Warman.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE HEREDITY OF FICTION.

What amount of the white and red corpuscles of a novelist's life's blood is used for the vivifying of the children of his brain may be surmised in part by reckoning the heritage of longevity bestowed upon the dramatis personæ of the comedies and tragedies of his fiction.

What portion of his nerve force he consumes in energizing his marionnettes; what quantity of fibrine and other organic compounds he depletes himself of, for vitalizing them, is most surely indicated by whatever of living warmth and coloring he succeeds in infusing into them, as personalities born of himself, and endowed by him with the qualities and attributes of a multiform humanity.

That there is a certain expenditure of vital power in the production of the humblest Uriah Heep, nourished into being among the brain cells of the novelist, is a fact too well established to be gainsaid.

As in the economy of a physical genesis, so in that of the mental; it is the fallacious hope of the human mother to renew her life in her child's. Maternity brings its own gracious recompense, yet is the essence of its experimental joy closely allied to the perfume of the lily, which, brought to blossoming maturity, exhales the sweetest elements of its perfection in the initial effervescence of disintegration and decay. In the registry of births there is made but a single record of a "brain-child" evolved without loss of vital power on the part of the author of that child's being. Minerva's emergence, full dowered as a goddess, from the godlike forehead of Jupiter is, however, in this nineteenth century, relegated to its proper place among the myth chronicles of an age when nymphs and dryads tripped through the mazes of their "full-dress germans" to the piping of Pandean pipes in the forests of Arcadia.

"Little Nell," that imperishable spirit of purity, was not the wearer of the helmet and shield of the goddess of wisdom, but none the less surely does her birth record entitle her to a place among the immortals in the realm of fiction. We who have had our hearts stirred by the touch of her fingers do not forget that her small life was an emanation from the brain and marrow of him who, with a prophet's vision of the pathetic tragedy to be unfolded in the brief span linking her birth with her death, became, the while, a solitary mourner in the crowded streets of London, saying, again and again, to his troubled soul: "Since she *must* die, would God she had never been born."

In the glooms of Rochester, the morbid rebellion of his spirit in the stern acceptance of fate's allotment to himself, there is the shadow-presentment of the brooding woes haunting the life of Charlotte Brontë. In her "Jane Eyre" we recognize, too, certain graces of character as a heritage from herself. There is the impassioned temperament blended with strength of will and steadiness of nerve; the impulsive emotions, safe anchored to a cool prudence, like the floating buoy chained to its bed-rock, under the tossing waves of a danger shoal.

In physical reproduction even, the influence of heredity is usually too elusive for analysis, and not infrequently defies detection; but as

the scions of a race of which for generations the women have been known to be beautiful and the men brave are more apt than otherwise to be gifted with the family traits, beauty and bravery, so the brain progeny of the novelist, however composite in their "make up," exhibit transmitted lineaments and characteristics enough to show that there has been a transfusion of blood constituents from the veins of the parent into the life circulation of the offspring. The matrix of genius, in which was molded the Florentine Romola, did not fail to impress upon the supersensitive nature of the ideal woman the impress of not a few unmistakable lines of resemblance to the author of her existence. A scholarly recluse, the devotee of the beautiful and true, as she wrought beauty and truth of the filaments of her own dreams; the unyielding believer in a creed of her own devising; a worshipper of images graven unto herself; the rash iconoclast, never hesitating to break in pieces the dearest idol of her soul when once her eyes were opened to see the idol's feet of clay; thus fashioned, was she not a luminous reflection of her progenitor, George Eliot?

Under the illusory charm of Tito's very human frailties may one not find a mournful suggestion of Marianne Evans, once she had turned her life aside from the holier, higher ideals of her youth? But indices, such as have been cited, might be indefinitely multiplied. They are significant of the vital union between the author and the creations of his imagination. These creations, if they are to outlive himself, in nine cases out of ten, are the outward expression of what he is, or what he feels he might be capable of being in his dual nature, under the pressure of a given set of circumstances. As a student of human nature, however, the novelist acquires the faculty of absorbing from the associations of his environment, and of assimilating mental pabulum, that goes not only to the repairing of his waste brain tissue, but can be used by him as so much raw material for the reconstruction or reincarnation of his heroes and heroines.

In the lifetime of a writer of novels, therefore, it is, perhaps, impossible to decide if he be gifted with the divine faculty of breathing into the nostrils of his creations that breath of his life that is to make of them living souls, endowed with the heritage of his own immortality, as the creator of a new order of intelligences.

M. Sheffey-Peters.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

THE CRITIC.

What is a critic? Probably the most reasonable answer to the question is, that he is a terror to the beginner in literature. A critic is one who criticises. He is a judge in the literary world; he passes an opinion on the literary efforts of others; he tells us if they are good, bad, or indifferent; he is supposed to know.

The question may be asked sometimes, however, "Does he know?" Well, not always. Of the thousands of so-called critics in the world, how many really know how to criticise? Maybe a half a dozen; maybe a hundred; maybe a thousand; but there's not one of them who is not confident that he knows all about it.

The greater number of this peculiar class of people evidently think that criticism consists in judging an author's work harshly and unfavorably, — "roasting" it, in fact, to use the vernacular of the newspaper man. Their judgment is supposed to be the general opinion, and they never will allow for one moment that their judgment can be in any respect incorrect. Oh, no; what they write of a new novel, a new play, or the performance of an actor or actress, must be right in all respects. They are critics; they know; they have passed their opinion, and that is sufficient.

You say I am wrong. You wish to exonerate

the critic, and tell me that he has made a study of criticism. No, gentle reader, no; the majority of critics do not make a study of criticism, and that's where the trouble comes in. Like a batch of destroying weeds, the most of our so-called critics spring from a hot-bed of ignorance. They are given a power; they terrorize our beginners in literature and crush much of the promising genius in our rising young authors. That's what many of our critics do. They are the weeds in the literary field, and if permitted to thrive undisturbed, they will soon occupy the entire ground in which our young writers are planted.

Fair criticism is just, but the arrogance of the critic, who simply "roasts," is not just — it is decidedly unjust, and should be discountenanced. For my part, I think that the majority of our critics are ignoramuses and nuisances.

San Francisco, Calif. *Max A. Steinle.*

A CRITICISM OF "TRILBY."

"I have just finished reading George Du Maurier's 'Trilby.'"

"And how does it impress you?"

"As a series of art sketches, — word pictures, — marred here and there by false strokes. Svengali and Trilby are masterful creations, consistent throughout. If the hypnotic influence has never taken the form described, in the light of what is known and proven, there is no reason why it may not. The artist-author's word sketches are like his pen drawings — bold in outline and with little softening shading. Little Billee is exquisitely done, from the first to last. I think Du Maurier should have wedded him with sweet Alice, and so made one death less in the tragic category. And he need n't have 'married off' McAlister at all, as his chosen one enters not at all into the tale, and is not given even name and habitation when she is dragged in at the very close. It is the old, tiresome way of settling everybody for life at the end of a story, even when no pretense is made of giving life histories.

"There are covert sneers at the honesty and innocence, and occasionally the stupidity, of the Englishmen — sort of Max O'Rell dabs, as it were; for instance: 'British, provincial, home-made music, innocent little sisterly and motherly tinklings.' And sweet Alice, with her Sunday-school class and charity works, is made to appear tame, washed-out, and insignificant beside the painted, daring creatures who sit for models to figure painters. This impression might have been softened by Little Billee's recovery from his Parisian intoxication and the dressing of sober, earnest, respectable life in more attractive colors. Du Maurier, too, plainly jeers at those who love these simple things because they don't know any better.

"The most inartistic thing in the whole book is the not infrequent allusion to 'your present scribe' and 'the writer.' When, through much skilful manipulation, a climax is reached and the reader is held by the spell, it is about as effective and sudden a disenchanter to be told, 'The writer knows nothing at all about music, as the reader has doubtless discovered,' as it is to hear the prompter behind the scenes; or to have the dead on the stage, who made you cry with their dying, come smiling out in answer to plaudits; or to get a sudden glimpse of the dressing room, where the costumes are assorted and the rouge is put on.

"To go with an author on a little moralizing or philosophical side excursion is thoroughly enjoyable, but to run against a snag like this, 'This is a digression, and I don't know how I came to do it,' gives one the sensation of being played upon by a guide who has appeared as absorbed as yourself in scenes and characters, but who has not for a moment lost his self-consciousness, as is shown by the way he jerks

himself up when he would turn a corner and jostles you out of your dreamy and delightful contemplation.

"Another and kindred blemish in these altogether striking pictures is the occasional dropping into colloquialisms. Du Maurier describes Little Billee's malady in quite learned fashion, and then mentions his 'cerebrum or cerebellum (whichever it may be).' And speaking of Trilby's height, he says: 'About as tall as Miss Ellen Terry — the right height, I think.' Here you are snatched from a picture in the Latin Quartier in the 'fifties, to behold Miss Terry come upon the stage and to be told that Du Maurier likes tall women and approves of Miss Terry. Of course, the 'Trilby' spell is broken, and you feel vexed with him who did it, either ignorantly or maliciously.

"Then there are such inapt quotations! There are a thousand things that Trilby could have said at the sorrowful, critical moment, better and more in keeping than 'I must take the bull by the horns,' albeit she had heard the expression from Taffy, who painted toreadors. And when Little Billee saw Alice's father approaching and felt shrunken into insignificance as he compared himself with him, he should hardly have said: 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.' The sentence, 'And the Laird wunk his historic wink,' makes a newspaper editor feel like reaching for his blue pencil, and at the same time scoring an over-smart reporter. 'Miss Lavinia Hunks, of Chicago,' is very bad. American girls who pay for, and marry, titles are not deformed and squint-eyed. It is neither realistic nor reasonable to picture one as being so, when plenty of the comely and graceful stand waiting.

"The grammatical construction of sentences is bad in some instances; for illustration: 'And each walked off in opposite direction, stiff as pokers, while Tray stood between them looking first at one receding figure, then another.'

"In spite of these blemishes, which announce themselves plainly in a fine piece of work, 'Trilby' is fascinating from first to last. Du Maurier's French slang is delicious, and his delineation of the art student's life in the Latin Quartier, which is to-day vastly like that of forty years ago, with changes of name and place, shows intimate knowledge, if not a fund of experience. The story is airy and picturesque, and will easily rank as the most notable novel of the summer from a man's hand."

Eliot C. True.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

PLACING MANUSCRIPTS.

I think many writers make a mistake in looking too high for a market for their first attempts at writing. Many writers enter the field without any training, and with but little capital in the shape of treasured-up knowledge, and yet expect that their first crude efforts ought to be good enough for the best papers or magazines in the land.

A moment's thought ought to show them that this is expecting more than is reasonable. No reasonable person, having no knowledge whatever of the duties of a printing office, would think of entering a newspaper office with the expectation that in a few months he would be editor-in-chief. It is the same in every department of life. The minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, whether in the higher institutions of learning or in the common school, the artisan, in every department of skilled labor, all expect to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work their way up by honest toil, by making themselves worthy of a higher place. And why should not this be as true of writers as of any other workers?

I think it would be well for beginners, whether they are young or old, to send their first effusions to some of the less pretentious papers, since their contributions will be much

more likely to be accepted than if they are sent to leading papers. Many articles that are apt and in place in a good paper working in some humble sphere would have no value to the editor of a great journal.

There is a danger here, perhaps, that we ought to guard against. We may think that if we write for a paper of the humbler sort, we need not be very careful as to how we write; that almost anything will be good enough for a paper of that kind. That is not the feeling for any one to indulge who wishes to become a good writer. Do the very best you can all the time. For whatever paper you write, whether for the county paper in your own neighborhood or for some leading paper in Boston or New York, try to have your articles among the very best to be found in that paper. An editor of my acquaintance paid a flattering compliment to one of his contributors when he said to him: "Your articles, Mr. H——, are inquired after, and always elicit favorable comment." That is the kind of articles that we should try to furnish all the time; the very brightest and best to be found in the paper we write for, no matter what the standing of the paper may be.

To summarize: Send your articles to a paper that will welcome them; do no careless work, but let your articles be so good as to attract attention; be ever aiming to "branch out" by sending occasional articles to papers of a higher standing; work faithfully and perseveringly, and the measure of success that is possible is reasonably assured.

BIGELOW, Minn. *Robert Shore.*

ONE SIDE OF A WRITER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Confidence.

(To Editor No. 1.)

My dear Editor:

I send you a short story for the young folks; kindly look it over. Should you find that you cannot use it for your paper, enclosed please find stamps for return.

Yours fraternally,

X. Y. Z.

Hope.

(To Editor No. 2.)

Dear Editor:

Enclosed I send a short young folks' story. Please examine it. If it proves unavailable, kindly return. Enclosed please find stamps. Very respectfully,

X. Y. Z.

Doubt.

(To Editor No. 3.)

Dear Editor:

Will you please read the enclosed? If unavailable, please find stamps enclosed for its return. Yours very truly,

X. Y. Z.

Humility.

(To Editor No. 4.)

Dear Editor:

May I trouble you to read the enclosed short story? If not worth printing in your paper, enclosed please find postage for return.

Yours truly,

X. Y. Z.

Despair.

(To Editor No. 5.)

Dear Editor:

If you cannot find a use for this, enclosed please find postage for return.

Hastily,

X. Y. Z.

Cynicism.

(To Editor No. 6.)

Dear Editor:

Should the enclosed prove unavailable, kindly use it to embellish the interior of your waste-basket. Yours,

X. Y. Z.

Have you ever been there, gentle writer?

Mayme Isham.

HAMPDEN, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1894. NO. 10.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Many are the curiosities of book-reviewing. Criticising a new book, "Talks to Children About Jesus," the *Western Recorder* of Louisville, Ky., says: "But far worse than these mistakes is the deliberate insult to the Lord by picturing him with long hair. This insult is utterly without excuse, even of cheapness, for it is as easy to make plates for engraving with short hair as with long. And the Holy Spirit has pronounced long hair a shame to man."

***

A letter received recently by The Writer's Literary Bureau deserves more than ordinary attention. It reads as follows: —

DEER PARK, Md., September 22, 1894.

Writer's Literary Bureau, Boston, Mass.:

I write to ask your terms and mode of disposing of manuscript. I have had some success several years ago, but lately have been unable to dispose of manuscript, and am tired of writing in the dark.

In order to test somewhat my own merit, as well as the critical ability of prominant magazines, I have sent verse from the *most distinguished* English poets, — Browning, Shelley, Swinburne, etc., — under my own and other unknown signatures. It has been returned just with the same formula, and without one *sign of recognition* by the most prominant magazines in this country. Of course, after this I have been in despair of getting anything off on its own merits, for I am *perfectly confidant* that the deception was *not* recognized, and if such work was not accepted, I could send nothing that would be. Please let me hear from you. I consider literary success now simply a matter of advertizement. The enduring quality, of course, depends on value. With respect,

— — ———

I send enclosed letter as testimonial of former success. I have made the same experiment with prose as with verse. The same result, but this was not so well tested.

The copy is verbatim, with the exception of the signature, which ought rightly to be printed, but which is withheld out of consideration for the feelings of the writer. It is charitable to assume that the action which she so frankly describes was taken without full realization of what she was doing, and for that reason alone she is spared public exposure. In sending the work of well-known writers to editors under her own and other unknown signatures, however, she has both been doing a contemptible thing, and has made herself punishable under the laws which forbid attempts to obtain money under false pretences. She would say, of course, that she would have returned any money that might have been sent to her for a poem not her own; but so might any thief, caught in an act of knavery, say that he intended to return his stolen goods, and that he was stealing only to see whether or not such a theft was possible. "The Editor's Story," by Richard Harding Davis, in

Harper's Magazine for August, has a special application to this woman's case.

***

Apart from all moral considerations involved, such an experiment as that she has described proves nothing at all, excepting that the experimenter is unworthy of respect. The rejection by an editor of any manuscript is no reflection whatever upon its merit. *Availability* is the final test which every editor applies. A manuscript may be perfect of its kind, beyond criticism so far as literary merit is concerned, and yet unavailable for a given periodical for any one of half a hundred reasons. "Paradise Lost" has made Milton's name immortal, but there is probably not a publisher in the world who would accept it for publication if it were offered in manuscript by its author for the first time to-day. Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" is an exquisite bit of vivid melody, but it is quite conceivable that if Shelley were alive and had just written his ode, he might offer it in vain to half-a-dozen editors before he found one who wanted just such a poem precisely at that time. "John Gilpin's Ride" has been a household word to countless hosts of readers, old and young, but the editor of *St. Nicholas* or the editor of the *Youth's Companion* might find it unavailable if it were really a new poem and were offered by its author for original publication now. The editor who sent back the poem by Swinburne that Mrs. —— submitted as her own production simply meant — assuming that he was deceived — that, however good the poem might be, he did not want it for his magazine. The chances are a thousand to one that he would have rejected it just the same if Mr. Swinburne had offered it, as a new manuscript, himself.

***

Mrs. —— assumes too much in feeling sure that she succeeded in deceiving the editors on whom she tried her contemptible experiment. She may be right in her belief, however. It is absolutely impossible that any editor shall have read everything that has been published, or even every famous poem, story, or essay that the world has known. It is more than possible that a given poem by Browning, for example, should be new to five out of six editors of leading magazines — and it would not be in the least to their discredit if it were so. Editors generally are widely read, but no human being can have read everything, or even every good thing that has been written. Still, it is rather possible than probable that the editors whom Mrs. —— approached under false pretences were deceived by her. They may only have thought her trickery to be beneath contempt.

***

The important lesson of the whole matter is that availability, and not merit alone, is the test which every editor applies to every manuscript submitted to him for publication in the periodical which he conducts. Literary success is not "simply a matter of advertizement," or of advertisement, either. It is conceivable that the same editor who rejected Browning's poem when Mrs. —— offered it might accept an original poem of hers, if she should send it to him. She says herself that she has had some success in former years, and the "letter" to which she refers in her postscript is a manifold circular from a biographical cyclopædia maker saying that she is entitled to a place in his valuable work.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

In writing a story is it well to introduce letters which throw light on the tastes and life of the characters, but do not elucidate the plot?

A. H. M. C.

[Theoretically, everything that is introduced in a story should serve to elucidate the plot. Practically, anything may be introduced that tends to make the story interesting. If letters which throw light on the tastes and life of the characters, but do not elucidate the plot, enhance the interest of the narration, the author will do wisely, by all means, if he puts them in. — W. H. H.]

Can you devote space in your next issue to giving your opinion on this point — whether it is better for a writer to keep to his own signature and not write under any assumed names? Is it better to lose no opportunity of letting

your name be seen, or to allow yourself to be known only by your best work? Anthony Trollope advised the former course, on the ground that if you take a second name, you only have to work up a second reputation. Besides, one dislikes the appearance of doing anything one is ashamed to own. On the other hand, work may be good of its sort, yet be of an inferior sort, and one cannot always be at his best. Perhaps the two-name arrangement is merely a business-like one. But the point upon which I seek light is this — would, or would not, the editor of a review, or of one of the leading magazines, if he received an essay on Ibsen's heroines or a good story or poem, be prejudiced against it if he recognized the author as having written comic verses or an article on stocking-darning? I don't know why he should, since versatility is a good thing in itself, and probably editors of reviews do not read either the comic or the domestic papers. Feeling sure that a great many of your readers are interested in this matter, I hope you will make room for my questions and your advice at an early date.

M. H. F. L.

[The question of the writer's signature was fully discussed by the editor of THE WRITER in an article published in the number of the magazine for February, 1888. This article is commended to the attention of "M. H. F. L." and others who are interested in the subject. It was said there that "Sometimes an author who has won fame in some special way may find it to his advantage to do writing of another kind anonymously or under a borrowed signature. . . . As a rule, the writer who means to make writing a business will find it to his advantage to put his signature to everything he writes, and to make that signature as widely known as possible. . . . Some brains may be weighty enough to make more than one name immortal, but the trouble is generally of another kind. Writers who have habitually used more than one name have generally acknowledged their error after a time, and have devoted themselves to one signature, dropping all the others." It may be, however, that if one is versatile enough to be able to write housekeeping articles, comic verses, critical analyses of Tolstoi, and essays on the differential calculus, the use of more than one signature will be advisable. As a matter of fact, one writer rarely excels in so many different lines, and if he does all of *these things, the* chances are that he does not do any one of them surpassingly well. The presumption is, therefore, that if he does them all, he does them all indifferently, and for that reason his reputation in any one department suffers because of the reputation he has gained in other lines. The versatile man is usually surpassed by the specialist in any line of work that he may undertake. If, therefore, a writer is engaged in two kinds of work utterly dissimilar, — like joke-writing and serious critical work, for instance, — it may be well for him to have two signatures, one for each style of work. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The statute of the late Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State under President Arthur, was unveiled at Newark recently. The statute stands in the upper end of the park opposite the Essex Club and within sight of the Frelinghuysen mansion, which is at the north end of the park.

Now that THE WRITER has undertaken to edit "newspaper English," what has it to say of the paragraph above, taken from an architectural periodical? If the "statute" had not been repeated, it might have passed for a typographical blunder. As it stands, does it imply an attempt at dialect writing? A. H. N.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

The "index expurgatorius" of William Cullen Bryant, recently asked for in THE WRITER, is as follows: —

Over and above (for "more than").
Artiste (for "artist").
Aspirant.
Authoress.
Beat (for "defeat").
Bagging (for "capturing").
Balance (for "remainder").
Banquet (for "dinner" or "supper").
Bogus.
Casket (for "coffin").
Claimed (for "asserted").
Collided.
Commence (for "begin").
Compete.
Cortège (for "procession").
Cotemporary (for "contemporary").
Couple (for "two").
Darkey (for "negro").
Day before yesterday (for "the day before yesterday").
Début.
Decrease (as a verb).

Democracy (applied to a political party).
Develop (for "expose").
Devouring element (for "fire").
Donate.
Employé.
Enacted (for "acted").
Endorse (for "approve").
En route.
Esq.
Graduate (for "is graduated").
Gents (for "gentlemen").
Hon.
House (for "House of Representatives").
Humbug.
Inaugurate (for "begin").
In our midst.
Item (for "particle," "extract," or "paragraph").
Is being done, and all passives of this form.
Jeopardize.
Jubilant (for "rejoicing").
Juvenile (for "boy").
Lady (for "wife").
Last (for "latest").
Lengthy (for "long").
Leniency (for "lenity").
Loafer.
Loan or loaned (for "lend" or "lent").
Located.
Majority (relating to places or circumstances, for "most").
Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor, Mrs. General, and all similar titles.
Mutual (for "common").
Official (for "officer").
Ovation.
On yesterday.
Over his signature.
Pants (for "pantaloons").
Parties (for "persons").
Partially (for "partly").
Past two weeks (for "last two weeks," and all similar expressions relating to a definite time).
Poetess.
Portion (for "part").
Posted (for "informed").
Progress (for "advance").
Reliable (for "trustworthy").
Rendition (for "performance").
Repudiate (for "reject" or "disown").
Retire (as an active verb).
Rev. (for "the Rev.").
Rôle (for "part").
Roughs.
Rowdies.
Secesh.
Sensation (for "noteworthy event").
Standpoint (for "point of view").
Start, in the sense of setting out.
State (for "say").
Taboo.
Talent (for "talents" or "ability").
Talented.
Tapis.
The deceased.
War (for "dispute" or "disagreement").

A host of readers of THE WRITER have answered the question of "G. W. S.," asked in the September number, about the poem beginning

"Tell me, ye wingèd winds."

The poem is by Charles Mackay, and Olivia T. Closson, of Washington, D. C., sends a copy of it, as follows: —

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven."

The poem may be found in "The Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry," edited by Henry T. Coates, and published by Porter & Coates.

Philadelphia; in "Swinton's Fifth Reader" (p. 422), published by Ivison, Blakeman, & Co., New York and Chicago; in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" (p. 268); in "Parker's National Fifth Reader," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago; and in Charles Mackay's collected poems. Charles Mackay, LL. D., is a Scottish author, born at Perth in 1812, and lately residing at Fern Dell, near Dorking, county of Surrey, England. He has written several volumes of poems and a number of works in prose. The original title of his poem was "The Inquiry."

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Between to-day and May 1 we will eat 4,000 bushels of oysters a day, and they will average 250 oysters to a bushel, or an average of 10,000,000 oysters a day.—*New York Sun.*	Between to-day and May 1 we shall eat 4,000 bushels of oysters a day, and they will average 250 oysters to a bushel, or an average of 10,000,000 oysters a day.
Ex-Senator Platt got the news at Coney Island that Mr. Morton had decided to be a candidate by telephone, but he had no comment to make.—*New York Herald.*	Ex-Senator Platt got the news at Coney Island by telephone that Mr. Morton had decided to be a candidate, but he had no comment to make.
Campania's Good Run — She Failed, However, to Again Lower the Record.—*New York Herald Headlines.*	Campania's Good Run — She Failed, However, Again to Lower the Record.
The house contains eleven rooms, and is arranged for one or two families with all modern improvements.—*Boston Auctioneer's Advertisement.*	The house contains eleven rooms, and is arranged for one or two families. It has all modern improvements.

BOOK REVIEWS.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL FOR 1893–94. 1,481 pp. Cloth, $5.00. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son.

Ayer's "Newspaper Annual," always a standard book, is better this year than ever before, since the date of publication has been changed from September 1 to the end of December, thus bringing the information that the book contains up to the date which it bears. The present volume is dated 1893–94. Next year's volume will be dated 1895, and so on. The work is best described by its title page, which speaks of it as "a catalogue of American newspapers, a carefully-prepared list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with information regarding their circulation, issue, date of establishment, political or other distinctive features, names of editors and publishers, and street addresses in cities of 50,000 inhabitants and upward, together with the population of the counties and places in which the papers are published, and a description of every place in the United States and Canada in which a newspaper is published." There are also separate lists of religious and agricultural publications and the various class publications, lists of the press and editorial associations of the United States and Canada, etc. In all there are 20,774 periodicals classified, and 4,500 changes have been made from the previous year's edition. To writers the value of such a book is evident, since it gives all the information about all the periodicals of the country that is required by those who have manuscripts to sell, and are looking for new markets. To the general contributor to the press a directory of this kind is almost indispensable. W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft Part XI. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1894.

Part XI. of the sumptuous Bancroft "Book of the Fair" completes the description of the electrical department at the Chicago Exposition, and begins the description of the department devoted to horticulture and forestry. The high standard of the previous issues of the work is fully maintained. Some of the half-tone pictures of the horticultural exhibits are particularly beautiful, two of the most notable of all being that of the bed of Texas cacti, and that of the Australian tree ferns. The full-page illustrations are pictures of the Franklin statue; the Electricity building, north front; the Edison electric tower; the east entrance, Horticultural building; a group of botanical exhibits; the Horticultural building from the southeast corner; and the exhibits from the Gould conservatory, Horticultural hall. W. H. H.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA. By William I. Fletcher. Illustrated. 169 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1894.

Probably nobody in this country knows any more about public libraries than Mr. Fletcher, and for that reason his book on "Public Libraries in America," which is the second volume of the Columbian Knowledge Series, possesses special interest. It begins with an historical sketch of the public library movement, and goes on to discuss library buildings, classification and catalogues, selection and purchase of books, reference work, special collections, and all the details of library work and management. Representative libraries are discussed, and there are a number of pictures of leading libraries and librarians. There is a special chapter treating of the librarian, his work, and his training for it, and another chapter gives informa-

tion about the American Library Association. In the appendix the Sunday opening of libraries, gifts to libraries, and library rules are discussed, and a scheme of classification and some statistics of libraries are given. Mr. Fletcher says, by the way, that of the 3,804 libraries reported by the United States Bureau of Education only 566 are in a true sense public. His book throughout is both a valuable and an instructive one. W. H. H.

SLAV AND MOSLEM. By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. 30 pp. Cloth. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Publishing Co. 1894.

It is a pity that "Slav and Moslem" has not been brought out in better style, so far as typographical appearance and binding are concerned, for the evident amateurishness of both printer's and binder's work unconsciously prejudices the reader against the book. When he comes to examine the work carefully, however, the reader finds that it is well worthy of serious attention. Mr. Brodhead has made a thorough study of Russian history and of the conditions existing in the land of the czar to-day, and he explains intelligently both why the development of Russia up to within the last half century has been so slow, and what the future of the country is to be. Mr. Brodhead's view of Russia is very different from that which writers like George Kennan take. Recognizing the crudities and anomalies of her civilization, he wonders only, "not that she is behindhand in some things, but that she should already have done so much toward retrieving the past, and have become a leading factor in the politics of Europe to-day, and perhaps the arbiter of its destinies in the future." Mr. Brodhead's knowledge of Russia is evidently an intimate one, and his book deserves the careful attention of all who desire to get an accurate idea of existing conditions in the czar's dominions.

W. H. H.

THE WHITE CROWN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Herbert D. Ward. 336 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

Besides the title-story, this volume of Mr. Ward's latest work includes "The Semaphore," "The Value of a Cipher," "A Romance of the Faith," "Only an Incident," "A Cast of the Net," "The Equation of a Failure," and "The Missing Interpreter." "The Semaphore" is a particularly strong and vivid story of railroad life — by far the most interesting in the book. "The White Crown" is a fanciful dream of universal peace. W. H. H.

HIS VANISHED STAR. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 394 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

Miss Murfree's word pictures of life and character in the Tennessee mountains are as graphic and lifelike in her latest book as they were in her first published story. "His Vanished Star" is full of incidents and character sketches that fascinate the reader, and although dialect stories are looked on with disfavor now, this novel is certain to be widely read. As in her former work, Miss Murfree gives her descriptive faculties altogether too much exercise, so far as Tennessee mountain scenery is concerned, but the reader who skips judiciously may easily do for himself what the author should have done before the manuscript left her hands. Altogether "His Vanished Star" is sure to increase the literary reputation of its author. W. H. H.

MY SUMMER IN A MORMON VILLAGE. By Florence A. Merriam. 171 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

"My Summer in a Mormon Village" is a pleasant narrative of a quiet summer spent in Utah, and gives unprejudiced views of home life among the Mormons. A picture of Lake Blanche, Big Cottonwood Cañon, makes a beautiful frontispiece for the book. W. H. H.

THE TWO-LEGGED WOLF. A romance. By N. N. Karazin. Translated from the Russian by Boris Lanin. 322 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

"The Two-legged Wolf" is a wild romance of camp and desert life, the scene being laid in central Asia at the time of the Russian advance against the Khan of Khiva. The plot is interesting, and the story is dramatically told. A romantic love story runs through the book, and there are many vivid pictures of Russian military life. W. H. H.

LITTLE MISS FAITH. By Grace Le Baron. 174 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

"Little Miss Faith" is an attractive introduction to a series of three volumes to be known as the Hazelwood Stories, and relates the incidents of a country week at Falcon's-height, where the ten-year-old heroine is the guest of another little girl at her country home. Among older people the book will appeal to those who are interested in finding summer homes for city children, and juvenile readers are sure to be delighted with it. W. H. H.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER; OR, THE WAR ON THE BORDER. By Oliver Optic. 451 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

For boy readers "Oliver Optic's" books possess unfailing interest. This new story is the first volume of the Blue and the Gray Army Series, which will include six volumes, though, as the author says in his preface, "the number is contingent upon the longevity of one, still hale and hearty, who has passed by a couple of years the Scriptural limit of 'threescore years and ten' allotted to human life." Surely all boy readers will hope that "Oliver Optic" will be able for many years to come to give them periodically stories as full of fascinating interest as those that he has been writing for the last forty years. The scene of "Brother

Against Brother" is laid in Kentucky and the time of the story is that of the beginning of the civil war. No boy can fail to be attracted by the book. W. H. H.

THE FLOWER OF FORGIVENESS. By Flora Annie Steel. 355 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Sixteen short stories are included in this volume, the first of which gives the title to the book. Their scenes are laid in India, and they illustrate many different phases of Hindoo character looked upon from an altogether different point of view from that which Rudyard Kipling takes. Mrs. Steel's acquaintance with Hindoo methods of thought is evidently intimate, and her pictures of native Indian life are vivid and clear-cut. The book is marked by the same merit that characterized "Miss Stuart's Legacy" and "The Potter's Thumb."

W. H. H.

THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL. By David Storrar Meldrum. Third edition. 269 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

Mr. Meldrum's "fireside history of a Fifeshire family" has won its welcome, and needs no commendation here. It is a charming story, and throughout it is exquisitely told.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

MISS HURD: AN ENIGMA. By Anna Katharine Green. 357 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

SORROW AND SONG. By Coulson Kernahan. 156 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1894.

THE PEARL OF INDIA. By Maturin M. Ballou. 335 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

A FLORIDA SKETCH-BOOK. By Bradford Torrey. 242 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

THE CHASE OF SAINT-CASTIN, AND OTHER TALES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 266 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

THE GREAT KEINPLATZ EXPERIMENT, AND OTHER STORIES. By A. Conan Doyle. 232 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

THE FLYING HALCYON. By Richard Henry Savage. 300 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. 1894.

GOOD NIGHT, SCHATZ. In one act. By Adolf Hepner. 47 pp. Paper, 25 cents. St. Louis: St. Louis News Co. 1894.

THE UNIVERSAL NAME; OR, ONE HUNDRED SONGS TO MARY. Selected and arranged by Mrs. E. Vale Blake. 149 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

When Your Mucilage Gives Out. — Should you ever have the misfortune to need some mucilage when the bottle is empty and you have not the time or patience to make paste, simply moisten the flap of some unused envelope, scrape off the glue with a knife blade, and spread it upon the paper you wish to paste. Try it. *Mayme Isham.*

HAMPDEN, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

POETRY AND SCIENCE. Professor William H. Hudson. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for October.

TELEGRAPHY UP TO DATE. George J. Varney. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

THE ROMANTIC NOVEL. — MR. HOWELLS' REMINISCENCES. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for October.

CHARLES A. DANA. Edward P. Mitchell. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for October.

ANTHONY HOPE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

JOANNA E. WOODS. Gilson Willetts. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. With portrait. Frederick Dolman. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE. With portrait. Frederick Dolman. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. W. D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

DISRAELI'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederick Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

HAS ORATORY DECLINED? Henry L. Dawes. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI. The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF EUROPE. H. R. Chamberlain. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for October.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With portrait. *Popular Educator* (13 c.) for September.

PIONEER PRINTERS OF AMERICA. S. R. Davis. *Paper and Press* (18 c.) for September.

THE EVOLUTION OF ILLUSTRATING. — II. H. M. Duncan. *Paper and Press* (18 c.) for September.

MRS. ELIZABETH A. REED. Charles Ritch Johnson. *Journalist* (13 c.) for August 25.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 30.

HOW TYPE IS MADE. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for September 13.

A CURE FOR WRITER'S CRAMP. *Phonographic Journal* (Port Jervis, N. Y.) for August.

JOHN LATEY AND THE LONDON PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. *Sketch* for August 8.

A FALLACY OF THE REALISTS. Richard Burton. *Congregationalist* for August 23.

THE LITERARY MOTIF OF THE PURITANS. C. Lauron Hooper. *Interior* for August 23.

WALTER PATER. Louis Dyer. *Nation* for August 23.

EDITH M. THOMAS. Viola Roseboro. *Cincinnati Tribune, St. Louis Republic* for August 26.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. *Hartford* (Conn.) *Telegram* for August 28.

THE PENNY WEEKLIES OF LONDON. Jeannette L. Gilder. *Independent* for August 30.

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD AND LIZETTE REESE. Pauline Carrington Rust. *Boston Transcript* for September 1.

CY WARMAN. Reprinted from *Chicago Times* in *Louisville Courier-Journal* for September 2, and in *Philadelphia Press* for September 4.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST. John Palmer Gavit. *Golden Rule* for September 6.

JOHN BURROUGHS. With portrait. *Outlook* for September 15.

THE WESTERN WRITERS' ASSOCIATION. Ida May Davis. *Indianapolis Journal* for September 16.

S. R. CROCKETT. With portrait. *Outlook* for September 22.

LITERARY ST. PAUL. Rev. John Conway. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for September.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for September 15.

CELIA THAXTER. With portrait. Eleanor V. Hulton. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 8.

REMINISCENCES OF CELIA THAXTER. Harriet Prescott Spofford. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 15.

THE LATE EUGENE LAWRENCE. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 1.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Sylvester Baxter. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 22.

REPRODUCING PICTURES FOR PRINTING. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for September 4.

AUTHORSHIP AND GRAMMAR. E. R. Latta. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for September 6.

MRS. LYDIA HOYT FARMER. With portrait. *Literary Weekly* (13 c.) for September 6.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The illness of Stopford Brooke has made necessary the abandonment for the present of his visit to this country.

A new magazine, called the *Bostonian*, is to be published in Boston, beginning this month. Its editor will be Arthur Wellington Brayley, and the periodical will be devoted mainly to the past and present interests of Massachusetts, and of Boston in particular. A novel feature of the publication will be the issuing of two editions, one in paper covers, at the price of fifteen cents, and another in cloth binding, at twenty-five cents.

The Spirit of '76 is a new illustrated monthly magazine published at 14 Lafayette place, New York, and edited by William H. Bearley. It is devoted to patriotic objects.

G. O. Shields ("Coquina"), the author of "Rustlings in the Rockies," "The Big Game of North America," "Cruisings in the Cascades," and several other popular works on field sports, has started a new magazine, called *Recreation*. It is devoted to hunting, fishing, and all out-door sports, and is published at 216 William street, New York.

The *Picture Magazine* of New York is a new monthly publication, made up of eighty pictures, with only a line or so of letter-press under each. H. P. Hubbard is the editor. A similar magazine in England has been very successful.

Boston has a new colored cartoon weekly, *Brother Jonathan*. The illustrations deal with subjects similar to those handled by *Puck* and *Judge*, but the process used is similar to that employed by *Truth*. Moses Reuben is the publisher.

Articles of incorporation have been filed at Baltimore by the Patriotic Literature Publishing Company, capital stock, $5,000. The company was incorporated for the purpose of printing publications and the sale of newspapers, books, and magazines. The incorporators were Walter Vrooman, Robert B. Golden, Charles H. Myers, James Duncan, and Lawrence Bradley.

Robert Louis Stevenson thinks it is of the first importance to the novelist to be well acquainted with the scenes of his stories. "The author," he tells us, "must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behavior of the moon, should all be beyond cavil."

"Curtis Yorke's" real name is Mrs. John Richmond Lee. Mrs. Lee was born and educated in Glasgow.

Miss Annie Holdsworth, whose first story, "Joanna Traill, Spinster," was published some months ago, edits the *Woman's Signal* in London and is associated with Mr. Stead in the literary work of the *Review of Reviews*.

Jerome K. Jerome has retired from the editorship of the *Idler* in favor of his assistant, Robert Barr. Mr. Jerome has his hands full with his weekly, *To-day*.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has been writing poetry since 1856, when he produced a small volume of ballads. He was then a clerk in a New York counting-room.

George W. Cable has named his summer home at Northampton, Mass., "Stayawhile."

Among the new books announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons are: "American Song," a collection of representative American poems, with analytical and critical studies of their writers, edited by A. B. Simonds; "Five Thousand Words Commonly Misspelled," by W. H. P. Phyfe; and "The Best Recent Books," a priced and classified bibliography, covering the publications of the year ending December 31, 1893, and being a supplement to "The Best Books," edited by W. Swan Sonnenschein.

"M. E. Francis" is in private life Mrs. Blundell, and resides at Crosby Hall, near Blundellsands, Lancashire.

That science affects profoundly even literature is ably shown in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October by Professor W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University, in a paper on "Poetry and Science." Tennyson, he says, is the poet who has most intelligently accepted the results of modern scientific thought.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, is the subject of a comprehensive and interesting biographical study, by Edward P. Mitchell, Mr. Dana's chief associate on the *Sun*, in *McClure's Magazine* for October. Views of Mr. Dana's office and of his country home on Long Island and an interesting series of portraits of him accompany the article.

The gibberish that sometimes appears in the middle of a sentence or a paragraph, in newspapers that use the type-setting machines, simply means a space left blank to be filled up in the corrected proof. The compositor throws the type in higgledy-piggledy, just to keep the required space; occasionally the proof is not corrected, and so the jargon slips into the newspaper. The *Boston Transcript* observes, apropos of these slips: "When one reads that 'John Blank, while a man of great wealth, was nevertheless a hyzmnpfctl man,' one feels that, though it may be perfectly true, it ought not to be said, under the circumstances."

Rand, McNally, & Co. have in press the copyright edition of a new novel, entitled "The Birth of a Soul," by Mrs. A. Phillips, author of "Man Proposes."

The *Bookseller, Newsdealer, and Stationer* (New York) for September 15 is the "fall announcement number," and contains a complete revised price list of all domestic and foreign publications handled by the trade through the news companies.

The schedules of Charles L. Webster & Co., book publishers, New York, of which firm Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Frederick J. Hall were the partners, show liabilities, $94,191; nominal assets, $122,657; net actual assets, $54,164.

The *New Education* (New York) offers prizes amounting to $725, to subscribers only, for the best articles on educational topics submitted before December 31, 1894.

Richard Harding Davis was thirty years old last April.

"An Intra-mural View of the *Ladies' Home Journal*" is a beautifully printed and illustrated pamphlet describing the *Home Journal's* publication building. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, will send a copy to any one on receipt of four cents in stamps.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for September contains sketches of Bret Harte, Jean La Rue Burnett, Henry Coyle, Nora Perry, S. Jennie Smith, Mary Clemmer, Frederic Allison Tupper, and other writers.

Besides a photogravure frontispiece and other attractive features, the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for October has two especially interesting articles, "How and What to Read — Addressed to Art Students," by J. E. Hodgson, R. A., and "International Exhibition of Bookbindings," by Will H. Edmunds, with many illustrations.

One of the handsomest summer resort periodicals ever issued is the *Adirondack News and Tourist*, published weekly during the Adirondack season by F. G. Barry, Saranac Lake, N. Y. It is a model publication of its kind.

Professor Josiah P. Cooke, of Harvard College, died at Newport, September 3.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1894. NO. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. HOLMES. 161
F. B. Sanborn, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, W. H. Furness, C. A. Bartol, G. W. Cable, Oscar Fay Adams, S. F. Smith, Frank L. Stanton, Noah Brooks, Charles King, Margaret Sidney, Julia C. R. Dorr, Samuel Minturn Peck, Elbridge S. Brooks, Donald G. Mitchell, Jas. Jeffrey Roche, Nathan Haskell Dole, Nicholas P. Gilman, William H. Hayne, Joel Benton, Grace King, Caroline H. Dall, Edgar Fawcett, Richard Burton, Junius Henri Browne, Arlo Bates, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Hamlin Garland, Hamilton W. Mabie, J. T. Trowbridge. 161
EDITORIAL. 168
Oliver Wendell Holmes, 168 — Value of a Newspaper's Title, 168 — Foreign Phrases in English Writing. . . 168
A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES. *Edward Everett Hale.* 169
QUERIES. 169
THE SCRAP BASKET. 169
BOOK REVIEWS. 170
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 172
NEWS AND NOTES. 174

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. HOLMES.

These personal tributes to the memory of Dr. Holmes, by leading American writers, have been written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER: —

DOCTOR HOLMES.

Poet and Wit! with heartiest love for Man,
Narrowed at first in range, — but wider flowing
When lengthened life unfolded all her plan,
And on his brow mild age was softly snowing.

F. B. Sanborn.

CONCORD, October 20, 1894.

I cannot undertake to put Dr. Holmes into a paragraph. It seems to me that the qualities that made him beloved by his contemporaries, that stimulated their thought and quickened their love of humanity,—the intellectual sublety, the humorous sympathy, and the love of his kind, — ensure him a long literary life. The strong creative impulse does not commonly survive threescore years, but at eighty-five the sparkling mind of Dr. Holmes seemed untouched by bodily infirmity. It was a ripe fruit that parted from the bough in an autumn breeze.

Charles Dudley Warner.

HARTFORD, October 19, 1894.

The vanishing point of the old New Eng land group of authors was the death of Dr. Holmes. The productions of this group were marked by a certain seriousness of aim — a sobriety of purpose that gave a twilight glow of Puritan earnestness even to the lighter work of its members. This underlying seriousness was relieved by the weird imagination of Hawthorne, which refused to draw in didactic harness, and it was yet more relieved by the delightful vivacity and wit of Holmes. The strain of Dutch descent, perhaps, made Holmes bubble with a jolly humor quite unknown to the Massachusetts Brahmins, of whom he was prone to boast. But his pen had also that intellectual quality which gives staying power to humor. "The Last Leaf" and "The One Hoss Shay" and the brilliant sallies of the "Autocrat's Table Talk" may outlive many productions that wear an air of greater importance. Such fun will always seem modern and will prove delightful to succeeding generations. *Edward Eggleston.*

JOSHUA'S ROCK ON LAKE GEORGE, October 20, 1894.

The death of Dr. Holmes derives an additional significance from the fact that it marks the closing of an era in American literature. He was the last of the old New England poets. There was a richness and force of personality in these men which make them delightful to contemplate, even apart from their achievements. Where did we ever meet such sweetness of soul, such noble bearing, and exquisite urbanity as in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? Where such serene, transcendental wisdom, and

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

canny Yankee sense as in Ralph Waldo Emerson? Where is the man among the survivors who in beauty of person and brightness of intellect can rival James Russell Lowell? Where did we ever hear such rich flow of racy talk as from Oliver Wendell Holmes? I do not know why the last, but not the least, in this brilliant constellation impresses me as a great personality, rather than as a great poet. As a writer of verse, he is scarcely entitled to a place among the immortals. But as Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial Autocrat, the novelist, the fanciful and versatile poet, the wit, the wag, the royal companion, *i. e.*, in the totality of what he was, he seems to be safe from oblivion for some centuries to come. "Such were the men that New England produced in the nineteenth century," the future historian will say, and point to the splendid group, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was the last.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

I have no gift to write obituaries. None knew Dr. Holmes but to admire him for his rare wit and to love him for his lovable qualities. I hold with Wordsworth, who says in his "Essay on Epitaphs" that we do not willingly analyse the characters of those who have delighted and helped us, the admiration and the love they have made us feel; that these sentiments are abundant proofs of the worth which inspires them. (I quote from memory.)

W. H. Furness.

In animals, bird, beast, insect, bee, grasshopper, and fly, poets see images of mankind. Dr. Holmes found in a fish a symbol of the soul. He imported into literature the chambered nautilus from its navigation of far-off seas. With his scientific imagination he naturalized a foreign species for shores it never sailed to alive, and immortalized a frail creature in the amber of imperishable thought. It was fancied that men learned to build vessels from the nautilus, which means both a sailor and a ship. There is a spiritual lesson and motive from inspired verse.

C. A. Bartol.

From the day when I read the first page of Dr. Holmes' work until now, he has seemed to me to carry to every mind and mood a sense of *his benevolent presence* like nothing else so much as the call of a kind physician to the bedside of a child. In the constellation of American literary masters his light is the kindliest of all. It shone and must shine on through the generations as it shone from the first, with the soft, unvarying glow of a perfect human affection. We might reasonably fancy him beginning the utterances of a life beyond this in those words which, with such sweet and playful pretense of austerity so many years ago, he began the "Autocrat"—"I was just going to say, when I was interrupted."

G. W. Cable.

NORTHAMPTON, 18th October, 1894.

In more than one recent notice of the life of Dr. Holmes I have observed that he was called "The last of our great poets." When over-zealous admirers applied the term "great" to the poet Bryant, the author of "The Fable for Critics" dryly observed:—

> "My friends, you endanger the life of your client
> By trying to stretch him up into a giant."

"Great poets" are few and far between in a century. America has had but one (Lowell) in this of ours; England, not many. To make this claim for Holmes is to invite comparison and criticism with somewhat damaging results. A delightful author in verse or prose one may freely and gratefully acknowledge him to be, but hardly more, so far as his work in general is concerned. But in the series of poems called "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts" he comes more nearly to deserve the descriptive adjective "great" than elsewhere; but, alas! these are not the poems of his which his admirers are enthusiastic about. These they never read. Perhaps they will one day be read more than now, and certainly such a hymn as "O Love Divine," such an exquisite poem as "The Silent Melody," such others as "The Voiceless," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Homesick in Heaven," and "My Aviary," these we may hope will long endure, and for them we can but be sincerely thankful, whether their kindly author be called "great" or not.

Oscar Fay Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, October 19, 1894.

It is a remarkable characteristic of Dr. Holmes that he reveals himself so fully in his writings. In his poems, and especially in his "Autocrat," he reveals most thoroughly his

kaleidoscopic mind. The grave and the gay, the sober and the humorous, the scientific and the intensely human sides of his nature stand out so broadly that one needs no biography of him, except to fill in the comparatively unimportant matters of places and dates. He shows himself a man of wide reading, of an iron memory, of keen discrimination, of microscopic observation, of a sweet and genial spirit, of gracious sympathy and roystering joy. As it was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, "If you seek his monument, look around you"; so, if it is asked, "What kind of a man was Dr. Holmes, — what was the character of his mind?" — the answer is, "Read his works and you will know."

S. F. Smith.

His work was the sunlight of American literature. *Frank L. Stanton.*

Until he reached the age of forty-eight Oliver Wendell Holmes was known in literature only as a clever versifier, a writer of witty occasional poems and metrical essays. At that period he surprised the world of letters with his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the appearance of which was an event of distinct importance in our literary history. From that time to the end of his life, Dr. Holmes, — wit, poet, and social philosopher, — was a notable and greatly beloved figure in the mental vision of the English-speaking race. As a writer his position was unique; he apparently followed no model; and he leaves neither successors nor imitators. *Noah Brooks.*

CASTINE, Me., Oct. 20, 1894.

He was to me the prince of our humorists, the gentlest of our satirists, the gladdest of our singers. It is only the clay that has returned to its own. *He* lives with us and our children and children's children so long as time shall last. *Charles King (Capt. U. S. Army).*

Oliver Wendell Holmes illustrated, perhaps better than any of that remarkable circle of poets of whom he was the surviving member, the brightness and beauty of life in itself. To him there were no gloomy thoughts, no darkening shadows of coming or past woe. Sin and misery appealed most strongly to him, but he invariably saw Hope; and Despair, that stalks through life making a tragedy of the common event to break the universal heart, had no claim upon his pen. He put the grim monster gently aside with an imperative farewell, and then went on to sing a dying hope to life, in the common heart of man.

O, gentle Autocrat! As one grows older in this sad world, one comes to see more and more thy wise teaching. And to say at last, He who leads us to the sunshine, and makes us to dwell in it, is a common benefactor.

Margaret Sidney.

O. W. H.

(August 29, 1809.)

"How shall I crown this child?" fair Summer cried.
"May wasted all her violets long ago;
No longer on the hills June's roses glow,
Flushing with tender bloom the pastures wide.
My stately lilies one by one have died:
The clematis is but a ghost — and lo!
In the fair meadow-lands no daisies blow;
How shall I crown this Summer child?" she sighed.
Then quickly smiled. "For him, for him," she said,
"On every hill my golden-rod shall flame,
Token of all my prescient soul foretells.
His shall be golden song and golden fame —
Long golden years with love and honor wed —
And crowns, at last, of silver immortelles!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Oliver Wendell Holmes loved all the world, and all the world loved him. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of the South in saying that he appealed to its people with a personality more vivid than any other writer of New England. As a prose writer he possessed, like Charles Lamb, the greatest of literary charms, the charm of personal revealment. Who but Lamb could have written the "Essays of Elia"? Who but Dr. Holmes "The Autocrat"? I cannot think of one and not recall the other. As a poet the dead singer is even more lovable. "The Last Leaf" has fluttered to the heart of the world, and the wind of forgetfulness shall blow in vain.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

TUSKALOOSA, Ala.

I love to recall my last two glimpses of Dr. Holmes — one as he read, in a tone that suggested apology and appreciation, certain of his best-known poems; the other as he sat laughing and applauding the bubbling good humor of Rosina Vokes. I especially treasure a brief note he wrote me in his "calmer age," as to the

semi-spontaneous production of his "Old Ironsides" poem, in what he called his "fiery young days," and I remember, as characteristic of the man, the annual check sent by him in support of a certain well-intentioned, but scantily-supported, medical periodical — not because he had any use for the publication, but because he wanted to be "counted in" to help keep a good thing afloat, so he would write. Oliver Wendell Holmes may not have been great, in the sense of genius, nor immortal, as the world writes its narrowing record of fame; but the people will never let die his half-dozen masterpieces sung in mingling humor and pathos, nor forget the kindly autocratic ukases of America's laughing philosopher.

Elbridge S. Brooks.

The paragraph would be a long one which would take in all that could truly and heartily be said — of the wit, the humor, the geniality, the rhetorical art (which seemed no art), the large knowledge, and the sweet humanities that belonged to Dr. Holmes.

Donald G. Mitchell.

EDGEWOOD, Oct., 1894.

Holmes was the last of our great nineteenth century writers. He had the happiness, denied to many a writer, of being appreciated in his lifetime. His fame will not be lessened as time goes on and the historical perspective enables us to compare the great with the small and see how very great were some whom we knew and thought we fully understood.

Jas. Jeffrey Roche.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is sure of a fourfold immortality: —

As a physician, by his essay on the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever, published in 1843, in the *New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery;* whereby, like most reformers, he was exposed for a time to a storm of obloquy and abuse, though he lived to see the theory triumphantly vindicated.

As a poet, by "The Chambered Nautilus," which stands on the same plane as Wordsworth's great Ode.

As a humorist, by "The Last Leaf."

As a wit, by "The Deacon's One Hoss Shay." The wit of one generation is not the wit of another, and, undoubtedly, much of Dr. Holmes' *vers d'occasion* will not be understood a hundred years from now. But whatever may perish, these things are sure to live.

Those of us who knew the genial Autocrat still see him large: as a friend, as a man, as a poet, as a humorist, as a wit. He seemed one of the men who might live for ever. Hence the shock of his loss.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Dr. Holmes is sure of a permanent place in American literature as a novelist and essayist, the "Autocrat" and "Elsie Venner" being his greatest achievements. He is far and away the first of American wits; he has expressed Boston so consummately that his fame will endure as long as the State House stands on Beacon Hill (how ever changed); he will rank with Sir Thomas Browne and the two or three other doctors of medicine who have been also great physicians of the mind; and some twenty of his poems are too good to die from the memory of men while they continue to feel the beauty, the joy, and the sacredness of life.

Nicholas P. Gilman.

Editor of the *Literary World*, BOSTON.

I cannot find it in my heart to refuse your request to write a paragraph for the Holmes Memorial Number of your magazine, and yet it is almost impossible for me to express, in brief compass, my estimate of such a man as Oliver Wendell Holmes. Literally it may be said of him: —

> "The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

It would require greater condensation than I possess to gauge his power aright, or to weigh with critical precision the loss our literature has sustained. Too often we use the word genius without regard to its full meaning, but it seems to me an eminently appropriate word to apply to Dr. Holmes. The opulence and variety of his gifts were amazing, and he used them to the best advantage. He had greater versatility than any of his contemporaries, and in this respect he towered above them. He was a poet, essayist, novelist, scientist, and wit; and, in these different branches, his success was merely a question of degree. For more than threescore years he assiduously cultivated "his broad mental acres, and reaped from them an abundant and beautiful harvest." As an

essayist and writer of humorous verse he has received, perhaps, his due meed of praise; but it seems to me that he has never been fully appreciated as a serious poet. Such pieces as "The Chambered Nautilus," "Old Ironsides," and "Dorothy Q." have had their share of recognition, but such a poem as "The Silent Melody" is seldom mentioned, even in literary circles. And yet, in my judgment, the pathos and melody of that lyric are imperishable. It is to be hoped that future critics will value aright the strength and sweetness of the poet who sang until the "curfew" bade him "cover up the fire."

My admiration of Dr. Holmes' character and my reverence for his genius are fitly expressed by these words of Hamlet:—

"Take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

William H. Hayne.

SUMMERVILLE, NEAR AUGUSTA, Ga., October 20, 1894.

It is difficult to speak briefly of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes without omitting much one would like to say. He was not our greatest writer in the Boston group of authors, but he was versatile beyond any one of them. All of his faculties — and they were many — were awake constantly. He was not a Homer, for the proverb says that even Homer would sometimes nod, while the fact with Dr. Holmes was that he never did. But he was more than an author, poet, and wit; he had a unique personality. He was a Brahmin by birth and instinct, and yet he was not the prisoner of his environment. He might and did prefer Boston to any part of the universe, as its centre or "hub," but he could maintain very easy and genial relations with other people than Bostonians.

One of his most notable books—"Mechanism in Morals"—I am sure not one in fifty of his admirers has ever read. It is a small, thin volume, full of the weightiest and wittiest discourse. I cannot think of any other American author who could have written it.

His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" expresses him at his best and roundest. but he has left his fluent and lambent touch on all that he wrote. His poetry is poured into forms that Pope and his contemporaries used, but these forms fitted best his genius. Much of his occasional verse, of which there was a large quantity, was written to be delivered; and Holmes lets us into his secret so far as to say that the human breath in elocution fits itself better to the octosyllabic verse and to forms related thereto than to any other. Though he wrote lyrics, to be sure, his muse was not lyrical in itself.

One thing about his poems is that they gave us always the latest news and often the latest science. These things, too, colored his prose. He made conversation in literature, tending to monologue, an immense instrument and a perennial delight. His thought was broad and liberating. His spirit, jocund often, was like Ariel's. Some of his mots require culture to understand, as when he said of Bishop Berkeley that "he thought tar water everything and the universe nothing." But the point, and glow, and felicity were never absent from them. His was a most wholesome personal and literary influence — one that was felt, too, across the sea. It will be a long time before we have another such Admirable Crichton to charm and honor us, and whose loss could be so much lamented.

Joel Benton.

After the death of one whom we love, we can only try to convey our sense of loss by expressing our sense of obligation. But what one owes to an author whom one has loved from childhood contains so much of personal record, that it seems to be matter rather for private confession and meditation than public acknowledgment. And thus I feel that my inability to express what I would about Dr. Holmes is in itself the most adequate expression of my gratitude and affection to him.

Grace King.

MANDEVILLE, La., October 22, 1894.

In no writer of our time, if we except Bulwer, can we discern so great a change—as years passed on—as in Dr. Holmes. As a poet—at first—only a delicate fancy marked his work, or an equally delicate wit. Later—he touched deeper chords with reverent sentiment and an extraordinary happiness of epithet. It was as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" that he first won popular sympathy. The title was fortunately chosen—for "Autocrat" he was by nature. But with the use of the word a certain consciousness came to him, and from that hour his sympathies broadened—he took more inter-

est in others, and less in himself and his fancies. Above all things, he desired to keep "The Last Leaf" green. In March, 1892, I had occasion to make some inquiries of him, and desired that he would not trouble himself to reply, but employ any young person near. He wrote me so full a holograph that I could not resist saying: "It is evident you are the youngest person to be found." *Caroline H. Dall.*

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 1894.

If I were a critic, and armed in all the aggressive grandeurs of one, I should feel my love for Dr. Holmes' best writing destroy every impulse to sit in judgment upon his second best. He was not, to my thinking, the mere "laughing philosopher" that so many recent commentators have called him. He was a deep and keen thinker, and in every way sympathized with modern rationalistic movements. The full measure of his intellectualism was by no means expressed in his poetry; and yet his finer lyrics have a lark-like quality almost unique. Others are far below these, though some of his "occasional" poems are the best that any one in any known time has ever written. Nothing that he did in verse will entitle him to be called great; not a little that he did in prose will entitle him to be called masterly. As a personality, a life, he seems to me the sane and wholesome and joyous perfection of contemporary human aim and achievement. As a man of letters he takes rank among the highest. As a wit, a humorist, whom can we place above him? I value beyond words the memory of talks held with him, and the gift of precious letters received from his gracious and graceful pen.

Edgar Fawcett.

Dr. Holmes, as an essayist, will remain a permanent worthy of American literature. He was a natural Autocrat, in whom wit and wisdom were happily blended. As a poet, his work, while it possesses grace, humor, and charm, has not the highest imaginative quality. "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The One Hoss Shay" are his finest things in the lyric and homely-humorous veins respectively. But Holmes' serious verse, especially in its form, is of secondary importance, and was, in a sense, old-fashioned and restricted to the last. His work in fiction must not be overlooked in any just estimate. "Elsie Venner" was a remarkable novel when it appeared over thirty years ago: it is still a noteworthy performance, in spite of the great advance since in the technique of fiction in the United States. Critical judgments on Dr. Holmes are peculiarly difficult, because of the social magnetism of the man, his unique place in the hearts of his contemporaries.

Richard Burton.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was exceptionally fortunate in his life and in his death. As a literary artist, he was so singularly versatile that he has gained less fame, famous as he is, in any one branch of letters than he would have gained had his range been limited. As an author, speaking in the widest sense, he was spared, through his independent means, the trials and the hardships that so commonly beset his guild. Had he been compelled to live by his pen, he would probably have died before fifty, for he was the reverse of robust. Dr Holmes' cheerful, almost optimistic, spirit served him in place of vigorous health, and sustained his intellect and buoyancy to the very end. Although spoken of by British critics, with characteristic self-complacency, as having modelled himself on British writers, he was wholly American, and himself. Unquestionably a man of genius, he was at his highest as a humorist and social philosopher. His best work, I think, is the "Autocrat," as delightful as it is brilliant and original. But all his writings are a precious legacy to his Country and his epoch.

Junius Henri Browne.

NEW YORK, October 19th, 1894.

The death of Dr. Holmes is striking and significant, not only from the heaviness of the loss in the man, but from the fact that with him ends the most brilliant period which American letters has known. We cannot forget that he was the last survivor of the group of writers which first gave to this country a national and individual literature worthy the name. The men who remain are different in temper and different in aim. Emerson, Motley, Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Holmes, as compared with Aldrich, Howells, James, and still more, as compared with younger men, were lacking in cosmopolitanism. There is always evident in their work a disregard of any world

outside of New England; and he who reads between the lines sees easily that for them the Saturday Club comes near to being the court of ultimate appeal. The thing which makes their writings of lasting value and raises their work to the dignity of literature is that they had fine reverence for literary tradition, and, above all, that they believed in imagination rather than in elaboration, holding that observation should be its servant and not its master. With the extinction of this group ends the continuity of literary tradition in America, and however good and great the new may be, to see the old vanish must bring to every lover of literature a deep sense of melancholy.

Arlo Bates.

He occupied a unique and distinctive place in American literature.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HARTFORD, October 19, 1894.

I paid my first tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes by listening to our hired man (out in the cornfield) recite "How the Old Hoss Won the Bet." I sat on a pumpkin while the hired man rolled off those sounding lines, wherein the hoof-strokes throbbed and the sulky wheels flashed in the sun. That was poetry comprehensible to a boy of sixteen whose life was spent largely on horseback. A year or two later I made my schoolmates feel it in the chapel at "Friday exercises." It does not mean as much to me now, but "The Autocrat" means more. The essayist rises higher than the poet — witty, tender; wise in human frailty, but never bitter. *Hamlin Garland.*

CHICAGO, October 19.

New England has had no more genuine representative than Dr. Holmes on the intellectual side; he had its strength, and he had also its limitations. His quickness, keenness, pungency, lucidity, and wit were the characteristic qualities of his ancestry and his section brought to the highest point of development and touched with genius. His mind had a marvellous agility, accuracy, and versatility; it turned, like a gem, many ways, and light flashed from every facet which it presented. He was investigator, physician, novelist, poet, philosopher, critic, lecturer; and whatever he did was done with brilliancy, insight, and finish. He did not, like Lowell, voice the intense moral earnestness of New England; nor did he, like Whittier and Emerson, compass its highest reaches of spiritual elevation; but its moral health, its keen, swift movement of mind, and its untiring curiosity and energy were his in high degree. He was much more a man of the world than Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, or Whittier, but it was the best world for which he cared — the world of thought, of wit, of contact with the best in life and art, of the highest breeding and the keenest sense of honor.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

It is impossible to sum up in only a few words impressions of a many-sided man like Oliver Wendell Holmes. I shall, therefore, touch upon only one phase of his extraordinary personality, and this I will illustrate with an anecdote. One afternoon, some years ago, I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from the doctor. "What a delightful man he is!" said he. "But he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache." When I inquired how that came about, he replied, "The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for any length of time, a headache is the usual penalty."

I met the Autocrat on many and various occasions, and was always impressed — though never oppressed — by the trait ascribed to him by Longfellow — the phenomenal rapidity of his mental processes. Not that he talked fast, but that his turns of thought were surprisingly bright and quick, and often made with a kind of scientific precision, charmingly in contrast with the looseness of statement which commonly characterizes the conversation of those who speak volubly and think fast. I never saw him when his genius did not seem to be thus alive and alert. In view of this habitual vivacity, how we must marvel at his length of life, measured not by years, but by the amount of thought and feeling and spiritual energy that animated — I had almost said electrified — him throughout his long and brilliant career.

J. T. Trowbridge.

ARLINGTON, October 30, 1894.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent ouly to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER, 1894. NO. 11.

No one among the younger readers of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to-day can help envying those who were fortunate enough, nearly forty years ago, to have the opportunity of reading those delightful papers as they appeared month after month in the *Atlantic*, when all the contemporaneous allusions contained in them were fresh and so easily understood at sight by every reader. So those who may come after us will envy us the privilege of having lived when Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier, and Holmes were still actual personalities, and of knowing them from themselves as well as from their books. That Dr. Holmes' genius was fully appreciated by his contemporaries is attested by the interesting estimates of him contributed by leading American authors to this number of THE WRITER. That his reputation will be a lasting one all who are familiar with his many-sided works will readily agree. His eminence in American literature is shown most clearly by the general acknowledgment that, now that he is gone, there is no one among living writers in this country who can take his place.

***

In the October number of THE WRITER a news note said that the pamphlet, "An Intramural View of the *Ladies' Home Journal*," described "the *Home Journal's* building." The publishers of the *Home Journal*, New York, say in a letter since received: —

We clip this paragraph from the latest number of THE WRITER and desire to call your attention to the error of fact. The publication referred to describes not the *Home Journal* building, but the building of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The title of a newspaper is not the smallest part of its stock in trade. Your interesting journal is not given to making errors, and we beg that you will excuse us for directing your kind attention to this mistake.

Very truly yours,
MORRIS PHILLIPS & Co.

***

There is usually something to be said on both sides of every question, but Lucy C. Bull does not present a very strong argument in her article in the *North American Review* discussing the use of foreign phrases in English writing. "It is difficult," she says, "to see reason in the objections urged by many against the use of foreign phrases whenever it is possible to avoid them. The day of American indifference to things transatlantic is indeed gone by; nor is it probable that the extreme position of Mr. Bryant in excluding foreign phrases from the daily paper of which he was editor will ever again be taken by a man of his breadth of mind. The current is setting in another direction and a due regard for other standards than our own in art, in politics, and in the amenities of life is replacing the disposition to ignore them. Yet that contempt for things foreign which reached its height some fifty years ago was too deep-rooted not to survive in certain modes of thought, and to this source it may not be altogether unreasonable to refer the dislike of foreign phrases. No doubt the abuse of classical quotations and French phrases by ornate writers has prejudiced many against

even a moderate use of things good in themselves. Yet it is hard to see why a happy medium may not be struck between use and abuse."

* * *

There may be a few foreign words and phrases which do not have an exact equivalent in English, and the use of which in English writing is for that reason sometimes excusable, but such phrases are very, very few — so rare, indeed, that they afford only the exception inevitable in the case of every general rule. The best way is to avoid the use of anything but English words wherever it is possible, leaving the few cases where the use of a foreign phrase is essential to take care of themselves. If a writer starts with this idea, he will be astonished to see how few foreign words are necessities in his vocabulary. He will find, for example, that that favorite phrase "nom de plume," so often wrongly used for "nom de guerre," is no more expressive than "pen name" or "pseudonym," and so it is with most of the other foreign phrases that authors have a tendency to use. A writer should remember that even in these days of general education very many of his readers do not know any language other than English, and that if he wants to be fully understood by every reader he must govern himself accordingly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the use of foreign phrases is an affectation, and, like all other affectations, should be avoided by those who want to write in the most effective way. W. H. H.

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

To the Editor of The Writer:

My Dear Sir, — Your readers will be interested in the following note from Dr. Holmes, in which he describes "The Great Unwritten Article": —

164 Charles Street, December 7, 1869.

My Dear Mr. Hale, — I shall keep your note as a reminder that I hope sometime or other to take up the pen which I have not cared to meddle with often of late. In the mean time, you may be assured that nothing that one commits to paper is ever half so good as his great UNWRITTEN ARTICLE.

Like an Easter egg, that unhatched production — its unbroken shell, I mean — is stained — by the reader-that-is-to-be's imagination I mean — with every brilliant hue of promise. Break it and you have the usual albuminous contents; keep it whole and you can feast your eyes on its gorgeous color, and your mind with the thought that it carries the possibility of a Phoenix.

Say, then, that you have the *promise* of an article from one of the most etceterable and etceteraed of our native writers, and it will be like a signed check with the amount left blank.

Prophets and priests may desire it long and die without the sight, but will die saying, "When the great UNWRITTEN ARTICLE *does* come, then you will see!" and so turn their faces to the wall.

Let us leave it unwritten, then, for the present, and think how much more precious is an infinite series of undefined expectations than any paltry performance or transient fruition.

In the mean time, believe me always very sincerely and faithfully yours, O. W. HOLMES.

I am truly yours,

Edward Everett Hale.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) What newspapers pay for letters from foreign countries?

(2.) What is requisite to make translations of German poems or short stories acceptable?

(3.) What is the best way to get articles into a newspaper? E. E.

[(1.) There is practically no sale for letters from foreign countries. Such matter is usually gratuitous, and it is hard to place even when no payment is expected.

(2.) Translations, like letters of travel, are hard to sell. In the case of short stories, they must be new. In the case of poems, it does not matter so much whether they have been previously translated or not. Success with translated poems depends principally on the merit of the translation.

(3.) The best way to approach a newspaper editor is to send him a manuscript and offer it for sale. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

For many years, in almost every issue of THE WRITER, I have noticed authors' complaints of long delays of some publishers in reading manuscripts. In my own experience I recall one magazine editor who waited nearly thirteen months before writing, "The story, ———, is accepted." As a matter of news, pleasing to authors, I imagine it would be of interest to know that the editor of one New York magazine (the *American Angler*) has certainly broken the record in promptness, at

least, A story sent to him recently brought the following reply: "Your note, with manuscript, received ten (10) minutes ago. I will have the photos reproduced, and the article printed in our November issue." J. E. G.

TOLEDO, O.

Speaking of "Inconsistencies of Illustration," — a subject discussed at some length in recent issues of THE WRITER, — two recent examples may be noted. In the October *Century* (p. 882) Mrs. Burton Harrison describes a young lady as "attired in a white morning frock and a sash of white satin belted around the waist." On p. 889 Irving R. Wiles' illustration makes the sash dark enough to be black. Somewhere else I have recently seen a picture illustrating the interior of a room. The author describes "a small four-paned window — the only one in the room," and the illustrator has not only put in a twelve-pane sash, but has made the man sitting there, who was described as very short, so tall that even when seated his head was almost on a level with the top of the second pane. H. E. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BACK COUNTRY POEMS. By Sam Walter Foss. Illustrated. 258 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

This new edition of the collected poems of Sam Walter Foss will be welcomed by countless readers. Mr. Foss is a genuine Yankee poet, and his work is distinguished by the sound sense and shrewd humor characteristic of the native New Englander. His poems have had a wide circulation in the newspapers, and scores of them are scrap-book favorites. They picture the back-country life of New England as it really is, and in such a way that those who are most familiar with it can get the keenest pleasure from them. It is a pleasure to see them published in this attractive new illustrated edition. W. H. H.

ARMAZINDY. By James Whitcomb Riley. 169 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1894.

Now that Dr. Holmes is gone, there are critics who are almost ready to accord to James Whitcomb Riley the first place among living American poets. Those who regard him simply as a dialect writer do not do justice to the variety and the originality of his work. Many of his best poems are not in dialect, and some of the dialect poems that have won the widest fame would be hardly less attractive if they were recast in ordinary speech. This new volume includes all of Mr. Riley's latest work, and well illustrates the variety of his genius. There is one piece of prose, "Twiggs and Tudens." The rest is poetry, and it ranges from "Armazindy," the dialect piece which gives the title to the book, to the long poem, "An Idyl of the King," and the children's verses that conclude the volume. An interesting feature of the book is the poem "Leonainie," which Riley wrote early in his career in imitation of the style of Poe, with such success that even such an excellent literary authority as E. C. Stedman maintained that Poe unquestionably wrote it. The author has never permitted it to be printed in his other volumes. W. H. H.

LOVE IN IDLENESS. A tale of Bar Harbor. By F. Marion Crawford. With illustrations produced from drawings and photographs. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

This holiday edition of Mr. Crawford's new story of Bar Harbor life forms an attractive addition to the well-known Cranford Series. The charm of the story, which won general favor when it was first published in the *Century*, is enhanced now by a wealth of artistic half-tone illustrations, made from photographs and drawings of Bar Harbor scenery. These illustrations alone would make the book valuable to any one who has ever been at Bar Harbor or who is interested in any way in Maine's famous summer resort. With its tasteful binding, full gilt edges, and exquisite typography, the volume deserves a leading place among the holiday publications of 1894. W. H. H.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Allen C. Thomas, A. M. 410 and lxxii. pp. Half leather, $1.25. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

The value of this new history of the United States consists largely in the detailed attention given to late events, much the greater portion of the book being devoted to the era beginning with 1789. Throughout special attention is given to the political, social, and economic development of the nation. The book is well illustrated, the later portraits being half-tone cuts, with all the value of original photographs. W. H. H.

OUTLINES OF PRACTICAL HYGIENE. By C. Gilman Currier. M. D. 468 pp. Cloth, $2.75. New York: E. B. Treat, 1894.

The importance of living under the best hygienic conditions is manifest to every one. Dr. Currier has made a careful study of all modern treatises bearing on the subject of practical hygiene adapted to American conditions, and of current periodical literature relating to the same topic, and has added to the knowledge thus gained the results of intelligent observation and medical experience. His book, therefore, is a summary of information on the subject of which it treats, and it cannot fail to be helpful

in teaching methods for the prevention of disease. The chapter headings are: Soil and Climate, Clothing and Protection of the Body, Bathing and Personal Hygiene, Physical Exercise, Schools and Their Influence on Health, Occupation, Lighting, Buildings and Streets, Heating, Ventilation, Foods, Food Preparation and Adaptation, Diet, Water and Water Supplies, Disposal of Fluid Waste, Sewers, House Drainage, Plumbing, Disposal of the Dead, Bacteria and Disease, Infectious Diseases, Disinfection. A full index greatly enhances the value of the work. W. H. H.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON NERVOUS EXHAUSTION (NEURASTHENIA). By George M. Beard. A. M., M. D. Edited, with notes and additions, by A. D. Rockwell, A. M., M. D. Third edition, enlarged, 262 pp. Cloth, $2.75. New York: E. B. Treat. 1894.

Literary workers so frequently become victims of neurasthenia, that for them this treatise by the late Dr. Beard and Dr. Rockwell has a special value, particularly as Dr. Rockwell says that it is admitted by all whose experience entitles their opinion to weight that the disease is in most instances entirely curable, and in some cases self-curable. All that modern medical science knows of nervous exhaustion is included in this work, the third edition of which has been enlarged and brought up to date in all respects. W. H. H.

THE PEARL OF INDIA. Maturin M. Ballou. 335 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

It is always entertaining to travel with Mr. Ballou. His latest volume describes the attractions and beauties of Ceylon, "gem of the Orient," which is now traversed so generally by railways and excellent government roads, Mr. Ballou says, that there is very little hardship to be encountered in visiting its remotest districts. Everything about Ceylon that any one could wish to know is included in the book. To travellers it will be a helpful guide in journeying about the island, and those who must do their travelling by the fireside will find it most delightful reading. W. H. H.

THE CHASE OF SAINT-CASTIN, AND OTHER TALES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 266 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

This collection of short stories by Mrs. Catherwood possesses more than ordinary interest. Among Western writers Mrs. Catherwood deservedly holds a leading place, and each new volume strengthens her position among the more prominent American writers of to-day. The stories in the book are full of dramatic interest, and they are sure to entertain the reader. W. H. H.

A FLORIDA SKETCH-BOOK. By Bradford Torrey. 242 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

Mr. Torrey's sketches of outdoor life are always so delightful that a new volume of them is certain of a warm welcome by a host of readers. The pictures of Florida in this new "sketch-book" are true to nature and full of suggestive thought. The chapter headings are: In the Flat-woods, Beside the Marsh, On the Beach at Daytonia, Along the Hillsborough, A Morning at the Old Sugar Mill, On the Upper St. John's, On the St. Augustine Road, Ornithology on a Cotton Plantation, A Florida Shrine, and Walks about Tallahassee.

W. H. H.

TRILBY. By George Du Maurier. 464 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. 1894.

The attention of readers of THE WRITER is called to the article entitled "A Criticism of 'Trilby,'" published in the October number of the magazine. In addition to what was said there it is necessary to say now only that the book has been issued in an illustrated volume by Harper & Bros., and that the publishers are having hard work to print copies enough to supply the public demand. Those who have read the story as it appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine* will be interested to observe how ingeniously the part published in the February number has been changed, to appease the outraged feelings of Mr. Whistler, who was caricatured in it by the author. W. H. H.

LOURDES. By Emile Zola. 486 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. 1894.

If for no other reason, general interest in M. Zola's latest novel is sure to be excited by the fact that it has been put on the index expurgatorius of the Roman Catholic church. The story attracted much attention as it was published recently in several of the newspapers of America. Now it is issued complete in a single portly volume, well-printed and bound, as the introductory volume of Neely's International Library. In its new form it is sure to have a widespread circulation. W. H. H.

THE JEROME BANNERS. Comprising The Rest Banner, The Joy Banner, The Every-Day Banner, and What Will the Violets Be? By Irene E. Jerome. 50 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

Among the attractive art novelties of the Christmas season these dainty banners are sure to take a prominent place. Each leaflet or banner consists of four parts, beautifully decorated in colors and gold, attached by ribbons of appropriate shades, combined with extracts from popular authors, and enclosed in decorated envelopes. Each banner when hung is about twenty-one inches long by seven and one-half inches wide. Miss Jerome's designs are tasteful and artistic, and the banners will find favor with all lovers of the beautiful.

W. H. H.

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU. Edited by Anna E. Mack. 228 pp. Cloth, $1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

This dainty volume of love poems contains many gems of poetry, and there is hardly a

poem in the book which the general reader will not find attractive. More than 130 authors are represented, most of them by their best work. Miss Mack has shown good taste and fine discrimination in her labor of selection, and her compilation is bound to be a popular one. The book is admirably adapted for a Christmas gift. W. H. H.

A HILLTOP SUMMER. By Alyn Yates Keith. Illustrated. 110 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

The sketches in "A Hilltop Summer" were originally published in the *New York Evening Post*, and are now put into book form at the request of many readers. They depict in a charming way the life of a New England country town, witnessed during a pleasant summer sojourn. The volume is beautified by many illustrations. W. H. H.

"SIRS, ONLY SEVENTEEN." By Virginia F. Townsend. 323 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

Miss Townsend's books are always entertaining, and this latest story is no exception to the rule. The scene is laid chiefly in Boston and vicinity, and among the chief characters are Dorothy Draycutt and her brother Tom, a Harvard student. The plot of the story is well planned, and the reader's interest is maintained until the end. W. H. H.

MOLLIE MILLER. By Effie W. Merriman. Illustrated. 285 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

"Mollie Miller" is a sequel to Mrs. Merriman's story, "The Little Millers," and takes Mollie, Ned, and Max, and their adopted child, Johnnie, through the pleasures and vicissitudes of youth. The story is wholesome and interesting — the best that Mrs. Merriman has written up to the present time. W. H. H.

ASIATIC BREEZES. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. 361 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

"Asiatic Breezes," Oliver Optic's latest story, is the fourth and concluding volume of the second series of the "All-Over-the-World Library." The book takes its heroes though the Mediterranean sea and the Suez canal, and incidentally a great deal of information is given about the great canal and the different countries that are visited. The story is full of exciting incidents, and there is no live boy who would not read it with the keenest interest. W. H. H.

WEE LUCY. By Sophie May. Illustrated. 164 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

There are grown men and women now who were delighted when they were young with Sophie May's stories about "Little Prudy" and "Dotty Dimple," and who will be glad to buy for their own children this new book by the same author about the children of "Little Prudy." Sophie May's stories of child life need no new commendation. They are wholesome and natural, and children always read them with delight. W. H. H.

I AM WELL! By C. W. Post. Second edition. 147 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

"I Am Well" is a treatise on the modern practice of natural suggestion as distinct from hypnotic or unnatural influence. It explans the principles of mental healing, and is an authoritative exponent of the views concerning the true nature of health and disease advocated by the author. The fact that this is the second edition of the work is evidence that it has been found useful by many readers. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

DUCK CREEK BALLADS. By John Henton Carter (Commodore Rollingpin). 204 pp. Cloth. New York: H. C. Nixon. 1894.

WHITER THAN SNOW. By the author of "Juror No. 12." 227 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1894.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST. By a Wall-street Man. 246 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1894.

THE BIRTH OF A SOUL. By Mrs. A. Phillips. 336 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1894.

ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By Goldwin Smith. 384 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

A PATCH OF PANSIES. By J. Edmund V. Cooke. 89 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

THE FLUTE-PLAYER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Francis Howard Williams. 128 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE HAWTHORNES IN LENOX. Told in letters by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sophia Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and others. Edited by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

MY FIRST BOOK. Rudyard Kipling. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

A. CONAN DOYLE INTERVIEWED BY ROBERT BARR. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE AND HIS WORK. Gilson Willets. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. John W. Chadwick. *Forum* (28 c.) for November.

FERGUS MACKENZIE, MRS. LYDIA HOYT FARMER, KATHERINE P. WORMELEY, HENRY M. FIELD, VIOLET HUNT. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

THACKERAY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for November.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. Franklin Matthews. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for November.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. With portrait. Herbert Johnston. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for November.

THE RELIGION OF EMERSON. W. H. Savage. *Arena* (53 c.) for November.

ELECTION NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. Julian Ralph. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

THE MODERN NOVEL. Amelia E. Barr. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

BOSWELL'S PROOF-SHEETS. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

THE ACADEMIC TREATMENT OF ENGLISH. H. E. Scudder. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

NEWSPAPER CHOICES. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for November.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE. The *Punch* Dinner. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for November.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William Dean Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

MAGAZINE FICTION, AND HOW NOT TO WRITE IT. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT. E. J. Gibson. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for November.

BRYANT'S CENTENNIAL. William R. Thayer. *Reviews of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

POE IN NEW YORK. Letters edited by George E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

FOLK-SPEECH IN AMERICA. Edward Eggleston. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. With frontispiece portrait. Royal Contissoy. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

RECOLLECTIONS. Aubrey De Vere. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

AUBREY DE VERE. With portrait. George E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

COMMERCIAL BOOKBINDING. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

THE HALF-TONE PROCESS. William Shaw. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for October.

A PLAYWRIGHT'S NOVITIATE. Miriam Coles Harris. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for October.

JACK'S LITERARY EFFORT. Story. Tudor Jenks. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for October.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST FOREIGN PHRASES. Lucy C. Bull. *North American Review* (53 c.) for October.

THE HEROIC COUPLET. St. Loe Strachey. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

BOOKBINDING: ITS PROCESSES AND IDEAL. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

THE WORK OF MR. PATER. Lionel Johnson. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

THE ART OF THE NOVELIST. Amelia B. Edwards. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for October.

HALF-TONE PHOTO-ENGRAVING EXPLAINED. *Photographic Times* (18 c.) for August 24.

HOW TO MAKE A PIN-HOLE CAMERA. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for October 2.

HOW TO MAKE A BOOK-CASE. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for October 23.

BOOK CLUBS AND HOME LIBRARIES. Eleanor V. Hutton. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 6.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 20.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. With portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 20.

A VISIT TO DR. HOLMES. M. V. W. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for October 27.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 13.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With portraits. A. E. Watrous. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 20.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PUBLIC DOCUMENTS. George Grantham Bain. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 27.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HORACE GREELEY. Justin McCarthy. *Youth's Companion* (8c.) for September 27.

THE LENGTH OF EDITORIALS. William B. Chisholm. *Journalist* (13 c.) for October 20.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL. Historical Sketch. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for October 4.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.—II. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for October 6.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Christian Register* for October 11.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Nation* for October 11.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Independent* for October 11.

AN AUTOCRAT OF LOVE. With illustrations, including a fine portrait. *Boston Home Journal* (13 c.) for October 13.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Outlook* for October 13.

A LONDON WALK WITH DR. HOLMES. Hans Yorkel. *New York Home Journal* for October 17.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. H. T. Sudduth. *Interior* for October 18.

THE POET'S RELIGION. *Christian Register* for October 18.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. EDWARD A. RAND. *Independent* (13 c.) for October 18.

DR. HOLMES WITH HIS NEIGHBORS. Edward Everett Hale. *Independent* for October 18.

IMPRESSIONS OF DR. HOLMES. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 20.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AND THE GIRLS AT WELLESLEY. Florence V. Hughes. *Golden Rule* for October 25.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING. *Chicago Tribune* for October 3; *Chicago Tribune, Inter-Ocean, Herald, Post, Record,* and *Times* for October 4.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING. With portrait. *Chicago Interior* for October 11.

INTERVIEWS WITH A. CONAN DOYLE. *New York Herald* and *New York Sun* for October 3.

A. CONAN DOYLE AT HOME. *Indianapolis News* for October 6, *Louisville Courier-Journal, St. Louis Republic,* and *New York Sun* for October 7.

WRITERS OF LOUISIANA. *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* for September 30; *Minneapolis Tribune* for October 7.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY. *Dial* (13 c.) for October 1.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL. Walter Besant. *Dial* (13 c.) for October 1.

A REPORTER'S LIFE. Waverley Keeling. *Golden Rule* for October 4.

THE ELEMENTS OF POETIC TEACHING. Richard Hovey. *Independent* (13 c.) for September 27. II. *Independent* (13 c.) for October 4.

CURIOUS OLD NEWSPAPERS. *Boston Home Journal* for October 6.

NEWSPAPER COLLECTIONS. *Boston Transcript* for October 6.

PROFESSOR VINCENZO BOTTA. *New York Tribune, New York Herald* for October 6.

FRANK L. STANTON. Reprinted from *Philadelphia Times* in *Indianapolis Journal* for October 7.

ABBOTSFORD TO-DAY. *New York Herald* for October 7.

THE NEWSPAPER COLLECTION OF THE LENOX LIBRARY. *New York Times* for October 7.

INTERVIEW WITH THOMAS J. MCKEE, THE NEW YORK BOOK COLLECTOR. *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* for October 7.

MISS SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT. Elizabeth M. Gilmer. *New Orleans Picayune* for October 7.

LITERARY LONDON. Theo. F. Wolfe, M. D. I. *New York Home Journal* for October 10. II. *New York Home Journal* for October 17. III. *New York Home Journal* for October 24.

STANLEY WARD. *New York Commercial Advertiser* for October 11.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. With portrait. *Churchman* for October 13.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. *Outlook* for October 13.

JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME. *San Francisco Call* for October 14.

AMERICAN WRITERS ABROAD. *New York Herald, Wheeling Register* for October 14.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.—III. *Baltimore News* for October 14. IV. *Baltimore News* for October 21.

OCTAVE THANET. With portrait. *St. Paul Pioneer Press* for October 14.

THE POETS OF THE BODLEY HEAD. With portraits of W. B. Yeats, Norman Gale, Arthur Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne, and Francis Thompson. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. *Outlook* for October 20.

JAMES A. FROUDE. *New York Tribune* for October 21.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle arrived in New York October 2.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will spend the winter in the Riviera. Mrs. Burnett was obliged to spend a large part of the summer at Washington, owing to the serious illness of her son, who is now recovered.

Miss Agnes Repplier has left London, and when last heard from was in Vienna, en route for Constantinople, Greece, and Egypt.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is in Europe, where she will spend the winter.

T. B. Aldrich left Boston October 4 for a trip around the world. At last accounts he was at Yokohama, Japan.

Barrett Wendell is spending the winter in Italy.

General Lew Wallace is lecturing in Oregon and California.

Acting upon a suggestion made by Frederic Harrison, the British Royal Historical Society has decided to commemorate this month the centenary of the death of Edward Gibbon, author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Miss Harriet Monroe got a verdict for $5,000 in her suit against the *New York World* for damages because of the publication of her copyrighted "Ode" without permission.

Mark Twain will spend the winter with his family in Paris.

E. Irenæus Stevenson, of the literary department of Harper & Brothers, and of the *Independent*, has returned to his desk, after a midsummer and early autumn in Zermatt, the Jura, and Paris.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is soon to be married to George Riggs, a young business man of New York. They were together last summer on a coaching party in Wales. This marriage will not interfere with Mrs. Wiggin's literary career.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr has just returned from a long Western trip.

Herr Björnstjerne Björnson, who is at present staying in Tyrol with his family, intends to spend the winter in Rome. There he hopes to finish "a great social drama" upon which he has been for some time at work.

Gilbert Parker has gone to Marblethorpe in Lincolnshire, where he is hard at work on a new novel to be published next spring.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is in Paris for a short stay before returning to America, early in November.

F. Marion Crawford will shortly build a fine summer residence on the property he has recently acquired near Hanover, N. H., his wife's birthplace. In spite of foreign birth and residence, Mr. Crawford regards himself as an American citizen, and will hereafter spend his summers here.

Mrs. A. L. Wistar, whose translations of the stories of E. Marlitt and other German writers have brought her so much fame, is having a cottage built at Northeast Harbor, Me.

The *Midland Monthly* (Des Moines) offers prizes of $20 for the best descriptive paper, with photographs or drawings, $20 for the best story of any length, $10 for the best short story or sketch, and $5 each for the two best short poems submitted before December 30, 1894. The offer is open only to subscribers for the magazine.

With the October number *Home and Country* (New York) appeared in a new dress and with a new cover. The price has been reduced to $1.50 a year.

The subscription price of the *Southern Magazine* (Louisville) has been reduced to $1.50 a year.

Everywhere, a new monthly magazine, has been started in Brooklyn, with Will Carleton, the poet, as its editor. The first number has sixteen pages of good reading, including several short stories and some of Mr. Carleton's poems.

Margherita Arlina Hamm has succeeded Allan Forman as editor and publisher of the (*Journalist*) New York. Mr. Forman has gone on a foreign journey, to last a year or more.

The best newspaper obituaries of Dr. Holmes were those published in the *Boston Herald*, the *Boston Post*, the *Boston Transcript*, and the *New York Tribune* of October 8.

A. J. Jaccaci has been appointed art editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

The plant of the Hosterman Publishing Company, of Springfield, O., publishers of *Womankind*, was destroyed by fire October 19.

Mrs. James T. Fields, No. 148 Charles street, Boston, desires that those having in their possession letters of interest from the late Mrs. Celia Thaxter will lend them to her for use in a memorial volume, or send her copies for the same purpose. Only a few letters can be used in this collection, which is to be a small one, but Mrs. Fields wants to see as many letters as possible, that she may choose those that are best for the purpose.

George H. Richmond & Co., New York, have in press a series of satirical essays and humorous sketches relating to modern fiction under the title of "The Literary Shop," from the pen of James L. Ford.

Bret Harte has published more than thirty volumes and writes at the rate of two a year. He passed his fifty-fifth birthday last August.

David Christie Murray says he thinks nothing of writing a three-volume novel in five weeks, and Mr. Henty, the author of so many entertaining books for boys, produces his stories at the rate of 6,500 words a day.

Emile Zola, according to his biographer, writes four printed pages in the Charpentier edition of his novels every day. This is his task; he never writes less and he never writes more, stopping at the end of the fourth page even if he is in the midst of a sentence.

Julian Ralph, whose long association with the *New York Sun* has made him one of the best known newspaper men in the country, contributes to *Scribner's* for November a timely article on "A Newspaper Office on Election Night." The illustrations represent faithfully the scenes and people described.

A "Real Conversation" between Conan Doyle and Robert Barr, giving glimpses of Dr. Doyle's home life and his methods of work, and reporting his opinions on the state of the novelist's art in England and America at the present time, appears in *McClure's Magazine* for November. Several portraits of Dr. Doyle and Mr. Barr and views of interiors in Dr. Doyle's home, a photograph of Mrs. Conan Doyle, and a portrait of Sherlock Holmes accompany the article.

The Forum Publishing Company has issued (as the October number of the *Forum Quarterly*) a volume of the autobiographical papers that ran through a dozen numbers of the *Forum* several years ago, by President Timothy Dwight, W. E. H. Lecky, Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, Frederic Harrison, Dr. Edward Eggleston, Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, Edward Everett Hale, Professor John Tyndall, Professor A. P. Peabody, Professor Edward A. Freeman, Professor Simon Newcomb, and Georg Ebers.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has been asked to write a serial for the *Century*, but refused. "I do not like serials," she said. "It is a bad arrangement for both author and reader. The effect of the story is lost when it is read by piecemeal, through several months. The reader is disappointed or loses interest, and the writer is misjudged."

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for October contains sketches of George P. Morris, Stephen C. Foster, John G. Saxe, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and other writers.

The *Review of Reviews* for October has portraits of William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin, Charles Dudley Warner, Chauncey M. Depew, and Hall Caine.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for October George Saintsbury gives the third and concluding part of his essay on "The Historical Novel."

"How a Law is Made" is the title of an article contributed to the November number of the *North American Review* by Senator John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, who describes the course of a bill through Congress. In the same number Mrs. Amelia E. Barr writes about "The Modern Novel."

F. Tennyson Neely, the Chicago publisher, who has returned after several months' travel in Europe, will soon publish some experiences under the title "Foreign Authors as They Received Me."

Book News (Philadelphia) for October has a portrait and sketch of George Du Maurier.

The *Century* for November signalizes the opening of its twenty-fifth year by the beginning of one of its most important enterprises, the Life of Napoleon, by William M. Sloane, Professor of History at Princeton College. Charles Dudley Warner contributes to the number an article on Professor Sloane and his work.

It is the custom of John Codman Ropes to put his work in type and have it printed before turning it over to the publishers, since by this means he secures absolute accuracy, and is also able to judge of the final appearance of his manuscript.

It is spring and sometimes almost midsummer now in the magazine offices. The Christmas numbers were gotten out of the way weeks ago, and later numbers have long been in various states of forwardness. The spring poem inspired by the glories of last May is now in type for May, 1895.

After Victor Hugo died more than 10,000 isolated verses were found scattered about his room, written on little slips of paper. He used to write incessantly, even while he was dressing himself in the morning.

Amelie Rives-Chanler, in one of her recent books, eclipses all vivid novelists in a bit of description of her hero. His heart gives "a hot leap along his breast to his throat, leaving a fiery track behind it, as of sparks."

Miss Kipling, a sister of Rudyard Kipling, has gone into literature. She is a Mrs. Fletcher, but Kipling is a better name to conjure with.

As an illustration of the enormous development of newspapers in the United States, it is related that in 1880 the newspaper and press associations received only 28,000,000 words by telegraph, while last year they received by wire 1,800,000,000 words.

Mrs. A. T. Van Derveer, of Long Branch, N. J., who is a contributor to the *Christian Intelligencer*, of New York, and the *Burlington Hawkeye*, of Iowa, has been awarded one of the prizes offered by the woman's executive committee of the board of domestic missions of the Reformed Church for a leaflet, entitled "The Mission Ball."

M. Stephane Mallarme, the French poet, suggests that the publishers of books on which the copyright has expired should be compelled to pay a small royalty into a fund for the benefit of needy authors.

Professor David Swing died in Chicago October 2.

Oliver Wendell Holmes died at his home in Boston, Sunday, October 7.

James A. Froude died in London October 20, aged seventy-six.

Professor James Darmesteter died at Maisons-Lafitte, near Paris, October 26, aged forty-five.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. VII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1894. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CONTENTS:

PAGE

CHARACTER NAMES IN FICTION. *Howard Markle Hoke.* 177
KEEPING TRACK OF MANUSCRIPTS. *F. M. Howard* . . 178
MARIA LOUISE POOL. *Amanda M. Hale.* 180
LIVING BY THE PEN. *Elizabeth Cherry Haire.* . . . 182
MORE PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. HOLMES. *Edna Dean Proctor, Thomas Nelson Page, Louise Chandler Moulton, E. S. P. Ward, Joaquin Miller.* 183
EDITORIAL. 184
THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION. *Franklin C. Johnson.* 185
QUERIES. 185
THE SCRAP BASKET. 186
NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED. 187
THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS. 187
"None" for "No Other." 187
BOOK REVIEWS. 187
HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS. 189
Photography in Copying, 189 — Clipping with a Pin. . 189
LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. 189
NEWS AND NOTES. 190

CHARACTER NAMES IN FICTION.

The choice of proper names is an important matter in the writing of fiction. While names, in actual life, are not necessarily synonymous with character, a contrary rule, tacit at least, appears to obtain in the unreal life of letters. Heroes, heroines, aristocratic families, and polished villains have euphonious names; low knaves, uncouth or contemptuous names; and humorous characters, humorous names. Examination of our best novels will convince the doubtful of this fact. Names directly indicative of character, indeed, were common in the old comedies and satires. There Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Jonathan Backbite, Croaker, and Lord Foppington were allegorical representatives. They have been relegated in these days to farce comedies and burlesques, in which Policeman Glue, Noisy Howell, Miser Grabitall, etc., still proclaim their respective traits; but no dignified writer of fiction now puts such placards upon his characters.

The careful author makes the choice of names a matter of earnest research and consideration. Their fitness is indefinable, extremely elusive, and is governed by his own taste and individuality. Any one who has not given the subject attention will be surprised to learn how much more can be done with a character after a suitable name has been found than previously, and what a clog a poor selection is. I do not allow myself to work upon a tale until I find fitting names for all its people, and often put off writing for days until they can be found. There is inspiration in a well-chosen name. Entire plots are often suggested by a striking name, the traits naturally associating themselves with it, and the incidents of the tale or sketch easily following. A good name makes the imaginary hero or heroine seem more real, and without such seeming good writing cannot be done.

In connection with his observations of life, the earnest writer should study into the relation of names to character, and he will find much that is interesting and valuable. Every one knows that a man whom people nickname "Bob" is a wholly different person from one who is always addressed as "Robert." The connection between name and character is closer than is generally supposed, and will amply repay study.

A book for the recording of good proper names is a highly useful addition to the reference library. If a choice cannot be made from it, transposition will often solve the difficulty. Thus, for instance, Radcliff may become Ardcliff and Darcliff; and, by changing the last syllable, Darman, Ardman, and Radman, and

Copyright, 1894, by WILLIAM H. HILLS. All rights reserved.

so on endlessly. Even so slight a change may greatly improve the story. Directories, of course, are mines, but much digging is requisite to find a gem. I have found the indexes to reports of law cases the very best place in which to find good names. Possibly the traditions of the law make them more interesting or romantic; but, whatever the reason may be, I would advise examination of such sources.

It seems to me that the choice of proper names deserves serious attention. All of us have read tales that would have been far better had better selections in this respect been made. Our realists may contend that no such fitness of name to character exists in the natural world, and may argue that it is exalted position, in the case of an aristocratic family, that renders the name euphonious, and that the bad deeds of a villain make his name an outlaw to harmony. Against this contention I might point out various other unrealities which the very nature of writing stories makes necessary; and to the argument might reply that, if our impression of names is based upon the character of the persons to whom they apply, then, in choosing them for the people of our tales in accordance with the rule herein suggested, we are only copying a phenomenon of the natural world.

A written story is, after all, like a picture or a statue, only a work of art — a representation of life. An artist would not mar the beauty of a landscape by placing an unsightly object in the foreground, nor would a sculptor ruin the graceful marble form by chiseling a deformed hand or foot. Each strives to make every minute detail conform to the general harmony. One unmusical word may destroy the sweetness of a poem, or a false chord mar the cadence of a hymn. Character names are an important part of fiction, and a poorly-chosen name may spoil a beautiful story. *Howard Markle Hoke.*

HARRISBURG, Penn.

KEEPING TRACK OF MANUSCRIPTS.

For several years publications of all kinds have teemed with articles filled with advice for young writers. The ambitious young author has been told to write only on one side of the paper, always to use black ink, not to roll his manuscripts, to cultivate a neat, legible handwriting, to revise with great care, and to have great patience with the editor upon whom he may inflict his early efforts.

Again and again, he has been warned not to offer a treatise on Chinese metaphysics to a popular magazine, or a light society sketch to an encyclopedia. He has been advised to get a copy of the publication to which admittance is sought, to note carefully its contents, and then act accordingly. He has been warned that if the periodical in question has not hitherto used serials or comic verses, it is not likely to use them; that if it has never printed short stories containing more than 5,000 words, it would be a waste of postage to send the editor a story twice as long. He has been reminded that it is hardly a judicious thing to send theological discussions to a secular sheet, or epics anywhere.

To win respect in the editorial sanctum, the young writer has been counseled not to write long letters to the editor, or to think it necessary to explain what his article was about, or to supply articles regularly each week or month, or to tell the editor that he is young and inexperienced, or to work on the editor's sympathies, or to ask the editor to tear up or burn the manuscript if he cannot use it, or, finally, to fasten all hope upon a single publication, when there are hundreds in the land.

Now, all this is very important and useful advice — important to the young literary aspirant and useful to the overworked editor. But there are scores, who have learned these rudimentary

lessons, who would like to have their instructors go a little further and give them points upon marketing and keeping trace of their manuscripts. THE WRITER has had much to say in this line, and it has been of great practical value to young authors, and to older ones, too.

For the last seven or eight years, in addition to my regular daily work, I have mailed from two to six manuscripts each week. Some have been accepted immediately, others have not been heard from in any way for months, others have been accepted, but not paid for until they were printed, after the lapse of a month, a year, or, perhaps, even five years. It soon became a great task upon the memory to keep track of these manuscripts. After several years' experience the following blank was devised and adopted: —

RECORD OF MS.

Title .....
Class .....
No. of words .....
Sent to ..... Date .....
Condition returned MS .....
Sent to ..... Date .....
Condition returned MS .....
Sent to ..... Date .....
Condition returned MS .....
Sent to ..... Date .....
Condition returned MS .....
Amount paid, $ ..... Rate .....
Date of payment .....
Remarks .....

.....

..... 18

Editor .....

.....

Dear Sir: —

The enclosed MS., entitled .....

.....

Signed .....

is offered at your usual rates. If not available, please return, for which find stamps enlosed.

Very truly yours,

.....

This blank provides for recording the title of the article, the class of composition to which it belongs, the number of words in it, or its estimated length. It also provides address and date lines, so that if it should be returned three times it can be sent away again each time without making an entry on a new page. A line is added for each entry, so that a record can be made as to the condition of the manuscript when it is returned. In case the article is accepted, space is provided for entering the amount paid for it, the rate per 1,000 words, the date of payment, and any comment that may be of future value. The attached skeleton letter has been very useful, since it says, when it is filled out, all that needs to be said in almost every case.

This plan has been all that could be desired in keeping track of manuscripts, but in another way it has been of even greater value. In the past two or three years I have made nearly 500 entries of manuscripts sent away. It is easy to see that these stubs furnish a record of very helpful information.

For instance: I have found that the *Youth's Companion* almost invariably accepts or rejects a manuscript in about two weeks, always pays when the manuscript is accepted, and, if the manuscript is rejected, returns it in good condition. There is a New York publication which has very different information checked up against it. This publication has been tardy in reading articles, slow in paying for them, and in one case a story of several chapters sent to its editor was lost. Experience has shown that it is a good publication to leave alone.

If any of the readers of THE WRITER have any trouble in keeping track of their manuscripts, or would like to keep a compact record of their work, this system can be relied upon to give satisfaction. It is not copyrighted, and any one is welcome to use it who cares to.

F. M. Howard.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

We have, all of us, learned that the story of any human life, even the humblest and most uneventful, would be full of interest if truly and sympathetically told.

If this is true of human life as a whole, it is more strikingly true of those lives which have put themselves *en rapport* with large classes of people by what may be presumed to be, in a measure, self-revelations.

In reading the works of all the great masters of Fiction, we are constantly peering after the man behind the mask. The life of the author himself interests us more deeply than his greatest creations, especially if we ourselves, however modestly, venture to claim a share in that magic freemasonry which knits together in one band all the devotees of Literature. To us it is the greatest of the arts and its masters are the crowned leaders of the world.

And so, though the subject of this sketch assures me that there is "really nothing to tell," I am certain that even the outward aspects of this life, which is, to those who read between the lines, more than half hinted, will yield somewhat of interest and helpfulness to those who, not having won reputation, dream of it afar off.

Maria Louise Pool is in every sense a daughter of the soil. Born in the old Bay State, not far from that rugged coast the salty flavor of which gives pungency to many of her earlier stories, never having traveled excepting in her own country, and having an almost passionate attachment to her home, she came to womanhood surrounded by its influences, apparent and latent, its historic earth meaning more to her than a kingdom the other side of the ocean, its capital city the one city of the world, its literary *coterie the spur* of her ambition and the Mecca of her hopes. I do not know how far she has outgrown the worship of her early idols, though, I dare say, some of them were found to be mere *simulacra*, men of straw, without weight or substance; but, as a girl of a certain latent intensity of nature, which you felt rather than defined, it did her no harm to have before her such models and heroes as the New England classic authors. Ideals and tastes inspired and formed by such writers as Lowell, and Holmes, and Rose Terry Cooke, and Mrs. Spofford, and the rest of the long chain of illustrious names, which, for twenty years, made the *Atlantic Monthly* the star of the magazine world, are good working forces and precious capital to an ambitious writer. No doubt by them Miss Pool was helped to handle her creations in a manner all her own.

She began to write early for many periodicals and newspapers. Some of her stories appeared in the *Galaxy*, that New York magazine which came as a protest against New England exclusiveness, and, like all protests unsustained by wealth and influence, died too soon. Later, the *New York Post* and *Tribune* began to welcome her papers. Her first book, "A Vacation in a Buggy," is an aggregation of letters contributed to the *New York Evening Post*. Their freshness, humor, and, perhaps most of all, their individual flavor attracted the attention of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, and they solicited of the author permission to put them into covers. The result is a bright and charming little book.

It was soon after the appearance of this first book that Miss Pool made her second visit to the South, this time tarrying for some weeks in the mountains of North Carolina. While

she was here the proof-sheets of "Tenting at Stony Beach" passed through her hands, and out of this visit came the inspiration of numerous attractive letters to the *New York Tribune*, and, later, of "Dally," up to that date her most important work.

Her studies of the poor white type of mountaineer are most perfectly realized in the slight sketch of Dally's miserable brother, whose dwarfed soul had a single noble attribute — his love for "thur mountings." Dally herself is indebted for her gifts and graces mainly to her creator's imagination. Like Miss Murfree's heroines, she was made, not born.

Following "Dally" appeared in surprisingly rapid succession, "Roweny in Boston," "Mrs. Keats Bradford," "The Two Salvinis," "Katharine North," and "Out of Step," all of them testifying that Miss Pool is at her best when her foot is on her native heath and her types are of her own New England.

This is not meant as ungracious criticism. This world is not a microcosm, and whoever takes it for his field must inevitably miss some of its most notable and splendid details — those salient details which the specialist eagerly appropriates.

Miss Pool's genre pictures of New England have an honored niche of their own in our literature. They are not like the work of some of the older writers, but they are like New England. They may not have that subtle, elusive grace which we call the literary quality, but that skill which selects from the great mass of common-place, humdrum living that which is individual and characteristic and photographs it with such startling vividness that the secret of itself stands revealed — what is it but the highest literary art? Surely this must be genius which thrills us with interest in the fortunes of persons whom in actual life we should dislike, which moves us to smiles and laughter and to tears as readily, which enwraps us and penetrates us, without and within, with the atmosphere of New England, which renews for us the breath of her pine woods, the pale beauty of her late spring, the sense of her thrift, her comfort and "faculty," her shrewd common-sense, with its twinkle of humor, her kindly, warm heart under its snow of reticence and silence, her straight-laced morals, so alien to this generation, and unpractical ideals yet more alien, and so strangely incompatible with the rest of the New England character! You can tell your friend of the West or South that if he wishes to know New England, he may read Miss Pool's stories, and his future personal knowledge will not belie you.

I think it is their very veraciousness which has made some home critics lukewarm or indifferent. Possibly, New England does not like to see herself "as in a glass," for the picture is not wholly flattering. It has the merciless truthfulness of the photograph. The high cheek bones and stern visage of the old Puritan are there. The outlines are too hard for beauty sometimes, too severe, too literal. We thought we had changed all that, comfortably outgrown it, become quite modern and gracefully conventional, and, behold, here comes one who shows us that blood tells, tells for all time and under all conditions, and can by no means of sophistical draping ever be permanently concealed.

Verily, Praise-God-Bare-bones and Miss Sargeant, of the Browning club, are blood-relations.

New York loves New England, — and smiles at her whimsies, — and reaches out a cordial hand to this delightful artist, but the soul of cautious New England doubts. Let us wait awhile! Do we really look like that? In the mean time, is it possible that we have, right here, the great American Novel — and not one, but several?

It almost goes without saying that such stories as these of Miss Pool's are not done as tasks, or primarily for financial rewards. She is a natural writer and has always loved her work, and, most fortunately, she has had no tastes incompatible with a whole-hearted devotion to it. Though not unsocial, she is indifferent to society in the popular sense. Most of her life has been spent away from great towns and their distractions. Such seclusion, indeed, has been essential. The exactions of a peculiarly nervous organization were early recognized and the needful concessions were made not unwillingly. Always a lover of the country, she has found in the retirement of the old farmhouse, where, until recently, she has dwelt for many years, not

only a happy home in the company of the friend of her heart, but also the leisure and quietude suited to nourish her genius.

The devotion of her faithful friend, intelligent, sympathetic, unselfish, tender, has been an important element in Miss Pool's life and a factor in her success. By her, all troublesome worries have been kept at bay, all vexations deprived of their sting, and the common cares of their dual life cheerfully assumed. The friendship of these two women, cemented more firmly as the years go by, adds a touch of romance to their dignified and noble lives. May it be long before the unkindness of fate breaks the tie.

Miss Pool's life has not been marked by vicissitudes. It has been full of congenial work, varied only by simple diversions. For some years she kept a riding pony for her use; later an afternoon drive with the horse that was "not a woman's horse" was wont to brush the cobwebs from her brain. Though a true lover of fine scenery, she is a bad traveler, the incidents of the journey making havoc with her nerves. Lovers of dogs will be pleased to know that she is one of that unnamed guild, and, as she says, "proud to have them for friends." Two beautiful terriers are distinguished members of her family, and never to be long separated from her without grief.

Miss Pool's hours of work are always in the morning. Her characters are, she says, "real folks" to her, and if she keeps their company late in the day, she is apt to be up with them till the small hours. But from nine to twelve she is nearly always busy at her desk.

She has not reached her present distinction at a bound, but, like others, has found that the majority of editors do not hanker after manuscript from any one upon whom the world has not set its seal of approval. She confesses to having "a fine collection of the printed forms of refusal from publications." The form of declination that pleased her sense of the humorous most was that of the magazine which thanked her for the opportunity of reading her manuscript, but "preferred to publish matter that its readers liked." She is, at present, taking an enforced rest on account of impaired health. Her large circle of readers will warmly hope that this recess will not need to be long, and that the future will be affluent of successes for one who has so bravely earned them.

So far as the present writer is aware, Maria Louise Pool is the only New England story-writer who has not been helped in her career by birth, position, friends, or influence. She may well be proud of her fame, for she has won it solely by her own gifts and industry. Her heart beats warm and strong with the life-blood of the people. So born and so nurtured, she has become their best interpreter and is, in the truest sense, a writer of that great To-day, which so boldly lords it over the fast darkening Past.

Amanda M. Hale.

ROSELAND, La.

LIVING BY THE PEN.

For the information of those who may be discouraged by the assertion that it is impossible for the young author to subsist by the fruits of his pen, I wish to say that, without any previous effort in that line, I took up that very task in January, 1894, and since then have supported a family of five comfortably without any aid from other sources. Therefore, I say that what I have done others can do, and that young writers who have ability can subsist on pen efforts if they combine with it an idea of the value of time and the use of business methods in disposing of their articles.

A woman is said to be greatly handicapped when she attempts to dispose of literary material. I venture to dispute this, for a woman

who can write well is welcomed and receives her full meed of praise. In a newspaper office it is hard to convince the city editor that a woman can do the work usually given to a man, but if the woman has "a nose for news," courage, and does n't mind wetting her dress and burning off her overshoes getting a good description of a few fires, she can conquer even the city editor, and comes in for praise. If she takes a man's work, and does it "man well," there will not long be discrimination against her. News paper work, except the insignificant average society work (which is not real newspaper work), is hard for a woman, but it is the best training the literary worker can have. Never can she forget the terse phrase: "Get the meat ax!" or see the lopping off of her superfluous phrases and numerous ill-placed adjectives, without learning to be careful in composition.

CINCINNATI, O. *Elizabeth Cherry Haire.*

MORE PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO DR. HOLMES.

The following tributes to the memory of Dr. Holmes were received too late for publication in the Holmes Memorial number of THE WRITER: —

The last time I saw Dr. Holmes, except in public, was at his home in Beverly, three summers ago. He seemed very well, but as he put on his spectacles to read a paragraph from a book by his side, he said: —

"Not that there is anything the matter with my eyes, but books are not so well printed now as they used to be; and, though voices don't sound quite so clear as they did when I was younger, it's from no defect in my hearing — people don't speak distinctly in these days; and if my step is not so firm as it was once, it is only because the sidewalks are uneven!"

Thus, with grace and cheer, he dismissed lightly the infirmities of age.

Edna Dean Proctor.

I read the "Autocrat" when I was a boy, and thus Dr. Holmes became the first American writer to me. I have since come to know Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe; but somehow I have never moved the "Autocrat" from the place it took when I was a boy. I always think of it just as I do of the dear old doctor — as sweet. There are not a great many written things which have that quality, I think.

Thos. Nelson Page.

I have only reached home this afternoon from Europe. I found your request awaiting me. I suppose your November number is already out, so that it is too late for me to express in it my sense of the great loss it is, not only to the world of letters, but to the world of loving friends who held him dear, that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has left the sphere so long enriched by his gracious presence.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

28 RUTLAND SQUARE, BOSTON, November 6, 1894.

My heart is too full yet of our loss to write of Dr. Holmes. He is the last of our great; and none of them were dearer to the American people. *E. S. P. Ward.*

NEWTON CENTRE, Mass.

Yours, asking for a paragraph, came too late. Pray don't think me churlish. If I could have had your letter in time, believe me, I should have plucked with sad, sweet pleasure the greenest bay leaf in the Sierras for the tomb of dear, gentle, genial, and whole-souled Dr. Holmes. *Joaquin Miller.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything that may be printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VII. DECEMBER, 1894. NO. 12.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

With this number closes the seventh volume of THE WRITER. The January number will include a title-page and complete index for the volume. The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1894 will be ready soon after January 1, in uniform style with previous bound volumes of the magazine, and will be sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of $1.50.

***

Subscribers whose subscriptions may expire with the present number are respectfully asked to send in their renewal orders as soon as may be convenient. It is the rule of THE WRITER not to send the magazine after the term of subscription has expired, unless a renewal order, with remittance, is received. It is hoped that every present subscriber will renew his subscription, and if renewal orders are sent in as soon as the current number is at hand, some inconvenience in the publication office will be saved, and delay in the receipt of the magazine will be prevented. Friends of THE WRITER will greatly help the magazine if they will recommend it to others, or send in new subscriptions together with their own renewals. THE WRITER needs many new subscribers to enable it to attain the development requisite for its greatest usefulness. Those who know the magazine and find it helpful and will recommend it to their friends will by so doing help themselves, the publishers, and those whose attention is directed to the publication.

***

For a young writer, or in fact for any one interested in literary work, a subscription for THE WRITER, or a set of bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR, will make a most attractive Christmas present. The seven bound volumes of THE WRITER, from 1887 to 1894 inclusive, will be sent, prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada, for $10. If ordered separately, the seven volumes would cost $11.50. For $11 the seven bound volumes of THE WRITER and a subscription for 1895 will be given. A complete set of THE AUTHOR — three bound volumes — will be added for $5 additional. The bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR together make an invaluable encyclopædia of information about authors and the methods of literary work. The books are attractively bound in cloth, with gold lettering on back and side, and will be a useful and ornamental addition to the shelves of any library.

***

Speaking of libraries, friends of THE WRITER will do the magazine a service by asking libra-

rians to order the bound volumes and enter their subscriptions for their libraries, or by sending to the publishers the names of libraries where THE WRITER is not catalogued. As a magazine of practical information about authors and the methods of authorship, THE WRITER ought to be in every public library, and experience has shown that librarians are quick to order it when it has been recommended to them or asked for by their readers. The publishers do not hesitate to ask such favors of their readers, for the reason that from the beginning the main purpose of THE WRITER has been to be helpful to those to whose attention it should come, and so it may rightfully ask reciprocal help in extending its circulation and its usefulness.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The National Amateur Press Association is a unique literary organization. The association has quite a large membership of young men and women who write merely for the pleasure it gives them and for the educational value of the work. The editors and authors of the "N. A. P. A." make writing a recreation rather than a vocation. With some other source of income to make existence sure, they write with their minds at ease, undistracted by any anxiety regarding cruel editors, for their productions are sure of publication in some of the various amateur magazines.

The amateur writer is not a competitor of his professional brother. In fact, many professional writers are members of the "N. A. P. A," and contribute to its literature.

The "N. A. P. A.," as it now is, is a boon to the educated invalid, or the *ennuyé*, or the lazy *littérateur*. The literary empiric, the dabbler, the indolent writer of society verse, finds much amusement in the institution. But there are also connected with the association many young men and women who write for the amateur press for the practice it gives them. Many ambitious amateurs make the "N. A. P. A." a stepping-stone to professional literary work.

There are, in many of the towns and cities of America, local clubs that are off-shoots of the parent society. These local clubs publish official organs and other papers, and greatly assist in keeping the national association in a flourishing condition. *Franklin C. Johnson.*

BOONVILLE, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) If an author, after copyrighting a novel, wishes to change the title, what must he do?

(2.) Does a short article have on the whole as good a chance with the monthlies at one season as at another, or are there times to be avoided? When is the best time to submit a serial? How long beforehand are magazines "made up" for the coming year in detail? R. R.

[(1.) If it is desired to change the copyrighted title of a novel before the book is published, all the author need do is to copyright the new title and proceed as if the earlier copyright had not been secured. It is seldom advisable to change the title of a book after its publication, but if such a change is made, both the new title and the old should be used on the title page, and the new title should be entered for copyright, so that the copyright inscription may read, — for instance, — "Copyright, 1882 and 1894, by John Smith."

(2.) It does not matter, as a general thing, at what season of the year a manuscript, either long or short, to be published serially or otherwise, is submitted to a magazine, excepting that a "timely" article must not be submitted so late that the editor cannot by any possibility include it in his forms. The main features of the March magazines — the leading magazines, that is to say — are practically settled now (December 1). The January magazines are mostly printed, and the February magazines are practically in type, with most of the illustrations made. In each case there may be forms left open for late matter which must go in, and which cannot be obtained far in advance, but the casual contributor has no interest in such pages. Of course, the smaller the magazine, the later it can hold back its forms, and some of the big periodicals, like the *Forum*, the *Review of Reviews*, and the *North American*

Review, which make it a point to discuss timely topics, print their final forms only shortly before publication day. It is significant, however, that although Dr. Holmes died October 7, the only large November magazines which had a signed article regarding him were the *Forum* and the *Review of Reviews*. It was possible for THE WRITER to make its November issue a "Holmes Memorial Number" because it does not go to press usually until the last day of the month. — W. H. H.]

What is the usual rule for the make-up of a book? Should the preface precede the table of contents, and where does the dedication come? L. O. S.

[The usual order in the make-up of a book is: Half-title, with reverse blank; full title with reverse blank, or with copyright notice on reverse; dedication, with reverse blank; preface; table of contents; list of illustrations; body of the work; appendix; glossary; index. The copyright notice must appear either on the title page or its reverse; generally it is printed on the reverse. None of the divisions mentioned above should begin on a left-hand page. If a list of errata is necessary, it may follow either the list of illustrations or the index. — W. H. H.]

What are the rules governing the use of the editorial "we"? H. A. B.

[The best modern practice is to use the editorial "we" as little as possible. Editorial writers on a paper which has more than one editor may properly use "we" if the editorials are unsigned, since it is understood that each writer speaks not alone for himself, but for his associates in the conduct of the paper. Even in such cases, however, the best papers avoid the use of "we" as much as possible, preferring to say "The *Journal* thinks" or "The *Press* believes," rather than "we believe" or "we think." In the case of signed articles, whether they are editorial or not, the editorial "we" should never be used, and the writer who uses the stilted "we" in speaking of himself in a letter submitting a manuscript to an editor may be sure beforehand that the manuscript will be rejected. The simple, direct, modest "I" should take the place of "we," or "the writer," or any set phrase in any article followed or preceded by the writer's signature. The *New York Herald* even goes so far as to instruct its reporters to use "I" in unsigned news articles, so that instead of saying "When the *Herald* reporter called on Mr. Depew yesterday," the *Herald* reporter would say, "When I called on Mr. Depew yesterday." It is questionable whether the use of "I" in such unsigned articles is justifiable. In the case, however, of a paper which has only one editor, whose name appears at the top of the editorial column, "I" may properly be used in editorial articles, even though they are not signed. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Can any reader of THE WRITER give me some information about the following poem, whether it is a translation or original, if there are more lines, and who the author is?

Off by the voiceless, viewless shore
My weary spirit evermore
Wanders where oft it went before,
Searching for the pathway o'er,
Unto the gates and golden floor,
Looking, longing evermore.

Weary search, it ceases never,
Peering into mists that sever
This land from that, alas! forever.

Can none the silence ever break?
Will none recross the phantom lake,
Or hither voyage ever take
To bring from lands that Prophets spake
One messenger of all that make
The silent armies of the dead?

"Not one," the answering silence said,
In sullen, low, and deep refrain;
"Out from those mists of solemn main
Not one shall e'er come back again."

I have quoted the lines from memory, so I may not have given them correctly.

Olivia T. Closson.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Permit to say that I have read with a keen appreciation and delight, and perhaps with a jealous eye, the personal tributes to the late Dr. O. W. Holmes in your last issue. I would like to add, if I may, that to me he has been a veritable sunbeam, the warmth and glow of which can never leave me. I am reminded of one thing he said, the principle of which seems to me to explain so much, to be of so great im-

portance to mankind, that I fain would call the attention of a world to it. I may not give the exact words, neither can I say in which of his works I found it, but it was something like this: If, in laying aside a vice or vicious habit, one fails to put in its place some active principle of good, the character will grow narrow, will deteriorate.

I cannot doubt his greatness, for he has awakened that love which is greatest of all; neither do I doubt that the secret of his greatness was the "childlike spirit," his reverence for everything good and sacred, and his noble sympathy with his kind. These are things that cannot let his name perish. *A. R. Graham.*

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Mr. Greenhalge will remain at the State House. The people will declare their desire to have him remain in no uncertain tones. —*Lynn Daily Press.*

Mr. Greenhalge will remain at the State House. The people will declare in no uncertain tones their desire to have him remain.

There are no armed bodies of Kolbites coming to the capital and none is expected. —*Montgomery Despatch in New York Sun.*

There are no armed bodies of Kolbites coming to the capital and none are expected.

All doubts as to the widespread popularity of football were effectually set at rest yesterday morning when the *Sun* appeared with the results of no less than 100 games played on Thanksgiving day. —*New York Sun.*

All doubts as to the widespread popularity of football were effectually set at rest yesterday morning when the *Sun* appeared with the results of no fewer than 100 games played on Thanksgiving day.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"None" for "No Other."— The vigor with which the *New York Sun* repels any criticism of its English shows that it realizes the importance of correctness. When it says: "In no country in the world is the dictionary held in such esteem as in the United States," it means, of course, in no *other* country. No doubt its fighting editor will be down upon me with kicks and cuffs, reminding me of Macaulay, and pleading "usage," but I decline in advance to be thus extinguished. Usage covers many sins, but it cannot be made to justify saying "none," when we mean "no other," though it be what Dr. Holmes called "a Macaulay flower" of style. H. L. R., JR.

WINCHESTER, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

METHODS OF AUTHORS. By Dr. Hugo Erichsen. 170 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: The Writer Publishing Company. 1894.

Not only all who write, but all who read, are interested to know how great authors have achieved their work, to see them in the workshop, so to speak, and to be informed about the methods of production of the masterpieces of the world's literature. To those who read such information it is interesting, because it heightens their enjoyment of the books they love; while to those who write it is valuable, because it gives them almost the only instruction available in the literary art, and teaches them by example how their own literary work may be lightened or improved. Dr. Erichsen has written both for the reader and the writer in his attractive and entertaining book, and the writer will find it as instructive as the reader will find it fascinating. Much of the material for the book has been gathered directly from the authors themselves, and the rest has been taken from authentic sources. Not only American and English writers, but the writers of France, Germany, and other European writers, are included in the work. The information gathered is divided into chapters, entitled: Eccentricities in Composition; Care in Literary Production; Speed in Writing; Influence Upon Writers of Time and Place; Writing Under Difficulties; Aids to Inspiration; Favorite Habits of Work; Goethe, Dickens, Schiller, and Scott; Burning Midnight Oil; Literary Partnership; Anonymity in Authorship; System in Novel-writing; Traits of Musical Composers; The Hygiene of Writing; and A Humorist's Regimen. There is hardly a page in the book that does not give some useful suggestion to students of authorship, and those who read it simply for entertainment will find it full of fascinating interest.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH FICTION. By William Edward Simonds. 240 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

Professor Simonds has aimed to tell in outline the story of the development of English fiction, and to indicate the characteristics of successive epochs in its growth. The first part of his book is made up of chapters on Old English Story-Tellers; The Romance at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; The Rise of the Novel; The Perfection of the Novel; Tendencies of To-day; and Books for Reference and Reading. These chapters fill ninety pages. The other

150 pages of the book are filled with typical selections from English literature, followed by an index.

VEST POCKET MANUAL OF PRINTING. 86 pp. Leather, 75 cents. Chicago: The Inland Printer Co. 1894.

Not only printers, but authors, editors, newspaper men, publishers, and all who have anything to do with the printer's art, will find this little pocket manual a helpful and convenient reference book. It includes the essential rules of punctuation and capitalization, some remarks on style, a corrected page of proof showing the right use of proof-reader's marks, rules for the make-up of a book, information about the imposition and size of books, sizes of the untrimmed leaf, the type standard, the number of words in a square inch of type, directions for securing copyright, a complete set of diagrams for the imposition of forms, and numerous tables, and hints and suggestions for printers of much practical value. The book is of convenient size for the vest-pocket, where the owner is likely to carry it for constant reference.

PRESSWORK. A practical hand-book for the use of pressmen and their apprentices. By William J. Kelly. 96 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: The Inland Printer Co. 1894.

Mr. Kelly is the superintendent of the web color printing department of the *New York World*. What he does n't know about practical printing is n't worth knowing, and he tells about all that he does know in this compactly-written book. It is a comprehensive treatise on presswork of all kinds, describing the various methods of making ready forms on cylinder and bed and platen presses, giving detailed directions for overlaying and underlaying, the preparation of tympans of all kinds, the treatment of inks, the care of rollers, the selection of papers, —everything, in short, that the modern pressman needs to know. The book is the result of thirty years' experience in active presswork, and as such it is invaluable to publishers and printers.

THREE BOYS ON AN ELECTRICAL BOAT. By John Trowbridge. 215 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

In the guise of a fascinating story of the adventures of three boys, who enjoy a great many interesting and exciting experiences, Professor Trowbridge gives his readers a great deal of practical knowledge about the wonders of electricity. His book has all the absorbing interest of a live boys' story, and it has a practical value besides, which makes it a welcome addition to juvenile literature.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Holiday edition, with illustrations by A. B. Frost. 286 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

At last Mr. Aldrich's delightful "Story of a Bad Boy" has been adequately illustrated. Mr. *Frost has* entered fully into the spirit of the book, and his admirable pictures, reproduced in this handsome holiday edition, are as full of fascinating interest as the story is itself — and there could be no higher praise. Pictures and text together make one of the most charming books imaginable, and one that will, no doubt, be taken down as a welcome gift from countless Christmas trees.

ROUND THE RED LAMP. By A. Conan Doyle. Second edition. 307 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

Not all the admirers of Conan Doyle will agree with him that it is the province of fiction to treat of painful things as well as cheerful ones. It may be true, as he says, that a tale which may startle the reader out of his usual grooves of thought, and shocks him into seriousness, plays the part of the alterative and tonic in medicine, bitter to the taste, but bracing in the result. Real life, however, contains so much that is bitter — and bracing, possibly — that there is hardly need of fiction to fulfil the purpose of "the alterative and the tonic." Humankind needs to be cheered and amused rather than shocked and depressed, as a rule, and it may well be doubted, after all, whether anything is gained by depicting the darker side of life with microscopic realism. There are only two or three stories in "The Red Lamp," however, which the objector to morbid realism would have had left out of the collection. "His First Operation" is one of these. "The Curse of Eve" is perhaps another, and "The Case of Lady Sannox" is the worst of all. It is difficult to see what excuse there could be for its publication, or what good could possibly result from it.

With this criticism made, so far as the rest of the volume is concerned the critic has only to commend. The chief characteristic of Dr. Doyle's stories is their strength, and the next is the truthful vigor of their realism. Of these "facts and fancies of medical life," — the red lamp in England being the usual sign of the general practitioner, — only one or two are weak in any sense, and there is not one that is not interesting. In "A Medical Document" Dr. Doyle makes some amusing remarks about the uses of medicine in popular fiction, that is to say, of what the folk die of, or what diseases are made most use of in novels. "Some," he says, "are worn to pieces, and others, which are equally common in real life, are never mentioned. Typhoid is fairly frequent, but scarlet fever is unknown. Heart disease is common, but then heart disease, as we know it, is usually the sequel of some foregoing disease, of which we never hear anything in the romance. Then there is the mysterious malady called brain fever, which always attacks the heroine after a crisis, but which is unknown under that name

to the text-books. People when they are over-excited in novels fall down in a fit. In a fairly large experience I have never known any one to do so in real life. The small complaints simply don't exist. Nobody ever gets shingles, or quinsy, or mumps in a novel. All the diseases, too, belong to the upper part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt." Fiction writers may get some useful hints from Dr. Doyle's suggestions.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part XII. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1894.

Part XII. of the Bancroft Book of the Fair concludes the chapter relating to the department of horticulture and forestry, and begins the description of the department of mines, mining, and metallurgy. The pictures are exceedingly fine and interesting, equal in all respects to expensive photographs, while the letterpress is satisfactory. The full-page pictures in this number include a view across the South canal, the administration plaza, a bird's-eye view of the exposition, the mining building, north front, and a general view of the department of mining.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES ALMANAC FOR 1895. 438 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Scovill & Adams Co. 1894.

The latest achievements in photography are described and illustrated in this standard annual, the appearance of which is looked forward to from year to year by all photographers. The publishers say that the book now has reached a sale of more than 20,000 copies. Besides valuable calendars, formulas, tables, etc., and up-to-date articles describing interesting photographic experiments, the volume has more than eighty fine illustrations, many of them full-page pictures. Every photographer will want to have a copy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

HOW THANKFUL WAS BEWITCHED. By James K. Hosmer. 299 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

SAINT AND SINNER. By Fanny May. 216 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1894.

FROM HEAVEN TO NEW YORK. By Isaac George Reed, Jr. 114 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Optimus Printing Co. 1894.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Photography in Copying. — Not long ago I had occasion to copy a number of pages of a book which was at my disposal only for a very limited time. It occurred to me that I might save time and ensure accuracy by doing the copying required with my camera. Setting up the book before the camera and focussing so that the image on the ground glass was somewhat reduced, I found that I could get two pages of an octavo volume on a 5 x 8 plate and still have the print completely legible. In only a part of the short time at my disposal I made all the plates I wanted, developing them afterward at my leisure. Bromide prints from them made perfect copy for the compositor. For copying music, diagrams, pictures, letterpress in foreign languages, shorthand notes, or technical prints of any kind, the camera is far more useful than the pen. What I want now is some kind of paper that can be printed on directly through the lens, to save the necessity of developing a plate and printing from it afterward. It does not matter if the copy is a negative and not a positive. For the purposes of the compositor it can be made a positive by setting it up reversed against the light. If any reader of THE WRITER can suggest such a paper, I shall be glad to hear from him. A. F.

BOSTON, Mass.

Clipping with a Pin. — An editorial friend showed me recently that it is about as easy to get a clipping from a newspaper with a pin as it is with a pair of shears, — especially if the pin is at hand and the shears are not. He scratched a line with a pin around a paragraph in a newspaper as he walked along the street, and in a moment more had torn it neatly out, with the edges almost as straight as I could have made them with my shears. T. O. P.

CHICAGO, Ill.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Count Leo N. Tolstoi. *Arena* (53 c.) for December.